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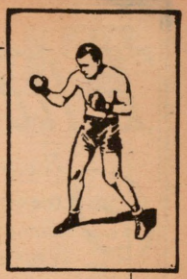

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

America's two foremost heavyweights, James J. Braddock and Joe Louis, have just decided the issue of supremacy between them. Unfortunately, the latest "Battle of the Century" took place several days after this issue had to go to press to meet distribution requirements.

But, you will find a most complete Heavyweight Championship Number in The September issue, an issue that will contain heaps of action pictures taken by our special staff photographer and stories covering every angle of the fight by Hype Igoe, Daniel M. Daniel, Eddie Borden and Nat Fleischer, each of whom will be at the ringside for you.

We can promise our readers a most complete story of this famous bout in pictures and reading matter.

Besides this, the history of other famous negro fighters from the earliest part of American ring history to the present day will be featured in "The Sons of Ham."

And in addition there will be the usual series of articles by our famed staff of experts, Bob Edgren, T. W. McNiel, George T. Pardy, and our wrestling scribes.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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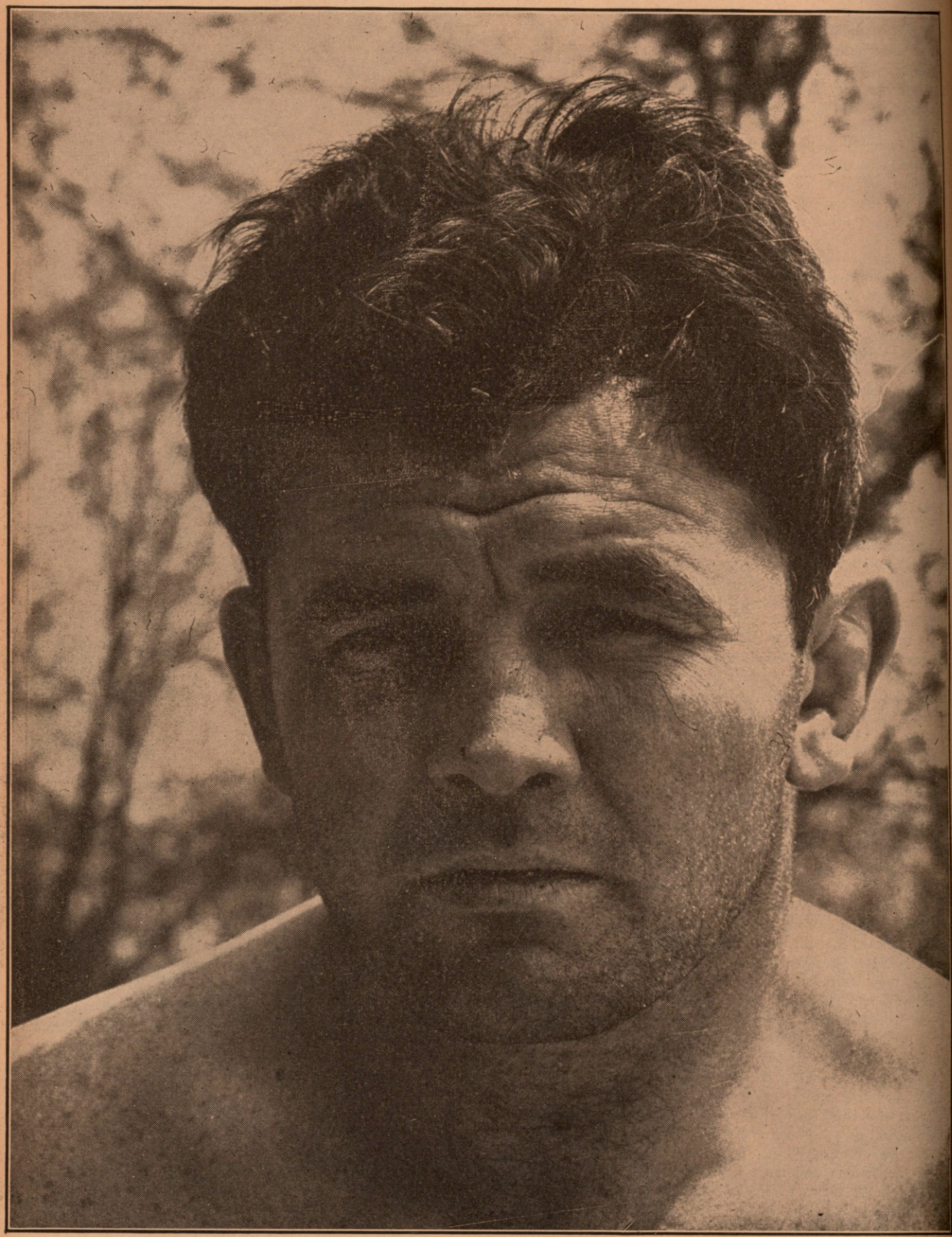
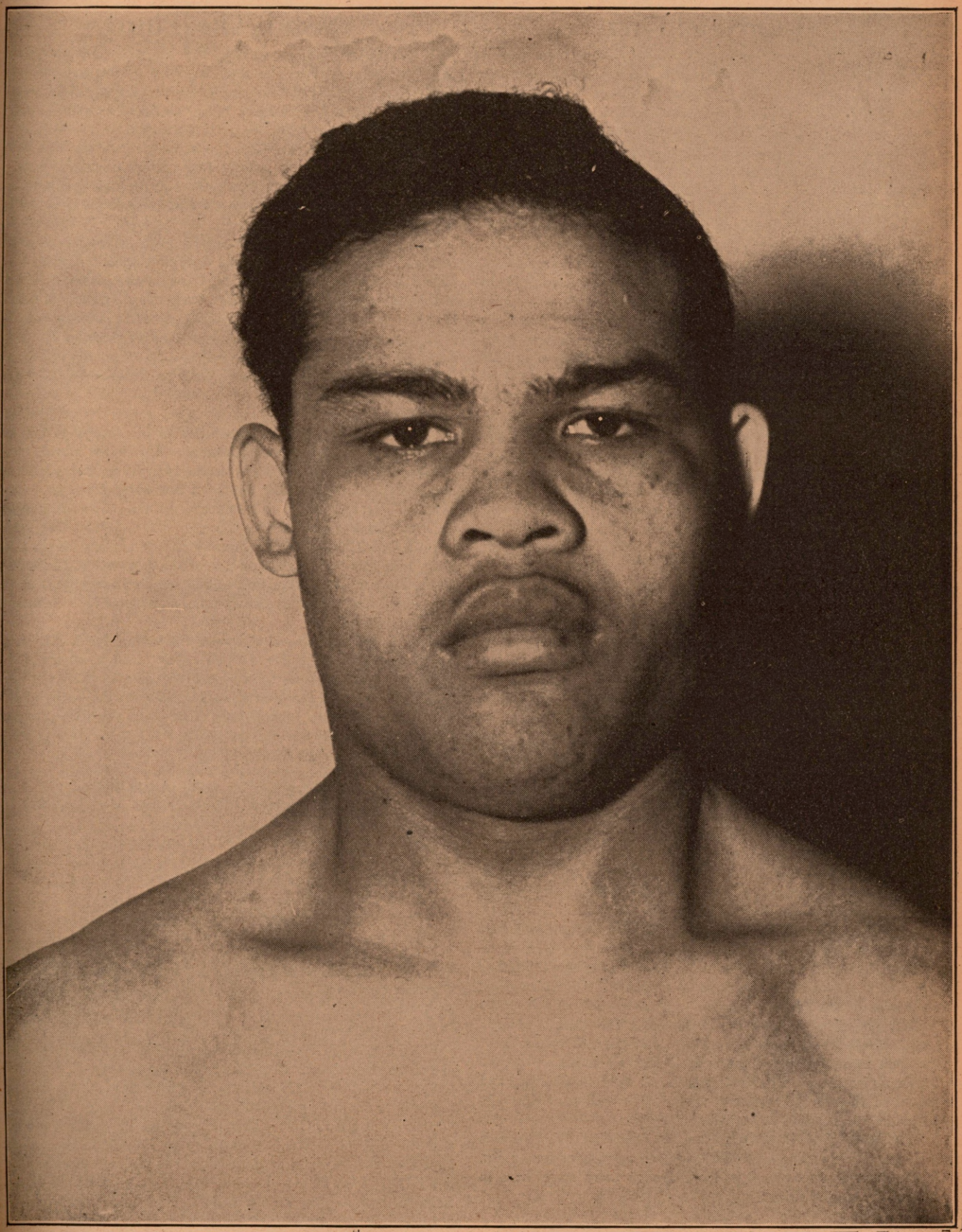
It's Not All Honey



James J. Braddock, harassed by law suits and indebtedness, found the grind in tuning up for his fight with Joe Louis not quite the easy task of previous years. In addition, two solid years of idleness made it doubly difficult for the champion to train down to the condition of a perfect athlete. Here we see the wrinkled, worried look of Braddock as he completed an afternoon's session in his Michigan camp.

The Poker-Faced Bomber



The knockout of Joe Louis by Max Schmeling undoubtedly has left its mark on the Brown Bomber, but you couldn't tell it from this photo. Joe, while training for his fight with Jimmy Braddock for their world heavyweight championship match, at no time displayed the least sign of worry. Calm as a cucumber, he went about his daily camp training with the same confidence he displayed at Lakewood when he tuned up for Schmeling. Never did a fighter go into a title match in better physical condition.

The PHANTOM PHIGHT

Vision The First

SCENE, the Council Room of the Boxing Commission in New York. The Three Switches are busy cooking up something.

FIRST SWITCH:—Fair is foul, and foul is fair. Also, fee, fie, fo, fum. What's on the list today, brothers?

SECOND SWITCH:—It is the matter of the heavyweight championship, which, as you may recollect, Rollo, is held in durance vile by Messer Braddock. This body hath ruled that Braddock must meet Max Schmeling, the Teuton Thumper, the Uhlan, the German what-have-you.

THIRD SWITCH:—And it is meet that the champion should meet the German. But Braddock doth list toward a fight in Chicago, with the Moor, Louis.

FIRST SWITCH:—Yea, verily, Braddock is signed to fight the Moor in Chicago. But what are we? Mice or men or commissioners? Let us take a definite stand, for a change. Let us insist that Braddock fight Schmeling.

SECOND SWITCH:—And if it come about that Braddock doth not fight the Teuton, but goes to Chicago anahall?

THIRD SWITCH:—Then we will force Schmeling to fight somebody, anyway.

FIRST SWITCH:—But we are not forcing Schmeling to fight anybody. We want Braddock to fight Schmeling.

SECOND SWITCH:—Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

The Three go to the centre stage and sing:—

Three Little Solons deep are we,
Going off on a mental spree;
Jim eets Maxie, or we say,
The title's vacant, hay, hay, hay!

Chorus

Or they say, the title's vacant, hay, hay, hay!

Mirage The Second

SCENE:—The offices of Sir Mique Jacobs, the Impresario of Swat. The walls are tastefully decorated with battle axes and trophies of the Chase.

SIR MIQUE:—How now, varlets. The Three Switches have made known their decision. They say Braddock fights Mox, or they do something with the champeenship. Are we mice or elephants? Do we submit or do we fight? Lend me your ears.

JOE GOULD:—Listen, I am in no position to lend anything. I am in hock to the Garden just like it is without going around lending anybody something.

THE LOUIS MOORS:—Sir Mique, we are for fighting Braddock in Chi. We don't want none of that Schmeling guy.

GOULD:—Listen to him. He don't want none of the Schmeling guy. Let us get this thing straight. We are the birds which don't want none of the Schmeling guy.

BRADDOCK:—Who is the champion in this thing, anyway?

SIR MIQUE:—I dunno! Frankly, what's the difference? What we want to settle here, right now, is that no matter what the Three Switches say, Braddock and Louis fight in Chicago, and we leave the Three Switches to fight Schmeling, Kilpatrick, Johnston, the newspapers, or what have you.

BRADDOCK AND GOULD:—'Tis done, Sir Mique. Louis it is, and let Schmeling go to Germany and ask Hitler for a fight. There must be an extra fight loose around there somewhere in Spain, or someplace.

Chorus

Max, we're laughing at you!
Yes, we know that all of us are laughing at you!
We've got you in stew, we've got you in brew,
We're crying, we're crying, boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

Scene The Third

THE spot is the office of the Three Switches. They are cooking up something. The place smells of garlic and onions.

FIRST SWITCH:—It is the vile plan of the varlets headed by Sir Mique to defy this court. Braddock fights Louis in Chicago. If we want to see a fight, we gotta go to Chi.

SECOND SWITCH:—Yes, if we want to see the title fight, we gotta go to Chi. That sounds like a good title for a song.

THIRD SWITCH:—Here we are burning over a Big Issue, and he is telling us about songs. Somebody is defying us, and he wants to sing!

JOHNSTON:—We got our rights, gents. The Garden has a contract, duly signed, sealed and delivered, which says that on June 3, in the Bowl at Sunnyside, Long Island, under the jurisdiction of this noble body, Braddock must, does, do, and will defend his title, to wit, the world's heavyweight championship, against Max Schmeling, of Germany who hereinafter shall be called the party of the second part—

FIRST SWITCH:—(Waking with a start):—What party? Where is there a party?

JOHNSTON:—As I was saying when rudely interrupted, the party of the first part meets the party of the second part in the Bowl on Long Island, for the championship of the world.

THIRD SWITCH:—What ho, an idea. Why worry? Let us match Schmeling with the Party of the First Part.

SECOND SWITCH:—That's the solution. Schmeling fights the Party of the First Part.

JOE JACOBS:—But if Schmeling fights the Party of the First Part, how about the eighty or a hundred thousand Parties of the Third Part which is supposed to pay out the dough so that the Party of the Second Part can give his manager a little something for the rent?

FIRST SWITCH:—Here are we laboring for a Principle! Here are we fighting for Justice! Here are we doping out a Solution! And he comes in with a little something for the rent!

THIRD SWITCH:—Let it so be stated on the books of this Noble Body, that on June 3, 1937, Schmeling meets the Party of the First Part for the championship.

Chorus

In our duties, we are cuties, nothing ever vexes;
Settling battles, waving rattles, nothing e'er perplexes
Every problem has its own solution.
That's how Darwin brought out evolution.

The Ensemble. All Lawyers.

Maxie fights the Party of the First Part,
Schmeling battles only for his Loved Art.
Money is alluring, but Maxie is abjuring,
Everything except his love of Art!

Phantasmagoria The Fourth

SCENE:—The offices of the Three Switches on June 3. Max Schmeling is weighing in for the world's championship fight with the Party of the First Part.

FIRST SWITCH:—Gentlemen, we are assembled here for one of the most breath taking events in the history of the heavyweight title. Nothing like this ever has been seen before. Nothing like it is likely to be glimpsed in the future.

SECOND SWITCH:—This reminds me of shooting practice with the Eighty Third Regiment up in Peekskill. We tell the boys they are shooting at the enemy, but it's only targets.

THIRD SWITCH:—Let us to business, gents. Will Mr. Schmeling please step on the scales.

Schmeling gets on the scales, with a Heavy Scowl.

FIRST SWITCH:—He tips the beam at exactly 193¼.

SECOND SWITCH:—He is just inside the limit.

THIRD SWITCH:—What limit?

SECOND SWITCH:—I dunno. City limit, I guess. What are

A Ring Phantasmagoria in Six Visions,—
Schmeling Battles the Party of the First Part before a vast concourse of Nothing.

By WILLIAM SHAKESNEARE
DANIEL M. DANIEL, *Ghost Writer*

we doing here, kidding.

FIRST SWITCH:—Now we will weigh in the Party of the First Part.

There is a rustling. There is a cool wind. There is a strange Odor in the air. Everybody moves aside. A Presence, unseen, moves toward the scales. The Three Switches see the beam move. It stops at 6⅞.

FIRST SWITCH:— That looks like a hat size!

JOE JACOBS:—It sounds like nonsense to me, but how about the Forfeit? The manager has got to pay his rent. How about the five grand Braddock puts up?

JOHNSTON:—How about the Garden taking the dough?

JOE JACOBS:—How about the Party of the First Part and the Party of the Second Part splitting the five grand?

SCHMELING:—How about the winner taking all in the Bowl tonight?

THE THREE SWITCHES:—It is the solemn duty of this body to split the Five Grand between the Garden and the Teuton. It is our decision that Braddock be fined, suspended, hung, drawn and quartered, ostracized, warned, blasphemed, and Snubbed Socially.

SCHMELING:—How about the title? Does not the title go by forfeit?

THE THREE SWITCHES:—Nothing doing! You gotta fight for it against the Party of the First Part, in the Bowl.

Chorus

He will have to fight it out,
He will have to put to rout,
That Party, that Party of the First Part.
Ghosts and pixies in the air,
But they never, never scare,
Our Party, our Party of the Second Part.
(The Ensemble. All Lawyers.)
We will be on hand with writs and orders,
Legal nonsense with big foolcap borders.
We have no compunctions, about our injunctions,
We are on the trail of Fistic Hoarders.
(The Whole Mob)
With their writs, mandamuses and orders,
They are on the scent of Fistic Hoarders!

Screwball The Fifth

SCENE:—It is the Big Garden Bowl, on Long Island. The place is packed—with 100,000 unseen customers. Schmeling is in the southwest corner, in pink trunks. The Party of the First Part is in the Northeast corner, wearing no trunks at all, or anything else, for that matter. The Referee is a Ghost. The time keepers are Elves, the Knockdown Timer is a Pixie.

Around the ring are several hundred Ghost Writers. They are banging away at Unseen Typewriters. A hundred Wraiths are using unseen telegraph instruments. There is a transluscent light over the ring, in the skies there is a strange phenomenon which looks like the Aurora Borealis. There is an eerie sound which is interpreted as the clang of the gong. There are no instructions, there are no preliminaries. The Phantom Phight is on!

ROUND ONE—Schmeling dances out of his corner like Corbett in his prime. Instead of delivering a punch, he goes to the ring side and begins talking into a mike. It is a ghost-to-ghost hookup. "I cannot lose this fight," he says with confidence. Then he goes to the ring center and cuts loose with a terrific right. Two light lefts are followed by a right cross. The Party of the First Part is very elusive. The rest of the round is uninteresting.

In between rounds, Schmeling decides to take a nap. He says it is okeh to skip the next nine rounds while he snoozes. The lights are dimmed. Off in the distance there is a phonograph and it is getting rid of the Merry Widow Waltz. In another direction a radio is busy and some dame is singing, "You're Laughing At Me," in a rich tremolo.

Bill Brown, now one of the New York State Athletic Commissioners. This photo was taken when Bill was running his famous Brown's Gymnasium before the Walker law existed.

Schmeling arises as an alarm clock goes off and finds it is time for Round Ten. He eats a club sandwich first, and then dances out to land a light left and two hard rights. He is holding up splendidly under the terrific strain.

The Party of the First Part, however, never looked better in his ghostly life.

Then Phantom Phight continues, apace. The mental strain is telling on Schmeling. Joe Jacobs keeps counting the house. "How many are here?" he asks Jimmy Johnston, and Jimmy says, "More than 80,000 deadheads. The house is terrific."

A ghost walks by and Jacobs buys himself a phantom hot dog and pays with phantom money.

The fifteenth round is the most severe on Schmeling. He can't locate the Party of the First Part. When the final gong sounds through the eerie spaces, Schmeling looks wan and tired. He looks for the referee, but he is gone. The onlookers are gone. The timekeepers, Johnston, Jacobs, the writers and telegraphers—all are gone.

Schmeling tries to sit down in his corner, but falls on the canvas. He tries to steady himself, but there are no ropes. He looks for his handlers, but they have gone. There is no water bottle. A strange looking guy with horns sticking out of his noggin offers Mox a drink, and Mox drinks. It burns his mouth, and then burns his stomach like acid. He shouts into the spaces, but gets back only eerie echoes.

He opens his eyes and finds himself on the floor of his bedroom. He had fallen out of bed. Jacobs is there, and he says, "You look as if you have gone through a tough fight. Better get dressed as we are due in the radio studio in an hour."

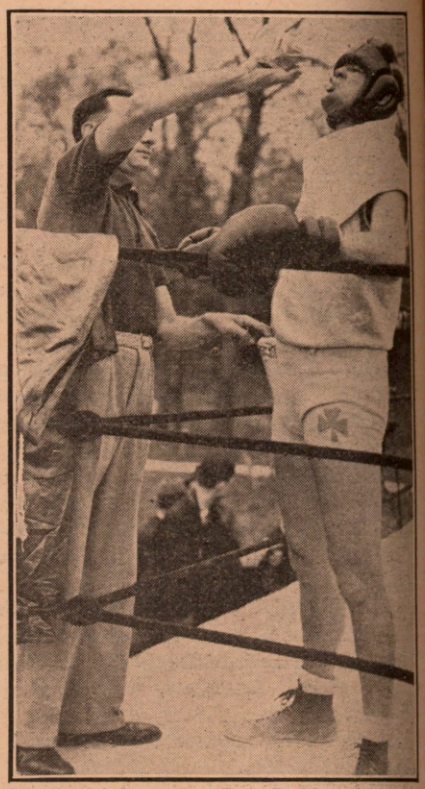
Goofy The Sixth

SCENE, the studios of the International Radio Co. Schmeling is ready to Spill the Stuff. Millions of Listeners are tuned in all over the United States—and Germany.

SCHMELING:—Radio audience, *(Continued on page 43)*

With Braddock and Louis

The peewee manager of Jimmy Braddock—Joe Gould—and his staff of handlers at the Braddock camp. Left to right, are Jack McCarthy, Charley Massare, Doc Robb, trainer; Jimmy Braddock, Joe Gould, Bill Irby and Max Roesch.

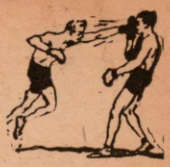


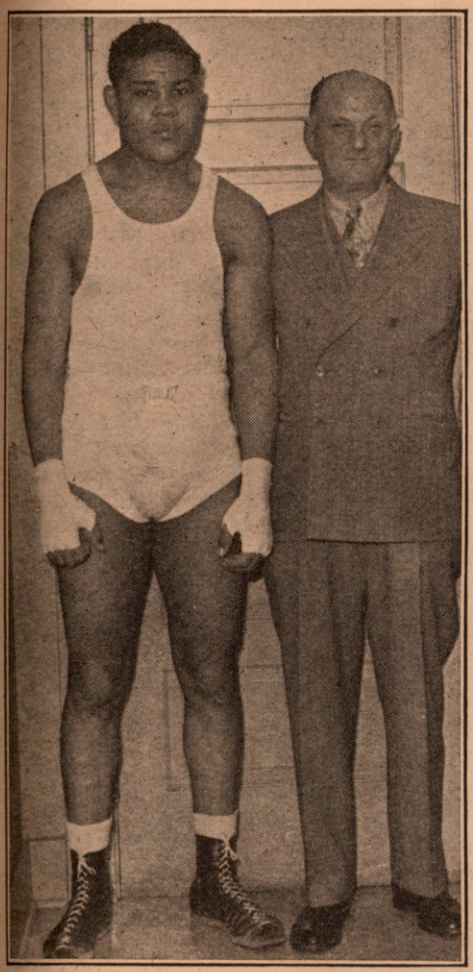
His faithful trainer, Doc Robb, takes care of Braddock after he completes a round of boxing with Charley Massare. Note how Braddock has filled out since the day he won the crown from Max Baer.

The champion performs before an enthusiastic gathering at his Golfmore Country Club camp, with Max Roesch as his sparring mate.

Braddock, like Gene Tunney and Jack Sharkey, drinks three quarts of milk a day while in training. Here we see Jersey Jimmy in his dressing room after a rub-down.

in Training Quarters





Joe Louis posing with the man who enabled him to get a crack at the world championship, Promoter Mike Jacobs.

A little wrestling for relaxation from the daily grind of tossing mitts at his sparring mates. Both Joe and Blackburn, his trainer, with whom he is having a set-to, are adept at the grappling game.

Here we see Joe ready to shift and land his right to Seal Harris' chin during a training session. In tuning up for Braddock, the Bomber's work was far from impressive.

The Brown Bomber and his faithful trainer, Jack Blackburn. Blackburn has handled Joe in all of his fights since his first pro engagement.

Winning Punches of

By
THE
VETERAN

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Jim Corbett's stance.

THERE has been more arrant nonsense written regarding the discovery and development of "new punches" in the gentle game of fisticuffs than could be encompassed within the space of an old-fashioned three-volume novel. Whenever a new champion among the big fellows has arisen, it doesn't take long before some chronicler of the game calls attention to the deadly efficiency of a trick blow utilized by the star walloper that classes as a startling invention.

But when analyzed it always turns out that its classification as a fresh invention is about as legitimate as the listing of the once notorious Captain Cooke as the first man to reach the North Pole. The transition from bare knuckles to gloves undoubtedly brought about a change in ring fighting tactics. But even while fist fights on the turf were in full swing, it must be remembered that a vast deal of sparring with the "mufflers," as gloves were then technically termed, was indulged in by members of the pugilistic brigade.

Jem Mace, last of the bareknuckle champions of high degree, was far more efficient as a scientist with the mitts than as an exponent of the mixed wrestling and fist wielding methods that distinguished battles under London Prize Ring rules. Jem and his contemporaries were thoroughly wise in their generation as to the value of the sidestep, the straight jab, the cross-counter, the inside-counter, the uppercut, the "crook-hit," which we call the "hook," the devastating swing, and solid punch to the "mark" or stomach which so effectually deprives the recipient of his wind.

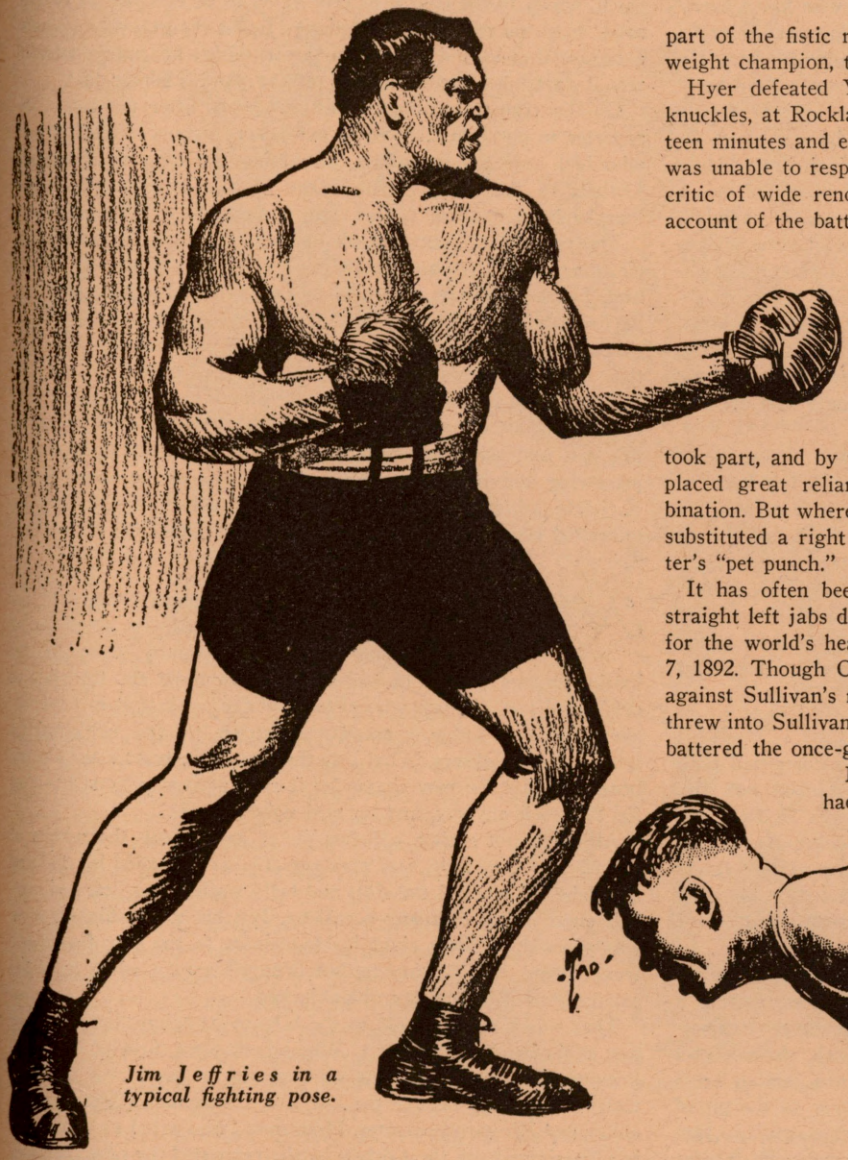
The aforesaid punches are the stock-in-trade of pugilists today, even as in the past. Whatever variation they may have undergone lies in the manner of execution, but so far as "new discoveries" are concerned, the less said the better. Veterans who have seen Mace in action with the gloves will tell you that the singularly bewildering tactics employed by "Young" Griffo, one of the most brilliant boxers that ever lived, were based directly on the methods of the Mace school, though utilized by the erratic Australian in his own original fashion.

It stands to reason that every fighter, as he advances in his profession, reaches a stage where he finds he can deliver some particular blow to the best advantage, and thereafter relies upon it for tangible results. If he be a champion, that pet punch is naturally enough played up for public admiration in his press notices and as time goes on he will, in nine cases out of ten, assume the rôle of its inventor.

Sometimes, however, as befell in the rise of John L. Sullivan to fame, a champ's winning punch may be of so obviously conventional a nature that it cannot by the wildest exercise of the imagination, be classified as new. Most of John L.'s knockouts were scored by the beautiful simplicity of a right-hand swing to the jaw that had all the weight of the big fellow's massive body behind it. And nobody ever had the gall to claim a patent on a right swing in the Boston Strong Boy's name.

Jack Johnson's fighting pose.

Heavyweight Champions



Jim Jeffries in a typical fighting pose.

But Sullivan invariably prefaced this right delivery by purposely falling short of his target with a straight left, a feint which caused the lowering of an opponent's guard. That accomplished, the Sullivan right thundered across to the head and wrote finis to the argument. John L. was given a lot of credit for this feinting device, indeed several of his admiring critics went further in their praise by listing it as original with the champion.

But Sullivan never originated anything in the line of sparring tricks, nor did he ever make such a claim. Strength and speed were the characteristics, united with bulldog ferocity, that made him the ring's dominating factor. It is a mistake to conclude, as so many fistic historians have done, that he was purely a scrapper of the bull-rushing type, completely devoid of science.

He was not clever in the sense of the word as applied to such art-masters as Jim Corbett and Kid McCoy, and boxed pretty much as he fought, in decidedly rough style that kept his sparring partners in exhibition bouts eternally on the qui vive to avoid having their heads knocked off. But his timing was wonderfully exact, that left stabbing feint, already alluded to, was as quick as a flash of light, and he could slip a punch with his head as neatly as the best of the scientific practitioners.

Who first conceived the idea of using a left feint to create an opening for the right cross, swing or uppercut, there is, of course, no way of ascertaining. Just as likely as not it may have originated with Figg, first of all ring champions. At any rate, it formed part of the fistic repertoire of America's first recognized heavyweight champion, the redoubtable Tom Hyer.

Hyer defeated Yankee Sullivan in sixteen rounds with bare knuckles, at Rockland, Maryland, on February 7, 1849, after sixteen minutes and eighteen seconds of fierce milling, when Yankee was unable to respond to the call of time. Edward James, a fight critic of wide renown in that day, comments as follows, in his account of the battle for the American title:

"Hyer showed excellent skill in fighting. His method of hitting short with the left, as preliminary to the heavy discharge of his right, in the style of a half-uppercut, could not perhaps have been excelled in the use he made of it by the best hitters who have shown themselves in the prize-ring!"

Accounts of other battles in which Hyer took part, and by the way, he was never defeated, show that he placed great reliance on the left-feint-followed-by-a-right combination. But where John L. followed up with a right swing, Hyer substituted a right uppercut, which appears to have been the latter's "pet punch."

It has often been erroneously stated that James J. Corbett's straight left jabs defeated John L. Sullivan in their famous battle for the world's heavyweight title at New Orleans on September 7, 1892. Though Corbett countered frequently with straight lefts against Sullivan's rushes, it was the variety of left hooks that he threw into Sullivan's body and jaw with lightning speed that really battered the once-great champion into submission.

Nor would these tactics have stood off John L. had not the Californian been as light and agile as a leopard on his feet. Corbett's bewildering sidesteps, his facile in-and-out pacing, threw Sullivan's usually correct sense of timing completely out of gear and had the big fellow perpetually missing with the deadly right swing that had won for him so often in the past.

The best right hand in the world

Jack Dempsey and his famous crouch.

is of little utility when hurled at a drifting shadow, and Corbett was a shifting phantom that fateful day, a tantalizing, mobile target that was ever out of range.

Jim Corbett was essentially a versatile boxer who knew every trick in the game, and certainly the most dazzling performer to watch in action that ever graced the heavyweight division. He cannot be said to have favored any particular punch as a "finisher," as his forte was not knockout hitting. But one curious double wallop he used freely will be remembered by all who saw him.

That was a swift left hook to the stomach, which immediately flashed upward in a curve to the jaw, and had plenty of steam behind it. Tommy Ryan, the veteran ex-middleweight champion, also used this double visitation with good effect, which one seldom sees employed in the ring nowadays, but proved a potent weapon in the hands of those two past masters of science.

In the second round of the battle of New Orleans, Sullivan rushed Corbett to a neutral corner, crowding him closely. On previous occasions when this occurred, Corbett had made no attempt to fight back, but sidestepped out of danger and back to the center of the ring.

This time, as Sullivan pulled back to throw his famous right swing, Corbett beat him to the punch by loosing a left hook to the face with all the power he possessed behind it. It sent John L.'s head back, broke his nose, and staggered him. Corbett followed up with sharp-driving left and right hooks, and to everyone's amazement, slugged Sullivan clear into the latter's own corner.

That was the beginning of the end for the old champion, and incidentally it was a similar storm of right and left hooks to the jaw that sent Sullivan down for the full count in the twenty-first and final round of the contest.

* * *

THE name of Bob Fitzsimmons is inevitably connected with the celebrated solar plexus punch that knocked out Jim Corbett at Carson City in fourteen rounds on March 17, 1897, and transferred the blue ribbon of the ring to the lanky Australian. Referee George Siler, who from his close proximity to the fighters may be listed as the best authority as to what actually happened on that occasion, wound up his account of the battle, written for the Chicago *Tribune,* as follows:

"In the fourteenth round Corbett landed a left hook on Fitzsimmons' jaw. They went into a clinch, Fitzsimmons getting a right to the jaw. They broke and sparred at close range. Fitzsimmons feinted for the head with his left, drew back, shifted from his left to his right foot forward, and ripped in a sort of cross between a hook and an uppercut to a point nearer to the pit of the stomach than under the heart. Corbett went down, his face writhing in agony. At 'ten' I touched his shoulder and said: 'You're done, Jim, you're done,' and the battle of the century had been won and lost."

You will notice that the late Mr. Siler's description of the finish of the Carson City fray contains no allusion whatsoever to the fabled solar plexus destroyer. He shows clearly and without any unnecessary verbiage that Jim Corbett collapsed as result of a heavy wallop to his tummy, or what the old bare-knuckle men called in their slang, "the mark."

Or as the victor himself remarked in his own crude, unvarnished language: "I 'it 'im a bloomin' good belly punch, and 'e folded hup like a bally concertina!"

Which was really all there was to the matter. The solar plexus myth, which in the course of time came to be accepted as Gospel, arose from the readiness of a young Hearst reporter to seize upon a phrase that looked unusual in print, which he rightly inferred would start folks wondering and talking. And it surely did!

On the train returning to San Francisco after the battle, the reporter in question chanced to overhear a group of medical men who had attended the affair, discussing the blow that deprived Corbett of the championship. One of the sawbones remarked that the deciding punch landed right in the midst of the solar plexus.

The reportorial hound nosed his way into the charmed medical circle and asked for an explanation, which was courteously given him. The solar plexus, it seemed, had reference to a group of nerves in the stomach region. These nerves, peculiarly susceptible to shock, had received the full impact of Fitz's damaging glove, and their owner's downfall followed as a matter of course.

Result—the exploitation of the solar plexus in the Hearst papers! Other journals all over the United States grabbed with avidity at this new and startling revelation of surgical secrets as applied to prize-ring activities, and displayed diagrams of the stomach and its nerve adjuncts for the edification of subscribers. It was an unlimited revel of mixed medical and sport publicity.

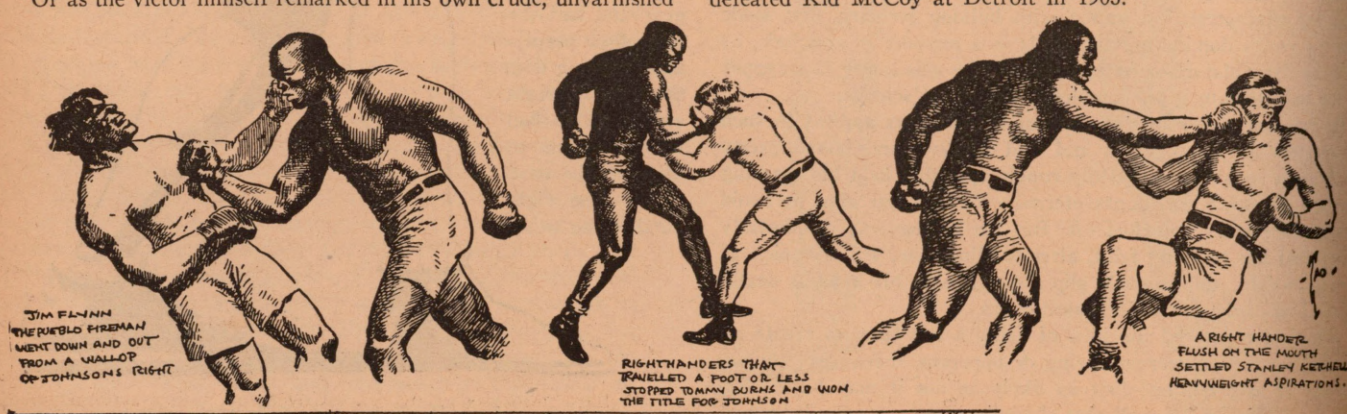
* * *

NOR did it stop there! Before long the papers were crediting Fitz, not only with having "invented" the fateful solar plexus punch, but having for months preceding the battle, devoted himself to anatomical study under the tutorship of celebrated medical men who picked out the weak spot in Corbett's armor, a spot hitherto entirely unknown to and neglected by ignorant prizefighters. What Fitz thought of the matter has already been told. But the new champ let it ride, as it was good boosting for his stock anyway, and harmed nobody.

Although not such a polished boxer as Corbett, the winner of the Carson City fight was also versatile as regarded his fighting methods. He worked the shift and belly wallop that defeated Corbett successfully on many occasions. But his most effective blow was probably a short right inside-counter to the jaw that didn't travel more than six inches, but dropped a man when it landed as surely as if he had been blackjacked.

That was a punch as old as the hills in its origin, but not every pug could handle it properly. When Jack Root, first of the light-heavyweight champions, was starting out on his career, he came under the management of the late Lou Houseman, Chicago sports editor and Western promoter. Houseman, who acted as timekeeper for Fitzsimmons in the Corbett battle, requested the new champion to give his novice a few pointers.

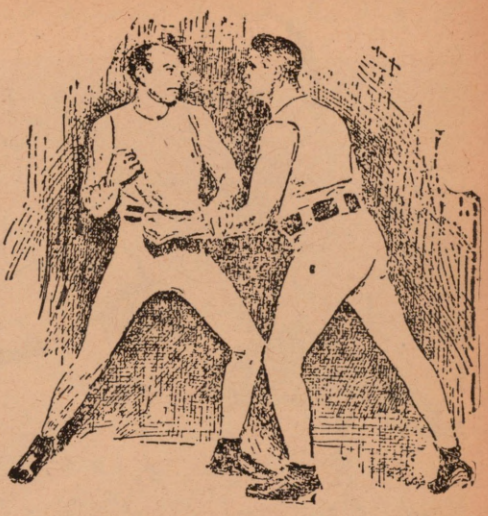
Fitz did so, sparring with Root in the gymnasium for a few weeks daily. The pupil, a natural fighter and quick thinker, mastered Bob's inside-counter punch so thoroughly that during the twelve months following he scored nine knockouts, all inside of two rounds each. He continued his triumphant march over the kayo route to the great satisfaction of himself and manager, and was finally crowned king of the new lightweight class when he defeated Kid McCoy at Detroit in 1903.



Jack Johnson illustrating his famous punches.

Fitz sidesteps a straight left and lands a kayo to the jaw.

Ruby Robert showing how he landed the solar plexus.



And here Fitz shows how he blocked a left for the stomach.

JIM JEFFRIES, successor to Fitzsimmons on the heavyweight throne, possessed a decided advantage over most opponents by reason of the fact that he was ambidextrous. He could punch as hard with his left as with the right, and as a consequence, his left hook carried explosive dynamic qualities.

It was, in fact, his usual "finisher," although he was also a terrific right-hand body puncher. The Jeffries "crouch" fooled Fitzsimmons in the first battle with Jeff, which made the latter champion. But it was the steady, incessant body-bombardment that weakened Fitzsimmons to the point where Jeffries put over the final left hook.

In their second meeting on the Coast, it was the constantly driving right to the heart and stomach that again won for Jeffries. The latter was terribly punished about the face, as Fitzsimmons landed again and again with savage rights and lefts, fighting on the retreat, but always countering viciously, as Jeffries advanced stolidly, "taking it" with Indian-like patience, and waiting the chance to whip over his menacing left. The end came in the eighth, when a particularly savage right to the stomach bent Fitz over. Down came the Jeffries hook on the jaw, and Fitz was counted out.

Fitz's powerful uppercut.

Fitz's mighty inside left uppercut.

But the victor was a gory sight to behold. His underlip was cut through to the teeth. On each jawbone gaped a red opening, his left eyebrow hung down from its proper place like the broken wing of a sick crow, other cuts appeared under each eye, and both optics were closing fast. So badly blinded was Jeffries that his second and chief adviser, Billy Delaney, had to lead him to the dressing-room. The knockout came just in the nick of time for the champion's good, for it is doubtful if he could have seen his opponent had the bell clanged for another round.

* * *

JACK JOHNSON, conqueror of Jeffries, had a very extensive boxing repertoire, out of which the giant black was forever displaying old tricks, furbished up and remoulded to suit his extremely acute intelligence and confound his opponents. Like all really great scientists his educated left hand was his chief reliance, but no fighter before or since his reign mastered so craftily the use of an inside uppercut.

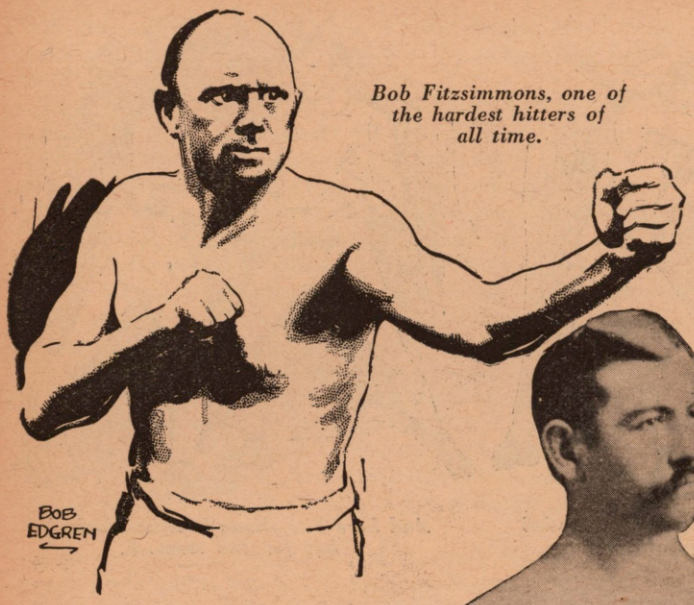
Contrary to general usage, Johnson did not step in to deliver this punch. Without moving his feet, he pivoted from the hips, letting his opponent's left go over his shoulder, and shot his right up to the chin. None save a perfect master of timing could accomplish this stunt, but Johnson did it with automatic ease, head, arm and body all moving in unison, a single cooperative movement without a second's waste of energy.

It was a showy exhibition of ingenious fist-work, but, unlike most flashy performances, was grimly effective in its results. Many an unfortunate ran his chin into the Johnson inside uppercut, and woke up some minutes later to enquire pathetically what hit him. The late Bartley Madden, himself no slouch of a boxer, once told me that he tried out the blow in the Johnsonian manner in the gym, but never could quite get the hang of it satisfactorily. He said he would never dare attempt it in the ring, as the results of a miscue would probably be extremely disastrous. He had the correct idea.

Jess Willard's favorite punch was said to be a smashing straight right to the heart, although Jack Dempsey has been quoted as stating that in his title-winning battle with Jess at Toledo he had little to complain of as regarded Willard's body attack, but took one solid regulatior right-hand sockdologer on the jaw from the giant's right that figured as the hardest punch he ever felt.

Just the same, that drive to the heart took all the fight out of many of Willard's opponents, all the more because huge Jess used to let all his gigantic weight go behind the blow. When Bull Young collapsed and died in a ring at Vernon, California, during a fight with Willard in 1913, it was stated that the deceased had a weak heart which gave out under the strain of Jess' body punishment.

Willard naturally brooded a lot over that unfortunate accident,



Bob Fitzsimmons, one of the hardest hitters of all time.

and when, a few months later, he was matched for ten rounds with Boer Rodel at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Jess' mental distress was turned to good account by Rodel's astute manager, the canny Jimmy Johnston. The latter managed to get a tip to Willard shortly before the bout started, to the effect that Rodel's heart was in poor shape, and that he had better go light on the Boer, lest there should be a repetition of the Bull Young tragedy.

Rodel was in perfect physical condition, with a heart as strong as that of an ox, but Jess fell for the phony information and absolutely refused to cut loose with all he had at any stage of the bout. It was a no-decision affair, but Willard's showing was so poor and utterly wanting in spirit that the newspapers all gave Rodel credit for a victory in a most uninteresting combat.

Later it dawned on Jess that he had been victimized, and he thirsted for revenge. He got it, too, before the year was over. Rodel, who knew nothing of his manager's strategy in the Milwaukee contest, readily accepted another match with Willard, whom he considered a rather easy mark. They met at New Haven and this time there was no pulling of punches on Willard's part. Rodel was battered from rope to rope and finally knocked cold in a one-sided battle.

* * *

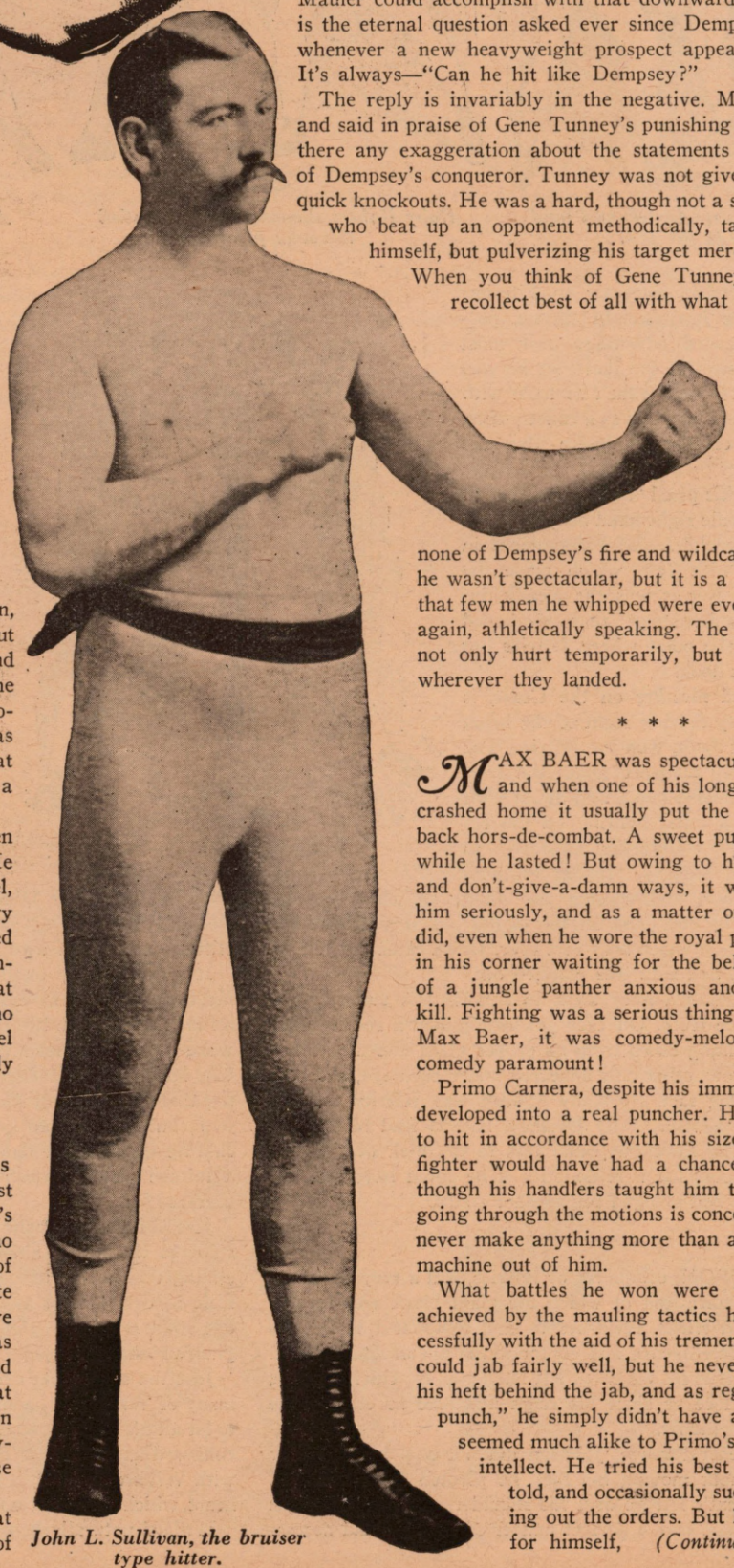
LIKE Jack Dempsey, the left hook was effectively utilized by the smallest man ever recognized as world's heavyweight champion, Tommy Burns, who filled in the gap between the retirement of Jeffries and the coming of Johnson. Despite his limited height, Burns only measured five feet, seven inches in his socks, Tommy was possessed of an abnormally long reach and remarkable boxing skill. Prior to his defeat in fourteen rounds by Jack Johnson in Australia, Burns' record included thirty-four knockouts, scored in nearly every case over men of superior height and weight.

It was Burns' flashing left hook that dropped the highly-touted Bill Squires of Australia, when the latter came to this country in 1907 as challenger for the heavyweight crown. Squires was on his way out and carted to his corner, a limp object, before the initial round was a minute old, a melancholy tribute to the hitting power of a little man who never got the credit due him for many spectacular ring performances.

The terrible efficiency of Jack Dempsey's left hook has been so widely discussed, both in print and wherever fight fans congregate, that it would be superfluous to dwell at length upon its shock qualities. The best evidence as to what the old Manassa Mauler could accomplish with that downward-shearing wallop is the eternal question asked ever since Dempsey's retirement, whenever a new heavyweight prospect appears on the scene. It's always—"Can he hit like Dempsey?"

The reply is invariably in the negative. Much was written and said in praise of Gene Tunney's punishing powers, nor was there any exaggeration about the statements issued in behalf of Dempsey's conqueror. Tunney was not given to playing for quick knockouts. He was a hard, though not a stunning puncher, who beat up an opponent methodically, taking no chances himself, but pulverizing his target mercilessly.

When you think of Gene Tunney in action, you recollect best of all with what fiendish accuracy he employed that straight pile-driving left to the face, alternated with right body-rips that had a world of force behind them. He had none of Dempsey's fire and wildcat fury of assault, he wasn't spectacular, but it is a matter of record that few men he whipped were ever quite the same again, athletically speaking. The Tunney punches not only hurt temporarily, but they left a dint wherever they landed.



John L. Sullivan, the bruiser type hitter.

* * *

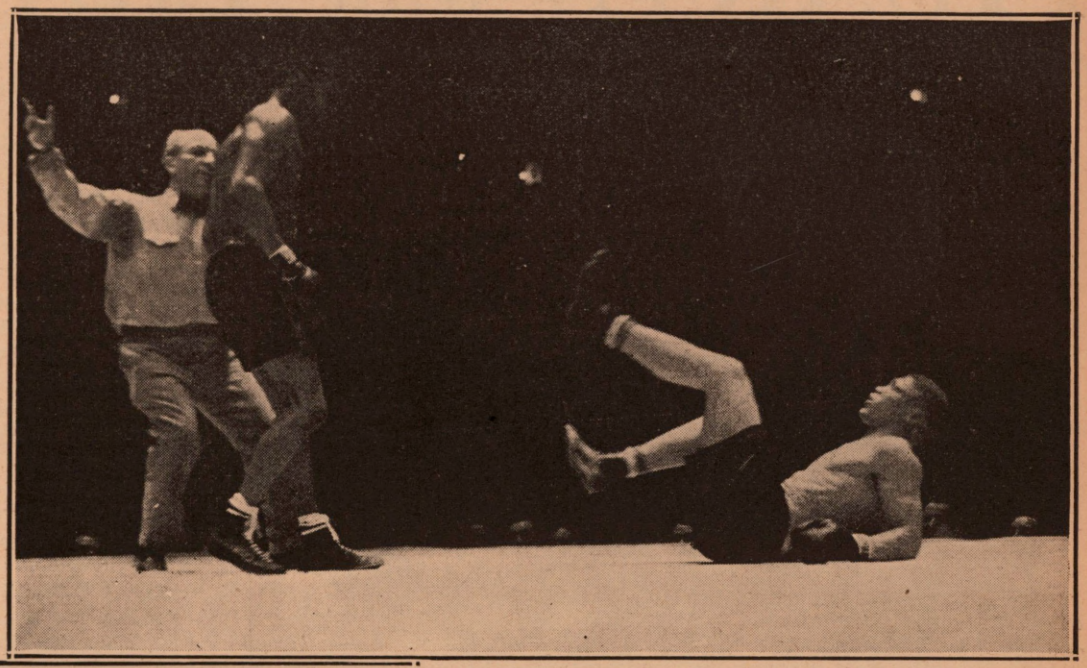
MAX BAER was spectacular in his prime, and when one of his long, looping swings crashed home it usually put the recipient on his back hors-de-combat. A sweet puncher was Max, while he lasted! But owing to his ring clowning and don't-give-a-damn ways, it was hard to take him seriously, and as a matter of fact, few folks did, even when he wore the royal purple. Dempsey, in his corner waiting for the bell, reminded one of a jungle panther anxious and ready for the kill. Fighting was a serious thing with him. With Max Baer, it was comedy-melodrama, and the comedy paramount!

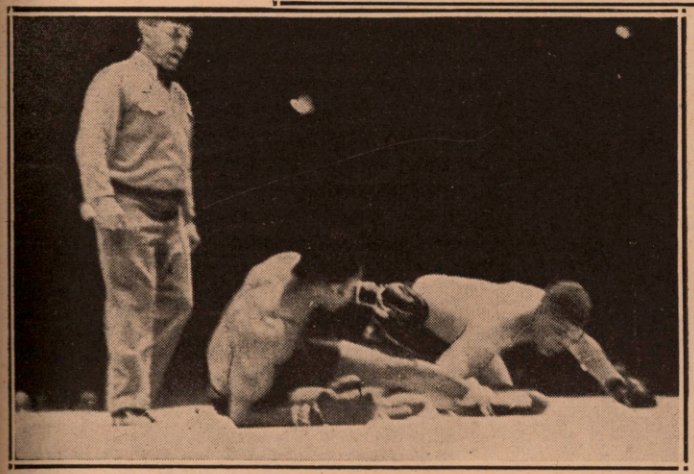
Primo Carnera, despite his immense bulk, never developed into a real puncher. Had he been able to hit in accordance with his size and weight no fighter would have had a chance with him. But though his handlers taught him to box, so far as going through the motions is concerned, they could never make anything more than a fistic automatic machine out of him.

What battles he won were mostly victories achieved by the mauling tactics he employed successfully with the aid of his tremendous weight. He could jab fairly well, but he never learned to put his heft behind the jab, and as regards a "favorite punch," he simply didn't have any. All punches seemed much alike to Primo's somewhat stogy intellect. He tried his best to do as he was told, and occasionally succeeded in carrying out the orders. But he couldn't think for himself, *(Continued on page 45)*

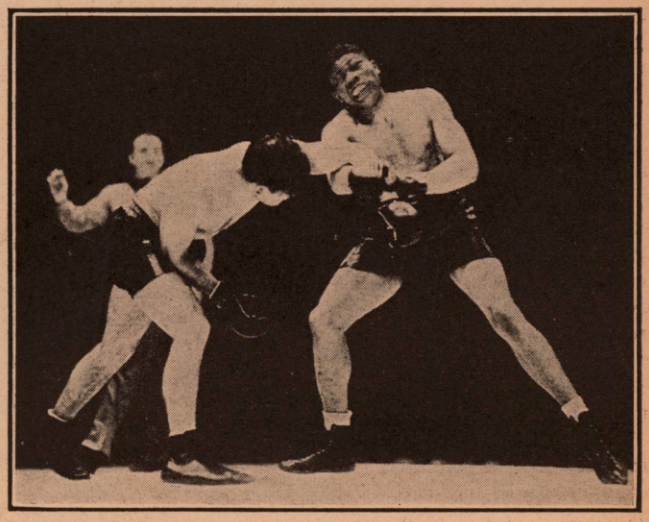
BOUTS that PLEASED

The Editor's camera catches "Red" Bruce as he hits the canvas for the second down in the second round.

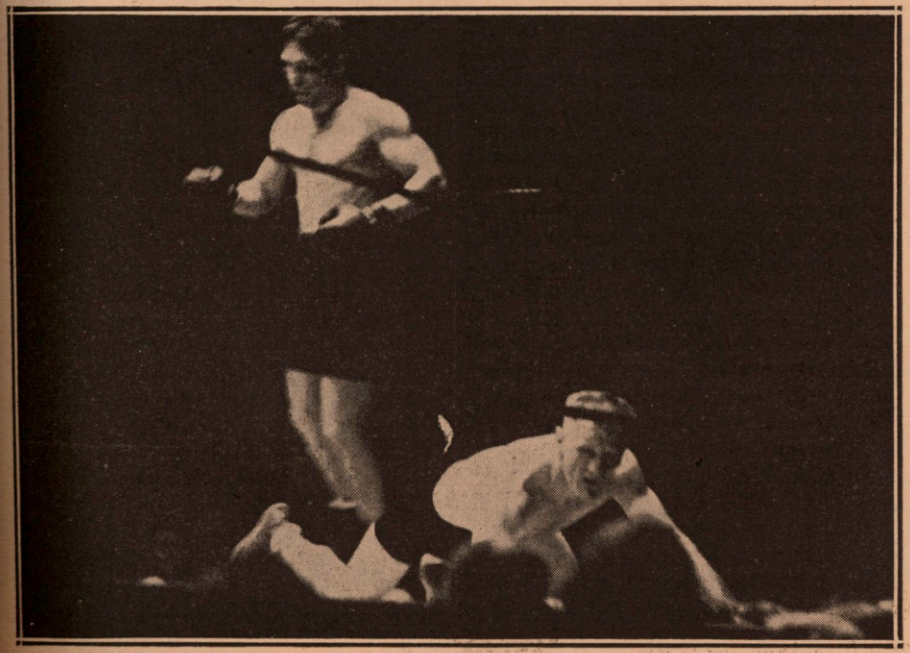




A scene in the Garden when Tiger Fox exchanged wallops with "Red" Bruce of Pittsburgh. The bout was a thriller on the Patsy Perroni-John Henry Lewis card. Here we see both fighters on the canvas in the second session.

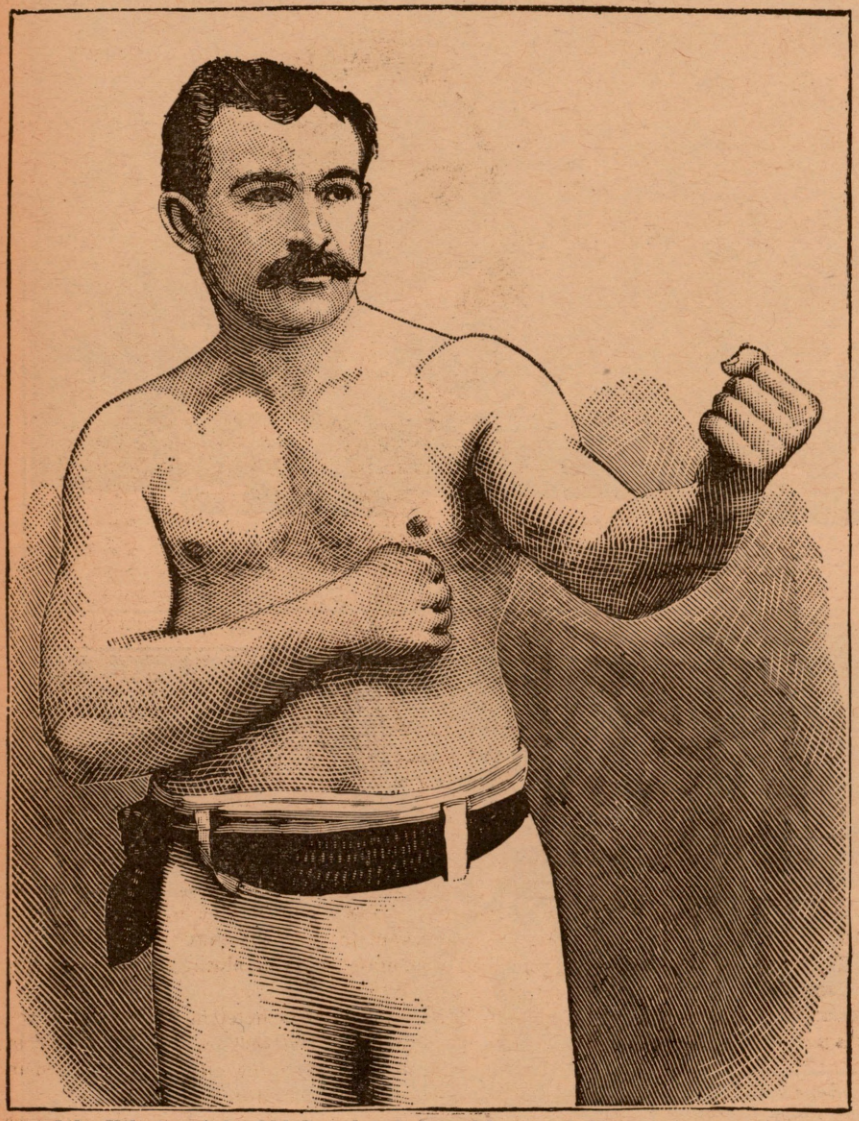


Fight between Eddie Blunt, colored battler from South Carolina and Nathan Mann of New Haven at the New York Hippodrome, furnished plenty of thrills. Note the expression on Blunt's face as Mann crashes his left to the stomach.



Jack Carroll, Australian welterweight champion, floored by Jimmy Leto of New York in their contest in Sydney, Australia. He is on his hands and knees as the result of a short right jolt in the fourteenth round.

HEARTS *and* FRAMES



Jake Kilrain, of the Old Guard, is hale and hearty at the age of seventy-six.

IN 1885, fifty-two years ago, Frank Slavin fought Jim Burke on the Charters Towers racecourse for £400 and the championship of Queensland, Australia. Slavin won in the fourth round, so it was not a long fight, though fierce and willing. It was a record at the time, however, because no one else had succeeded in staying in the ring with the hard-hitting lad from New South Wales for more than a minute or two.

The Burke that Slavin fought then is still alive and in excellent health. He is seventy-eight. In a letter which I received from him a week ago, he asks a favor:

> "Dear Bill: A lot of people here (Hobart, Tasmania) read THE RING regularly, and as I know you write to it, would you please correct a mistake that has continued for years and say that it was Jim Burke, not Tom Burke (which the record books show) who fought Slavin in 1885. I was the Jim Burke whom he met on the Charters Towers racecourse that time, and am proud of it."

I hereby correct this old error with the greatest pleasure, and I do so with good authority, because the same slip has been pointed out to me on other occasions. Before he died, Mick Dooley, in talking over old times, drew my attention specially to it. In his gruff whispering tones he said:

"There was never any such person as Tom Burke—the mistake arose through a slip of the pen on the part of Bill Corbett, the pressman, in reporting the fight. Jim Burke was the name. Jim was champion of Queensland, a bare-knuckle man before he met Slavin. I fought him myself, and he afterwards met and defeated Jim Fogarty the Jawbreaker, and other good men."

* * *

JIM must be one of the very few men now living who fought Slavin in his prime. Buffalo Costello is another I believe, and then there is that grand old battler, Jake Kilrain, who was still alive when last I heard of him. Not only was Kilrain a target for Slavin's terrific driving punches, but he knew what it was to face John L. Sullivan in the ring with bare knuckles at a time when Sullivan was at the height of his reputation.

The Kilrain-Sullivan battle lasted two and one-quarter hours, and although John L. got the decision, it was anybody's fight all through. At one stage, the champion was so distressed that Kilrain asked him if he was prepared to give in. Sullivan's reply was to knock Jake down and stamp on him!

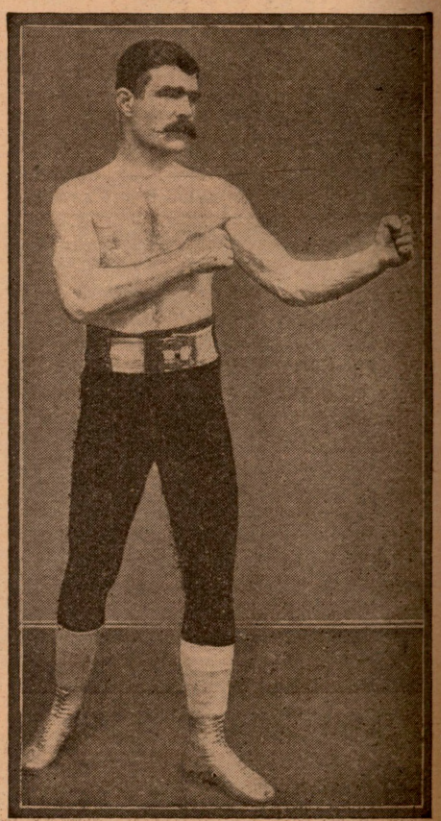
"John L." had no dislike for Kilrain, but he hated the man in his opponent's corner—Charlie Mitchell—and it was Mitchell's self-satisfied smirk at John's distress that caused the loss of temper and breach of the rules.

The loser of this terrific battle survived the winner many, many years. Jake Kilrain was a pall-bearer at the funeral of John L. Sullivan in 1918, and is still alive. He lives in Fore River, Massachusetts.

Jake must surely have a heart and frame of oak to survive as long as he has. It was Jake who fought the 106-round bare-knuckle bout with Jem Smith in France in 1888.

Describing Kilrain's appearance at the end of the battle (declared a draw), one onlooker wrote:

"Kilrain's right eye was puffed up like a balloon, the left eye was also badly battered and the nose cut. His jaw looked like a piece of raw beef and there were



Frank Slavin, who fought thrilling bouts in Australia.

# of OAK

TOUGH BATTLERS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

By BILL DOHERTY
(One-time middleweight champion of South Africa)
(Author of "In the Days of the Giants")

lumps on his forehead standing out like eggs, while from his right ear, which was almost torn off, a continual stream of blood flowed. In addition to these injuries, there were big abrasions all over his body, so torn was it from the resin-smeared fists of his opponent."

And the report goes on to state that the appearance of Smith, who was knocked down twenty-two times before the fiftieth round, was even worse than that of Kilrain.

Far from wilting and weakening under the stress of the punishment received in all his fights, Kilrain appears to have thrived on it. He was an instructor in a physical training school when well on in his seventies.

* * *

BARE-FIST fighting, in fact, even the hardest and longest battles, seemed to have little ill-effects on the principals. Some of the old bare-knuckle bruisers lived to an astonishing age and were hale and hearty to the last. Old Jem Mace, for instance, was born in 1831 and died in 1910 at the age of a few months short of eighty. In his early days, he was a bosom friend of John C. Heenan, of Tom King and Tom Sayers, and he fought and beat Tom King in an hour-long battle in a terrific rainstorm that made the ring into a bog.

King, who was five inches taller and twenty pounds heavier than his antagonist, punished Mace frightfully with direct hits

Jem Mace, the most renowned scientific fighter of England, who lived to a ripe old age.

in the face that downed the smaller man repeatedly and almost had him blinded until at length a glancing blow cut the swelling and by inducing a flow of blood caused it to go down. Mace won by a knockout in the forty-third round after giving a wonderful exhibition of skill, pluck, endurance, wrestling and punching ability.

I saw Jem Mace at my father's hotel in Melbourne in the 'eighties when he must have been well on the wrong side of fifty, but the picture that I have in my mind is that of a man no older than my father, who was then under forty.

In his time, he fought hundreds of fights under the old rules in the days when men pickled their hands in brine to harden them, not with any hope of damaging the frames or features of their opponents but to protect their fists from damage. Yet he was spry and limber and in full possession of all his faculties until the day of his death.

* * *

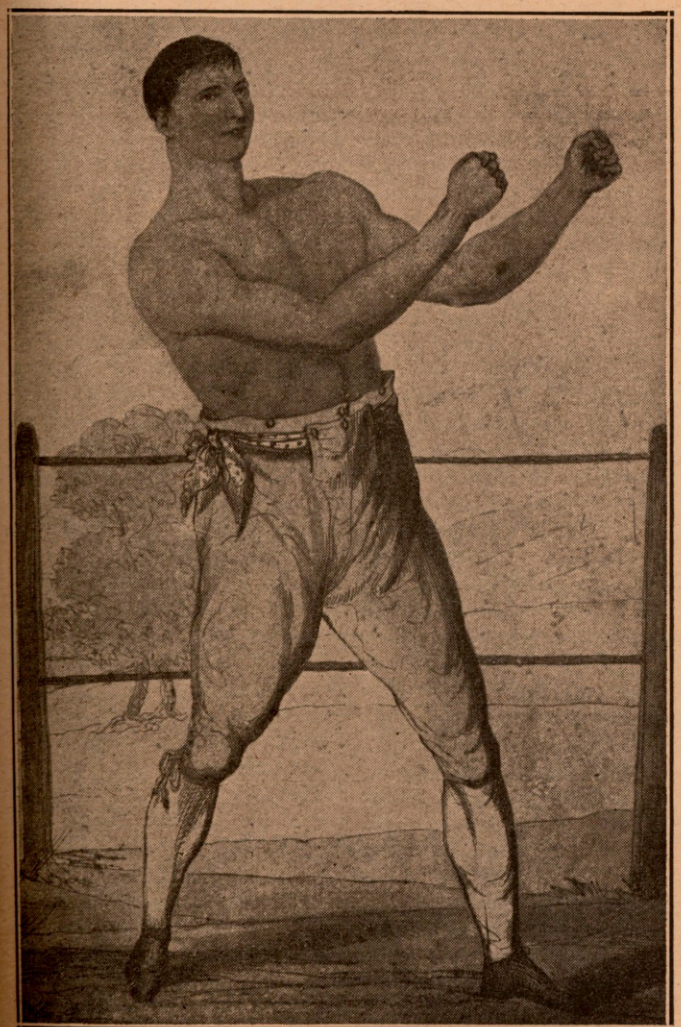
IN Australia the oldest member of the old brigade is "Professor" E. W. Rolins, or "Starlight," as he is better known, a Negro who, in his day, was second only to Peter Jackson in popularity. When I fought him in 1895, he was even then known as "Old Starlight," and had fought long, hard battles with Jim Hall, Bob Fitzsimmons and Dan Creedon. Prior to that, in his young days in the 'seventies and early 'eighties, he had been a stock boxer in a touring show, meeting all comers under all conditions.

His career as an active pugilist extended to 1909 when he was still considered good enough to meet Australian champions of the calibre of Bill Lang and Dave Smith.

Starlight is still alive and his tally of years must be approaching the magnificent figure attained by Jem Mace.

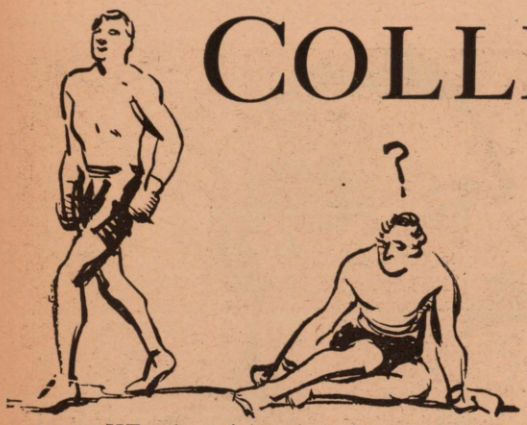
* * *

ANOTHER of the Jems—Jem Ward—was a marvel of toughness and stamina. Ward was born in England in 1800 and died in 1884, reaching an age of eighty-four, perhaps the greatest ever attained by *(Continued on page 45)*



Jem Ward, who was a marvel of roughness and toughness. He held the British championship.

IT MUST NOT BE a COLLEGIAN'S GAME



By T. W. McNIEL

THE other night when they carried big Jack Torrance out of the ring feet first, following his joust with almost equally big Abe Simon, I became thoroughly convinced on what I've been suspicioning all these many years. Namely, that college athletes are in the wrong pew when they undertake a prize-ring career.

I've been watching these campus heroes flounce and flounder around the hempen square so long that I've given up all hope of ever seeing another Jeffries or Dempsey come out of one of these institutes of learning. There was a time in my life when I figured that there was no better prospecting ground for heavyweight fighting talent than the gridiron fields scattered here and there over the countryside. But that's all past. Mention a college-bred fighter to me now, and I'll tell you to tell it to some other guy.

Nor am I putting the blast on college ring aspirants. There isn't a guy in the country that would rather see a collegian on top of the fistic heap than I, but I'm not losing any sleep over seeing this dream come true. I'm not from Missouri, but you've got to show me a college-bred champion before I'll ever believe it possible.

There has been a whole regiment of heavyweight prospects plucked off the country's many campuses. Some of them looked like the proverbial million dollars until they went up against the old acid test. But to a man they faltered from one reason or other.

* * *

THERE was big Monte Munn, who had been a whiz of a tackle on Nebraska's Cornhusker elevens. Towering around six foot three and weighing well over the 210-pound mark, Monte looked like 24-carat stuff until the night he essayed to swap leather with big jovial Gawge Godfrey. The big colored boy played around for two or three rounds, then stepped in and flattened him for keeps. That quelled the ambitions of the Cornhusker hero to such an extent that it wasn't two months before England's Phil Scott came along and belted him completely out of the picture. That practically wound up Mr. Munn as a top-flight performer. But at that, if he had started out a few years sooner than he did, he might have amounted to something worthwhile in the glove game.

Another gridiron product that loomed prominently on the fistic horizon for a time was Sully Montgomery, a Fort Worth, Tex., lad, who helped write football history at little Centre College.

Sully stepped out of his cleats and right into the thick of the heavyweight fight back in the middle twenties. In a year or so, he had racked up kayoes over fellows like Jack McCarthy, Jamaica Kid, Leo Gates and Carl Morris. They didn't feed the kid anything soft like they have a number of ex-pigskin luggers since then.

It didn't take the clever fellows long to pulverize lumbering Sully to the point where he was an easy mark, but until they did, the big Texan made life miserable for the big boys.

No less an authority than Grantland Rice swears by all that is good and holy that Al Lassman couldn't have missed the title, had not a gridiron injury in his final college game left him an invalid. I don't know about that, but I do admit that the big N. Y. U. star looked like a million bucks. He was fast as lightning, could box, and how he could sock—his fellow collegians. Whether he could have done the same to the ordinary heavyweight pug is another question. It is unfortunate that he never had a chance at the professional game.

* * *

A DECADE or so ago, a big gangling kid came up from an obscure college down in Florida with a punch like a Missouri mule. His name was "Big Ben" Pound. By feeding him a steady diet of round-heeled gentlemen, he soon had a string of knockouts racked up that made Stanley Ketchel's string look like thirty cents. Everything would have been lovely had it not been for the fact that he had to come in contact with stiffer competition sooner or later. Then it was suddenly discovered that, while Ben could sock like nobody's business, he couldn't take a punch on his underslung jaw. In other words, he possessed a very, very fragile food-grinding apparatus. In a year's time, he was shunted out of the picture entirely.

Another collegian who found the ring game too stiff a proposition to master was Tiny Roebuck, a puny little Oklahoma Indian weighing around the 280-pound mark. Tiny enjoyed a sensational football career at Haskell, and when graduation day rolled around, a whole flock of managers were on hand to pick him up and send him hurtling to the top of the heavyweight throne.

With absolutely nothing but lots of beef and courage to help him along, the giant Pawnee did fairly well in a few minor battles. Then one night they paired him up with lanky Art DeKuh, a so-so fighter around New York at that time. Mr. DeKuh didn't do a thing but step gingerly out in the opening round and flatten the erstwhile Haskell tackle flatter than a fallen pancake.

What did Tiny do? Why, he went away from there and hooked up with the grunt, groan and grimace brigade. In this field he managed to get along, as the boys say, and still takes his daily, weekly and semi-weekly tussles without any apparent damage to his bulky frame.

* * *

ADDISON EXUM WARREN was another pigskin stalwart who acquired the notion that he was a second Jack Dempsey. Fresh from a South Carolina institute of learning, young Mr. Warren set out with a bang. In the course of a four-year fling at the leather-pushing industry, the kid pounded out kayoes over a few guys like Tiny Herman, Romero Rojas, Jack League and Pietro Corri. But then, where is the fighter that didn't kayo these fellows at some time or other?

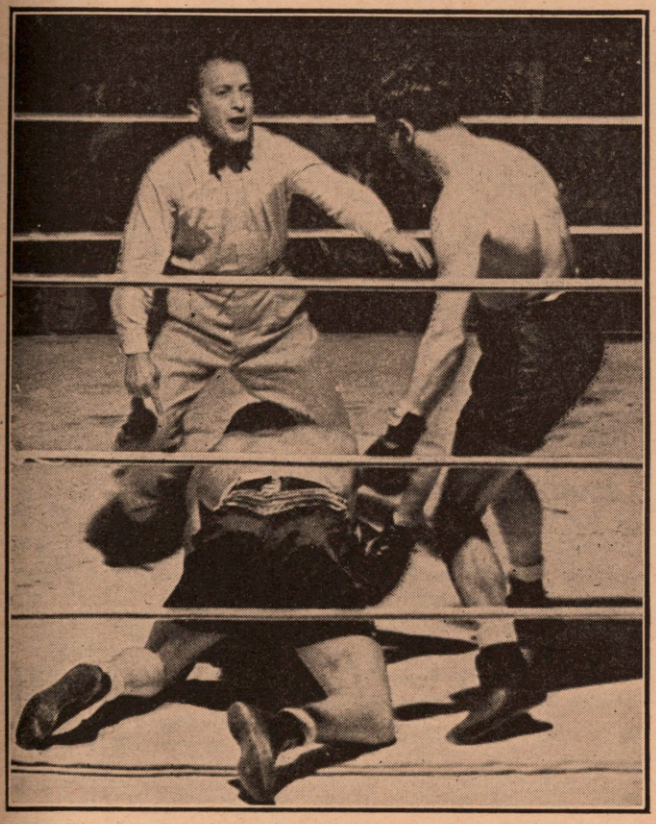
And soon he passed over the hill into oblivion, while other heroes of the football field came along to take his place.

Steve Hamas probably climbed up higher than any of his mates. The Nittany lion from Penn State even went so far as to give Max Schmeling a good old-fashioned ball-park licking one evening a short time after Herr Max had been relieved of his heavyweight championship.

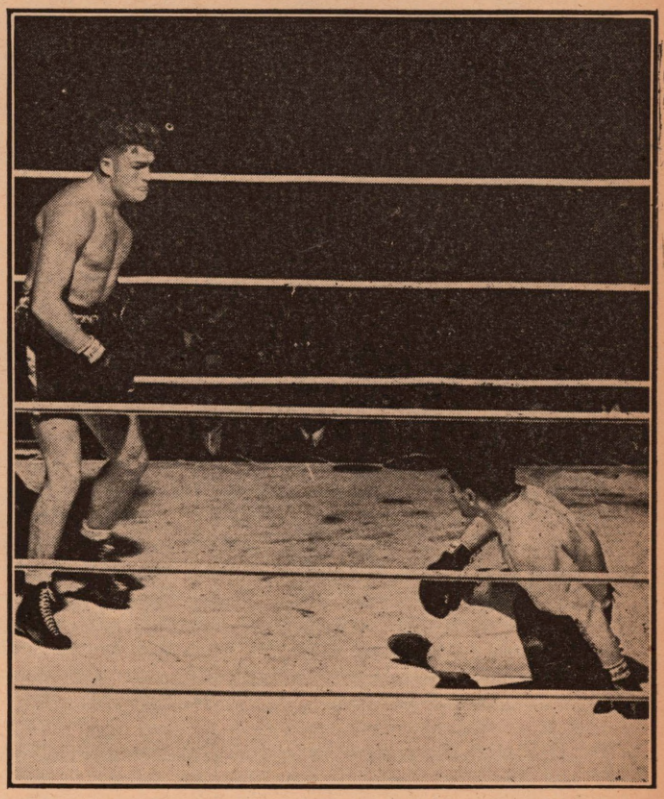
Steve was hailed on every hand as the coming champion. Then, just when it appeared he was sitting on top of the world, he journeyed off to Hitlerland to beard Mr. Schmeling in his own den. That was an altogether different evening, and when it was all over, Steve had absorbed one of the most brutal lickings in all prize-ring history. With a nine-round knockout chalked up against him, Hamas went into eclipse.

The night Bob Pastor made front page headlines by staying ten rounds with Joe Louis, a chortle of glee went up from supporters of college ringmen. They vision a coming champion in the fleet-footed N. Y. U. football star. I, for one, can't share that notion on the strength of that performance. I still think young Mr. Pastor imagined he was in a track meet instead of a prize fight. If speed afoot alone was *(Continued on page 45)*

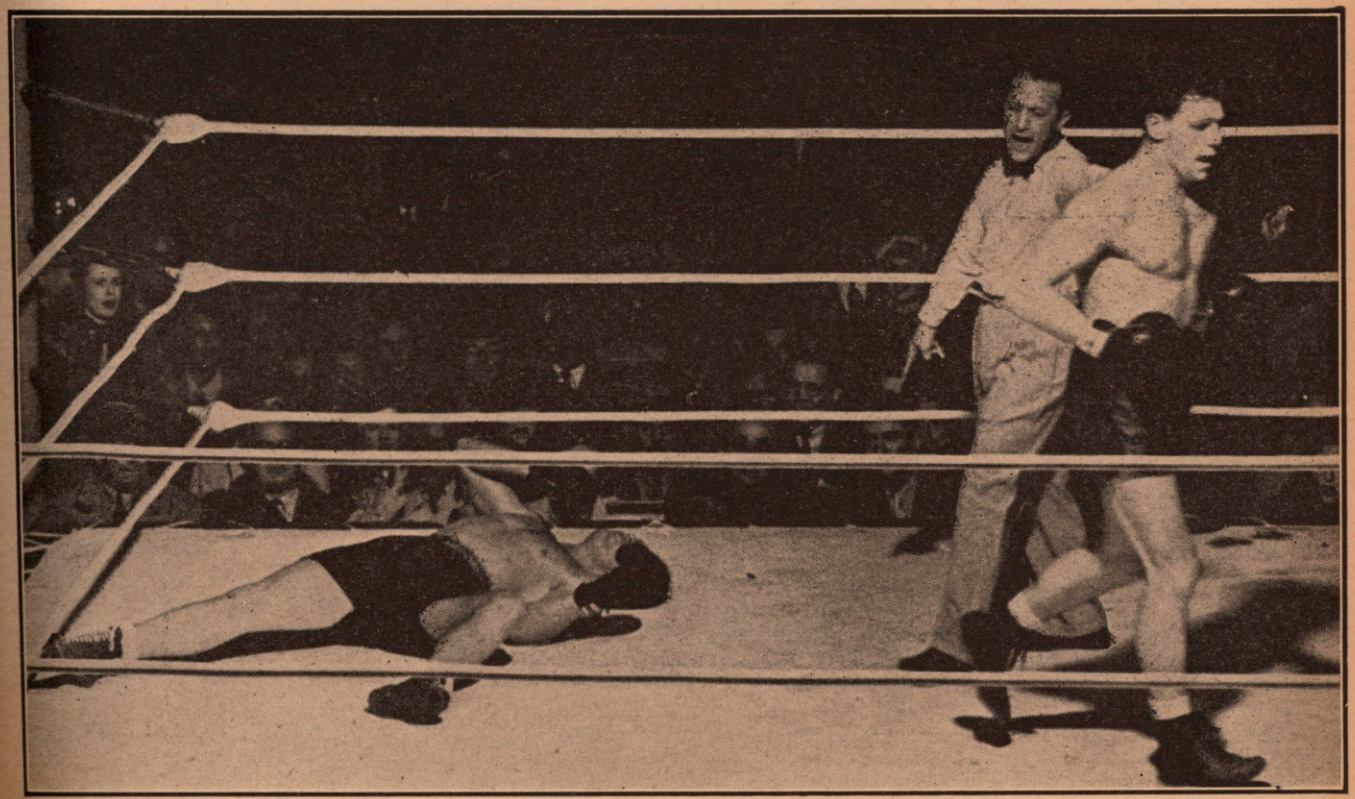
New Yorker Gains Spotlight



The first knockdown in the first round in the fight between Bob Nestell, Coast star, and Bob Pastor, New York's own. Here we see Nestell down on his knees, with Pastor standing over him, and Referee Roth sending the visitor to his corner.



A few minutes later, Pastor is floored in the first. Nestell is staring savagely at the reclining figure while Referee Roth is leaping forward to start the count on Pastor.



And here is Pastor walking to his corner following the second flooring of Nestell. The Californian, lying flat on his back, in the third round, came up on time to save himself from a kayo. Pastor won seven of the ten rounds.

BOB PASTOR'S RISE

New Yorker's Defeat of Bob Nestell Gives Him High Berth in Heavyweight Ranks

By TED CARROLL

WHEN young Bob Pastor stepped from the Garden ring at the conclusion of his bout with Joe Louis last January, verbal fireworks that far exceeded anything that had taken place in the ring that evening broke out among the spectators. While one frenzied faction insisted that the former N. Y. U. athlete had turned in a masterpiece of strategic maneuvering worthy of a Corbett or a Loughran, others, equally voluble, squawked to the high heavens that they had been bilked and branded young Robert a more likely rival of Jesse Owens or Charley Paddock than a master defensive boxer.

There the matter had rested to become the subject of many a heated barroom and street corner debate for months afterward. Of course, Pastor, twenty thousand dollars richer, his personal well-being practically undamaged, and his prestige more or less enhanced by his route going feat against the belting Bomber, could well afford to maintain a prosperous and satisfied silence, all the while reminding the disappointed ones that he who fights and—er, well, retreats strategically—lives to fight another day.

* * *

THAT other day arrived for Robert just about a month ago, and this time, like a one-time President, young Pastor did not choose to run. Instead, he reverted to the charging style that had always been his scheme of battle prior to the Louis ballet. Results were highly gratifying to both the crowd of 30,000 that jammed Wrigley Field in Los Angeles the evening of May 28 and enjoyed one of the most stirring heavyweight struggles ever seen on the Coast, and to Pastor, himself. Bob roared right back into the thick of the heavyweight scramble as he battered undefeated Bob Nestell to defeat.

Coast observers found it hard to believe that this berserk young battler, who twice floored the hard-hitting Coast blond and beat him at his own game of knock down and drag out milling, was the same young man who had led Louis such a not-so-merry chase. According to Bob, in school and college he was always taught to obey instructions, and he says, "I simply did what I was told in both battles. Don't forget, only a few men have lasted the limit with Louis. He's a real home run hitter with either hand and I was twenty-six pounds lighter. I would have been crazy to slug with him, but against Nestell it was a different story. No man near my own size and weight can outslug me."

* * *

EVERY time a college scrapper makes threatening gestures towards the heavyweight crown, ring followers are openly skeptical of the rah-rah lad's success, and not without reason. For one thing, football and boxing are not supposed to mix, and as most college clouters indulge in the grid sport, this is to their disadvantage.

Pastor played a good deal of football both in high school and college, but found time in between to win nine amateur boxing championships and make one of the greatest amateur records ever compiled by a New York boxer. Up to the advent of Pastor, the best of the bookworm belters was Steve Hamas.

A great all-round athlete at Penn State, where he was an all-Eastern football halfback, the Jersey lad, but for the quirks of fortune, might have won the heavyweight championship of the world. He certainly looked good enough the night he handed Max Schmeling that sound thrashing in Philadelphia back in February, 1934 and also displayed championship form by kayoing Tommy Loughran in the Garden and beating Lee Ramage.

LES MARRINER, the Illinois gridder, looked like a comer for a time but gradually faded. Big Ed Garvey of Notre Dame could punch, but that was all. Sully Montgomery, the old Centre College star, never quite made the grade, although he engaged the best men around a decade or so ago. Add Warren, Jimmy Bronson's hope from North Carolina a few years back, couldn't hurdle second rate opposition.

George Trafton, also a Notre Damer, gained some fame some years ago when he convinced Art Shires, the ball player, of the error of his ways in attempting to pursue a pugilistic career. George Theodoratus, the Greek all-American from Washington, can punch himself, but doesn't seem able to take one, while Tom Ponte, intercollegiate champion heavyweight from Maryland University, now under the wing of the veteran Charlie Harvey, is still a question mark.

The college lads haven't set the pugilistic rivers afire, it's true, but considering the small percentage of college men who make bids for fighting fame and fortune, they haven't done nearly as badly as is popularly supposed.

* * *

IF Pastor is successful in becoming heavyweight champion, he will be the second native New Yorker to mount pugilism's pinnacle, as well as the first college bred ring ruler. Rah-rah Robert was born in the Washington Heights section of the big town twenty-three years ago, son of a Spanish-Jewish father and a Cuban-Castilian mother, and looks rather like an Irishman himself. His aunt, Rose Pastor, was a noted social worker among the East Side poor years ago and hit the headlines when she married multi-millionaire Stokes.

Most city lads who find their way into the prize ring serve their apprenticeship in the hard-bitten street warfare that is part of almost every city youngster's life. This, strange to say, isn't true in Bob's case. A youngster with pacifistic inclinations, he discovered he could fight, much to his surprise, in a summer camp.

This incident occurred as recently as 1930 and Bob enjoyed the experience so much that, two years later, he entered the amateurs. He weighed 160 pounds then, but enjoyed conspicuous success from the start.

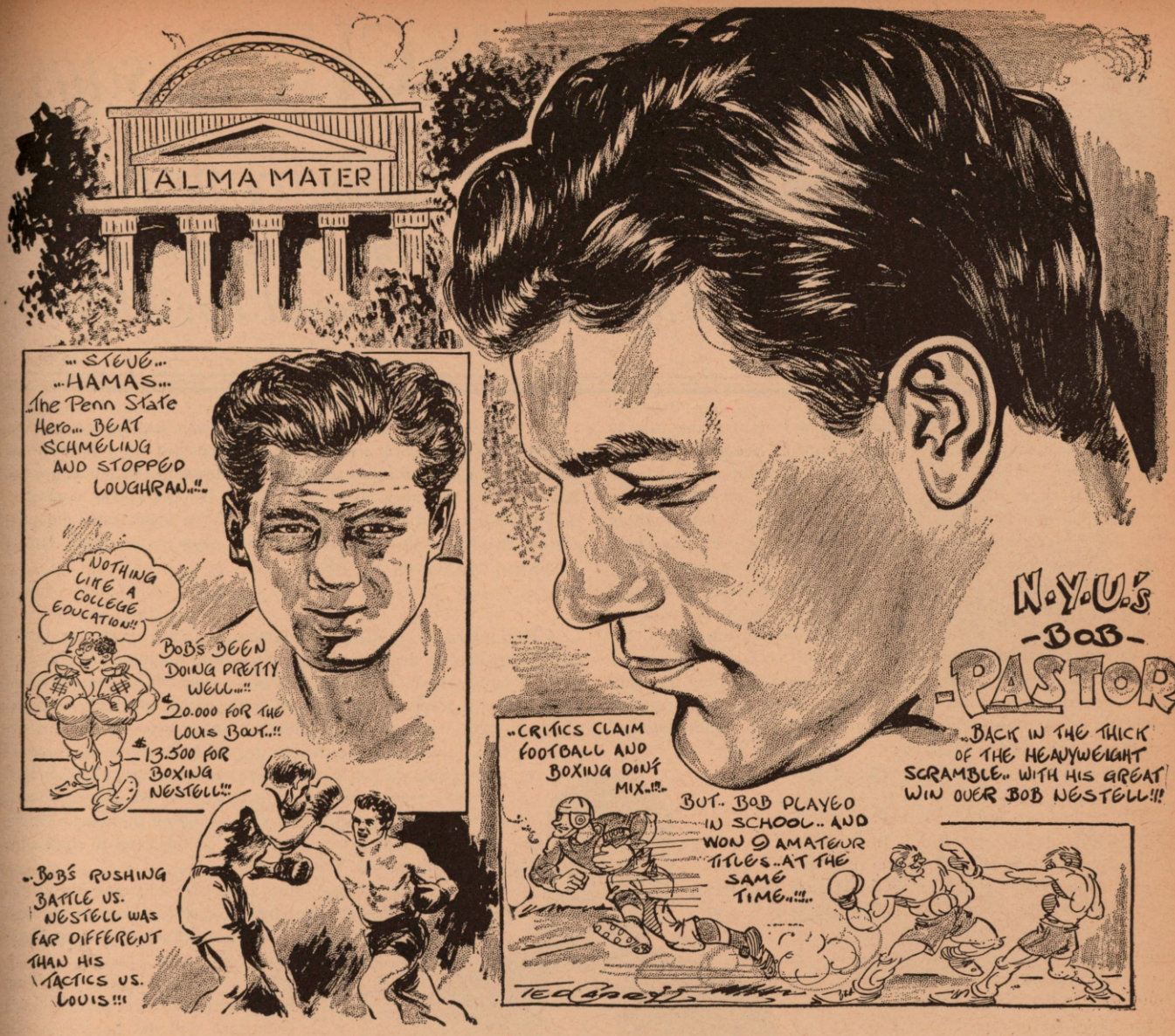
He was three times Golden Glove champion, in 1932, '33 and '34, as well as State and Metropolitan champion in the 175-pound and heavyweight classes. He climaxed an outstanding amateur career in the intercity Golden Glove bouts between New York and Chicago in the Garden when, with the New York team needing the last bout to win, Bob came through by beating the capable Otis Thomas, touted as the greatest amateur in the world at the time, in 1934.

* * *

BOB waded through his early professional opposition with more or less ease, losing only one bout to Steve Dudas, a decision he later reversed, but did not display a real punch until he bounced the mammoth Ray Impellitiere off the canvas last December. He first attracted attention in the pro ranks when he kept getting off the floor to earn a draw with Eddie Simms in an up-and-down struggle in the Garden. He claims Unknown Winston hit him the hardest punch he ever felt.

After two years in N. Y. U., where he was sub-fullback on the eleven, he left school in 1935 to devote all his efforts to the prize ring. For a time he studied journalism at N. Y. U.

Joe Welling, old-time lightweight, was his first mentor, with Jimmy Johnston, Jr., succeeding after the death of Welling. He



is married to a sister of Ed Smith, former N. Y. U. fullback, and schoolmate of Bob's at George Washington High School. The Pastors have one child.

A mauling type of fighter prior to his kayo of Impellitiere, he is now a dangerous puncher with his right, as Nestell found out. He intends to return to college to complete his course in journalism, but to hear Manager Jimmy Johnston, Jr., tell it: "The guy can't sleep nights for dreaming about winning the heavyweight title. That's all he's living for right now. Of course, he ain't forgetting the dough that goes with it—I know I ain't—but he'd rather be champion of the world than President—honest."

For a young fellow, Bob hasn't been doing badly this year at all, with a $20,000 purse for the Louis bout, and $13,500 for his Coast jaunt. He's beginning to believe there's nothing like a college education after all.

* * *

PASTOR'S victory over Nestell stunned the Coast scribes. Almost to a man, the writers and the public generally picked Nestell to win by a kayo, and when Bob floored Nestell in the first, the surprise was at its height. True, Pastor was floored in the same round, but he made up for that with a second knockdown of Nestell in the third.

Pastor's win ended Nestell's record of eleven straight knockouts since he turned professional a year or more ago.

After a wild first round in which both fighters hit the floor in a vicious exchange of blows, the squat New Yorker went on to deal out a near-brutal beating to the Californian.

Both started punching at the opening bell. Pastor took two rights to the head, but uncorked a right that sent Nestell down for an eight-count. Nestell got up shakily, took another to the head and suddenly connected a right to Pastor's chin. Pastor plumped in a sitting position on the canvas, but jumped up without a count, and carried the round by a slim margin.

With the field in an uproar, the two slowed down in the second, but Pastor floored blond-headed Bob for eight in the third with a short left that traveled hardly a foot.

Nestell's eye was split open in the fourth, the only evident damage of the bout.

Pastor, heeding advice from his corner, slacked up in the middle of the fight, forcing Nestell to lead. The fans booed, but Pastor soon forgot his handlers and waded in again, tossing leather.

Nestell, sensing defeat, began a reckless but futile campaign in the latter stages, and in the eighth and ninth rounds slammed home hard punches to the head, once or twice jolting Pastor.

But Pastor showed that he had plenty in reserve for the concluding round by handling Nestell as if he were the veriest novice. He moved from side to side and Nestell was unable to find any target to shoot at. In the meantime, Pastor showered his opponent with a spray of assorted hooks, jabs and swings to put over a cyclone finish to a smashing bout.

It is doubtful whether the defeat of Nestell will seriously impair his future drawing power. He is a real magnet on the Coast and the fight with Pastor will help more than hinder his future.

Gus Wilson has been a mighty good tutor to Nestell. He has been nursed along in good style and occasionally was forced to meet some tough babies, but with it all he picked up something out of each contest. It was just his misfortune to meet someone else going up the ladder who was too stubborn to step aside.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Schmeling Has Good Reason To Be Peeved
Ross Uses Poor Judgement Ducking Garcia
Max Baer Makes Good in Second English Try

THE case of Max Schmeling is a forgotten one so far as his scheduled fight with Jimmy Braddock is concerned. The situation which was brought about by the failure of the champion to fulfill his contract with the German challenger has aroused a bitter feeling in Germany, where the people are of the opinion that their fighter not only was given a raw deal by Braddock, but also by our boxing commission.

The entire matter was a most unfortunate one and I doubt that ever again during our lifetime will we see a repetition. But again I repeat what I said in the last issue, that double dealing on the part of practically everyone involved made such a mess of the affair that the public tired of it all and welcomed the rest that came when the New York commission's absurd decision assured Joe Louis of the fight that rightfully belonged to Schmeling and sent Herr Max back to Germany to ponder over what he considered poor American sportsmanship.

* * *

THERE can be no doubt that Schmeling had gained the leading post in the heavyweight challenger's rank. There could be no doubt that the German was the world's outstanding heavyweight, and still is, regardless of the outcome of the Braddock-Louis battle in Chicago. On his departure for Germany, I awarded Max THE RING's Merit Award, a beautiful medal, in recognition of his high standing in the field of fisticuffs.

It will be recalled that when THE RING's Annual Rating of Boxers was made last February, our questionnaire to 160 boxing writers throughout the world asked for a vote on the boxer who did most for the sport in 1936, and, as in the case of the Associated Press poll, Schmeling garnered ninety-five per cent of the votes. He was listed as the best fighter of the year and the man whose knockout of Louis stood out as the outstanding feat of 1936. It was for that feat that I awarded Max the medal.

* * *

NOW that the fight between Louis and Braddock is over, Schmeling has an opportunity to resume negotiations for a world heavyweight contest, if he still desires it. He has been promised a championship fight by both Braddock and Louis, and I feel certain that this time he will not receive a run-around. Both fighters meant business when, after the weird boxing commission decision, to pacify the German, they agreed to have Mike Jacobs stage a championship fight with the German and the winner of the Chicago mill. All of which proves, if we are closely to analyze the case, that it wasn't the boycott fear that threw the harpoon into the Schmeling-Braddock fight but the money question. Joe Gould, manager of Braddock, admitted to me that money alone was the object of the toss-over. Braddock stood to make at least $100,000 more on the Chicago mill than he did on the Schmeling bout and grabbed at the opportunity.

Jack Carroll, welter champion of Australia, reading his favorite boxing magazine, THE RING.

We are all aware that commercialism plays the biggest part in modern boxing, hence should not be surprised at such run-out tactics. But we should also not get away from the fact that boxing has been exceedingly good to all involved—boxers, managers and promoters—in the famous case, and the sport must be protected against further inroads into its progress by such tactics as were practiced by all sides.

* * *

SCHMELING, in my opinion, was justified in the tirade in which he denounced the entire proceedings of the boxing commission as a joke. He likewise would have been justified in starting a scene at the commission's office when the decision in favor of a suspension that meant nothing, was made. But the case is over now, and let's try to heal the wound caused to boxing, rather than keep the controversy alive. Suffice it to say once more that, in the eyes of the boxing world, no man will be given the credit of holding the world heavyweight championship without a blemish until such time as he whips Max Schmeling.

Nobody gained anything from the silly session at the boxing commission at which Braddock was suspended. It was a mockery of boxing legislation.

No one will gain anything from continued legal action. Court procedure will put boxing on the rocks quicker than will the crooked gamblers or manipulators. Schmeling insists that he has only one aim—to regain the world heavyweight crown and set a record in boxing achievement. He is entitled to his try. The winner of the Braddock-Louis fight has agreed to tackle Max in a titular mill and Mike Jacobs, the promoter, who now holds contracts on the trio, is willing to promote such a fight. For the good of the sport, I hope the bout will be consummated. Let's have a get-together.

* * *

THE victory of Bob Pastor over Bob Nestell in California may have been unexpected on the Coast, but not so in New York, where it was generally thought that the former New York University boy would carry off the honors. Pastor may not be the best fighter in captivity, as he proved when he fought Louis, but that he possesses courage, a true fighting heart, never has been questioned. He has demonstrated that time and again, and it was gratifying to his New York admirers to see him display that asset to the highest degree against Nestell.

The former Golden Glover won the decision by a clean-cut margin, with two knockdowns to his credit, and his chances for a heavyweight championship fight have become brighter. Bob is developing a wallop, as he proved in the California tilt, and with that as an added asset, he'll soon be cornering the market on lucrative matches.

WHEN one considers the huge turnout for the Braddock-Louis fight in Chicago, with the daily arrival by plane and train of sportsmen from all parts of America to see the Comiskey Park battle, he realizes why the governor of Illinois, the attorney-general, the boxing commission and the business men fought so hard to get that title bout for Chicago. The gain of Chicago and Illinois was New York's loss. With a seven dollar state and government tax on every ringside seat, the city, state and government netted a handsome intake.

Pity that New York lost this lucrative match, but there was no way for the fistic fathers to prevent it from getting to other territory. It had to stand by Schmeling because of its promise to him as the leading challenger, but the fistic fathers should do everything within their power to make certain that the next world titular affair, whether it be a bout between Barney Ross and Pedro Montanez or Schmeling and the winner of the Louis-Braddock fight, is kept in the Empire State.

The Chicago commission has made overtures to both Ross and Montanez and is willing to make all kinds of inducements to get that bout to the Windy City, where it would draw $200,000, and again aid business and the state government. I impressed on Ross' mind that he owed to New York the fulfillment of his promise to fight Garcia first and that a fight with Montanez, which could follow immediately after, would be worth $250,000 in New York City.

Garcia should not be a difficult obstacle for Ross to overcome and instead of the quibbling, he should get out and dispose of the fight that stands between him and bigger dough than he can get anywhere else, by accepting the defi of the New York commission. In his case, I feel that the commission is justified in that it helped Ross to get $35,000 for a bout with Jannazzo that, from the start, figured to be a cinch, and all because of Barney's promise that after he disposed of Jannazzo he would tackle Garcia, whose bout with him had to be called off because of an eye cut.

I think that Barney and his mentors err in not tackling Garcia anywhere just to get rid of the affair. Let them take the match to Chicago if they feel they might get jobbed in New York, as one of the tribe told me. Whatever they do, they should see the light that Barney cannot get the Montanez mill until that little matter is straightened out. I hope it will be, for Barney's sake. He is entitled to reap the benefit that goes with a championship.

* * *

TWO plans to aid boxing have been made in the past few weeks, one by Jack Dempsey, to organize an Equity to aid down-and-out fighters, and the other by Edward Foster, secretary of the N. B. A., for the selection of a national Judge Landis of boxing. Neither is a new suggestion.

The Equity organization is already in force in several states and has been in New York, in the form of the National Sports Alliance, for many years.

The Alliance, while not national in scope, has aided boxers, managers, seconds and promoters from New York and elsewhere when an urgent case has been brought to the attention of Jimmy Johnston, its secretary-treasurer.

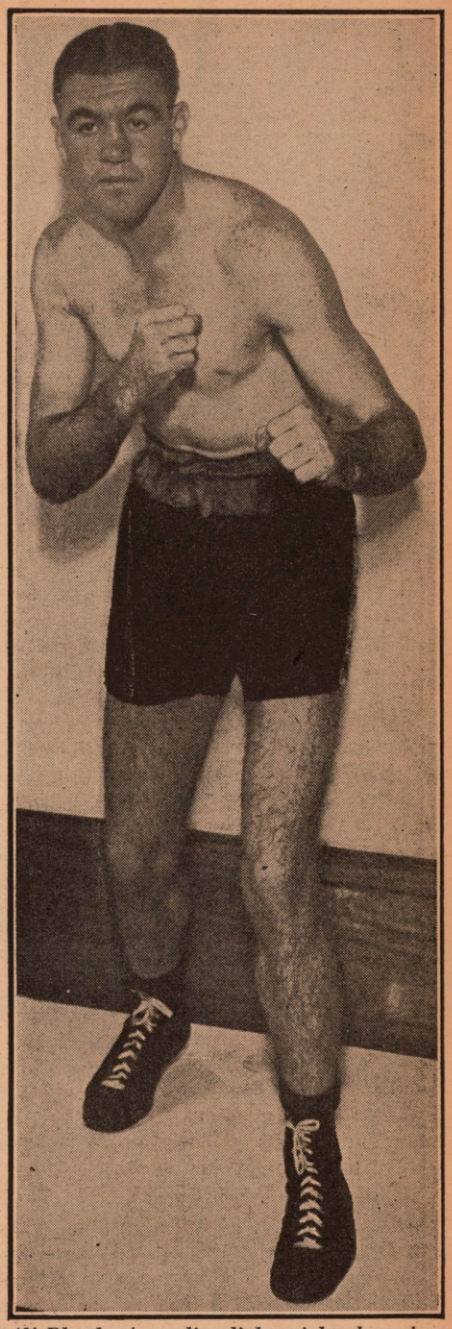
A national body might work to better advantage, as Dempsey thinks, but I doubt it. Such an organization would be too unwieldy.

As a substitute suggestion, I offer the formation of branches of the Sports Alliance in other cities, each to handle its own cases.

While it is true that there are many former fighters throughout the country who are in urgent need of aid, some mentally unbalanced and others blind, the thing that is most required is not an Equity to hand out a few dollars here and there, but a more stringent supervision over the sport so that such cases will not be seen so frequently as now.

As for Mr. Foster's plea for a national commissioner of boxing, that was thoroughly discussed by me in a previous issue. Such a plan will never do because of the conflicting regulations which are in force in the various states at the present time.

Robey Liebbrandt, the South African light-heavyweight, who is being trained and managed by Phil Zwick, American boxer now living in Johannesburg. Phil thinks he has a champ in the making in the native boy. Their canine friends are Falstone Duke of Bambaugh and Falstone Topsy of Hamburgh.



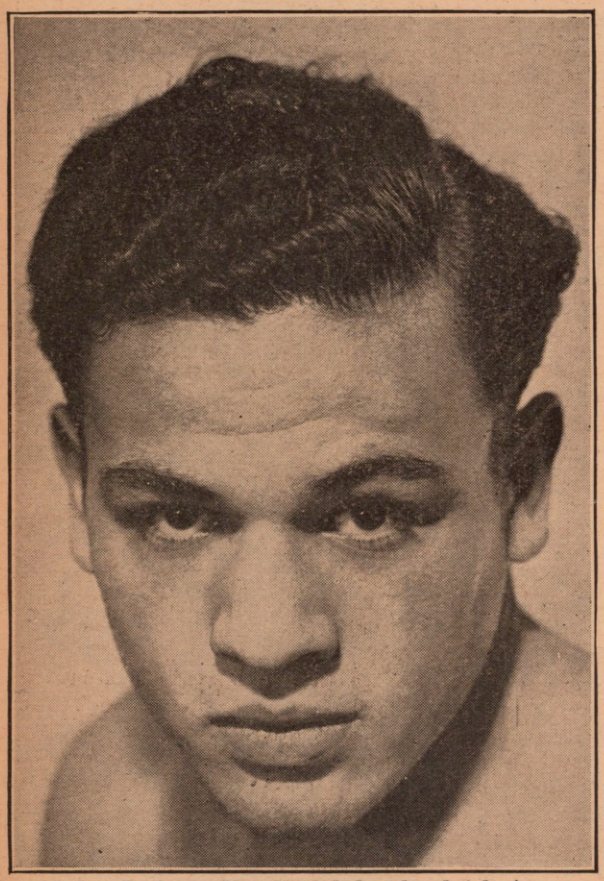
Alf Blatch, Australian lightweight champion, who is anxious to try his luck against America's leaders in his division. He is in New York City with Charley Lucas, Sydney promoter.

* * *

MAX BAER'S triumph over Ben Foord in London has gone a long way toward convincing the British public, and particularly the boxing writers, that England still has to travel some to match our talent in all divisions except in the lower sections. As for heavyweights, we still rule the roost, regardless of Tommy Farr's win over Baer.

Prior to the defeat of Foord by Livermore Max, who floored the Britisher four times, the English papers were going daffy in superlatives in praise of Farr. Our fighters were overrated, they (Continued on page 60)

NEW FACES



Mickey Farber, a New York lad with a bright future.

BAD hands have been the cause of many a fighter's downfall and it would be just too bad if it affected the pugilistic destiny of Billy Bullock, who can't miss entering the money brackets, provided, of course, his maulies stand up.

Born and raised in Greenville, N. C., twenty-two years ago, Billy entertained hopes of some day becoming a teacher, and to this end, he attended East Carolina Teachers' College, where he starred as both a football and baseball player. He was elected captain of the football team while at school, and served in the capacity of quarterback, where his alert mind in calling the signals pulled many a close contest out of the fire. On the diamond, his catching ability was so outstanding, he received several offers to enter the minor leagues.

During his second year at college his dad died, and he was forced to leave school in order to earn a living whereby he could support his mother and three smaller children. He side-tracked a job with a baseball team because of his love for the boxing game, and decided his natural aptitude for boxing would earn enough money for his family.

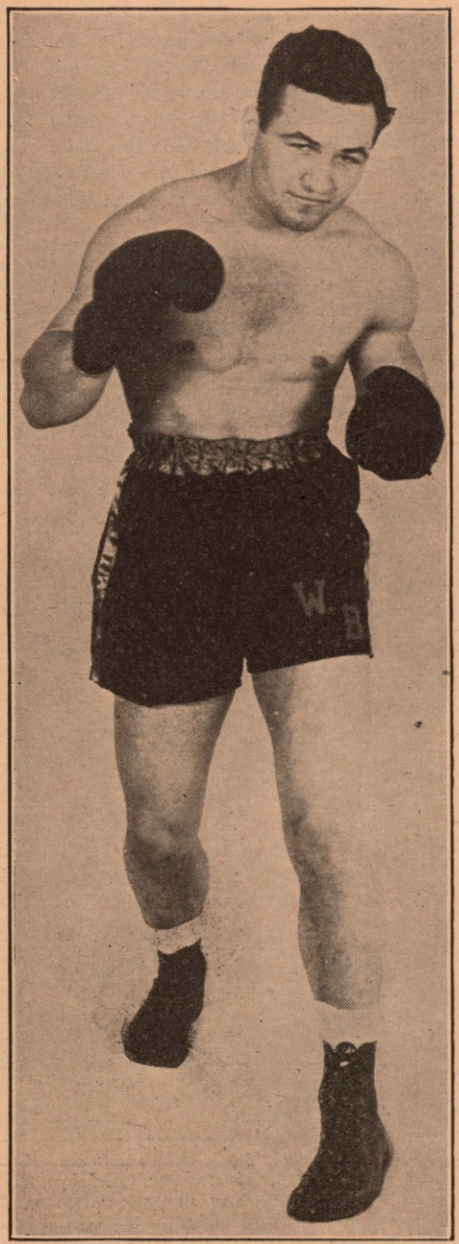
He came to Washington, where, through a member of Congress, he secured a job as an electrician's helper, and today he is a full-fledged electrician in our nation's capital. However, the love of boxing ran strong in his veins, and at night, after work, he would train for his battles.

A friend brought him to Harry Groves, Washington's outstanding fight manager, and Harry went about the routine of teaching the youngster the manly art of self-defense. He entered the professional ranks and in his first five bouts scored sensational knockouts. He was commanding attention, and there were critics who insisted that he was ready for much better opposition than they were feeding him.

HE was signed to box Victor Vallee, a good-looking New York youngster about whom you'll hear in a later edition, and lost a split decision in a contest in which he hurt his hands. Disregarding the injury, he signed to fight Ray Ingram, and again his hands went bad on him in a contest that saw him the loser in a split decision, with the result that he retired from the field of pugilism for the time being.

He rested for many months until the time that he felt his hands would heal, and he returned to trounce such outstanding names as Joe Foggilette, Doug Sweetman, Young Raspi, Angelo Meola, Mannie Tillman (Young Jack Britton), Stumpy Jacobs, and Ray Ingram. He also boxed to a draw with Norment Quarles in a contest where four out of five boxing critics said young Billy was entitled to the duke. But his hands went bad on him again, and he was forced to remain idle for several months.

He returned to the wars in a six-round contest about a month ago and decisively trounced Benny Kessler, a fair fighter from Baltimore. So young Billy Bullock is back in our midst again, and if his hands stand up under punching pressure, this 130-pounder from Washington will go places pugilistically, with his very capable manager, Harry Groves.



Wendall Bubp, Indiana's star middleweight.

* * *

JIMMY JOHNSTON, JR., who seems to have the key man in the heavyweight division under his capable wing, namely Bob Pastor, is guiding a capable young boxer in Mickey Farber, a lightweight with more than a fair amount of fighting ability. And as the record of Mickey speaks for itself in a cry for recognition as a fighter of promise, it is little wonder that Jimmy, Jr., is a daily visitor to Stillman's gymnasium, where Trainer Freddie Brown manipulates the conditioning of the latest East Side fistic idol.

Born in the fighting section of the Ghetto of New York on March 11, 1915, Mickey Farber was soon broken into the pastime of fighting for fun, and the youngster used his hands quite often to escape the lickings the neighborhood bullies were handing out to the "kids from the next block."

Nary a day went by that didn't find Farber scrapping as a measure of self-defense, and those wearisome battles soon wove a measure of science and skill into the fistic makeup of the kid, and this day, in the en-

By MYER ACKERMAN

closure that is the prize ring, those lessons "on the corner" are standing him in good stead.

The elder brother of Mickey, Lou Farber, a better than average bantamweight with a decision over a world's champion, Midget Wolgast, can be traced as the cause for young Farber's urge to enter the beak-busting business. Every time that Lou would go off to the gloved wars, little Mickey would trudge right along with him, and it goes without saying that big brother Lou would see to it that the kid gained admittance. And with a mind that was keen, Mickey watched every move, studied every flaw, and made up his mind at those fights that when he became of age to don the gloves, he would correct the mistakes he was then seeing.

* * *

YOUNG MICKEY, a conscientious and likeable kid, would get the run of the mine jobs upon his school graduation, and found at the conclusion of the week that he couldn't make ends meet. His mother was a sickly woman who needed the country, and ever since Farber was knee-high to a grasshopper, he would contribute with his share in helping to send Mom where the sun shines stronger, the air is cleaner, and where the song of the birds and the hoot of the owl make living a daily routine of pleasure.

So Mickey set out on the rough road of pugilism.

A year has elapsed now since Mickey started on the firing line, and in twenty-five battles he has been beaten but once in Madison Square Garden by Jack Basilico. In a subsequent meeting with his conqueror, also in the Garden, he reversed the tables to win a handy decision.

So it looks like little Mickey Farber has launched himself upon a successful fighting career, and with a little more experience, he will make heaps of trouble for the fighters who call themselves contenders.

* * *

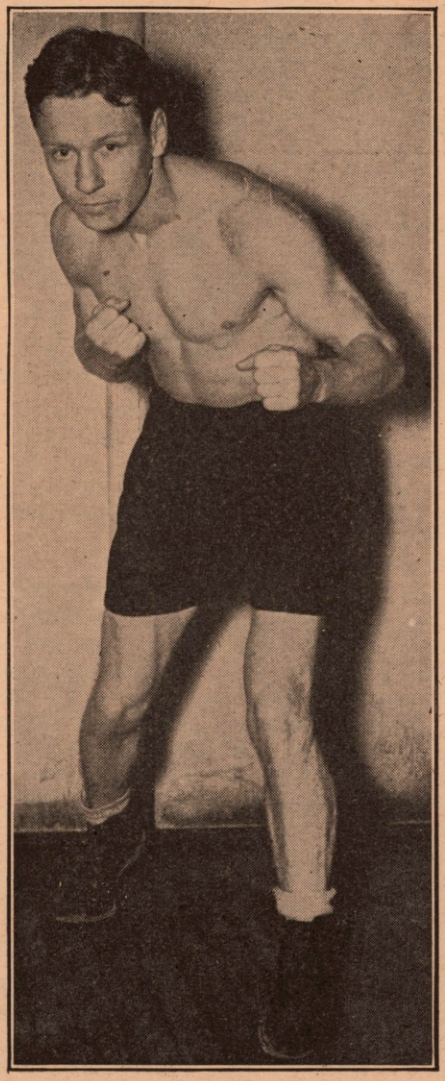
FEEDING HILLS may be nothing but a speck in Massachusetts on the map of the United States, and as far as your correspondent on the battlefields knows, no one in the sports world of any prominence has ever made that town famous. But if Joey Wach has anything to say about it, then the kid who was born there back on July 7, 1916, is expected to bring more than a little recognition to his birthplace.

The chances are that Wach would have been a bit more advanced along the winding trail of pugilism but for the unexpected death of his mother. A fine prospect with a future as bright as the mid-day sun in the heat of July, blond Joey had been making fine progress until that wintry night in December, 1935, when he was matched to box Young Jack Sharkey, son of Little Jack Sharkey of a goodly number of years ago, in a six-round contest in Madison Square Garden. He left home for the nation's No. 1 emporium of swat with a picture of his sick mother indelibly imprinted on his mind.

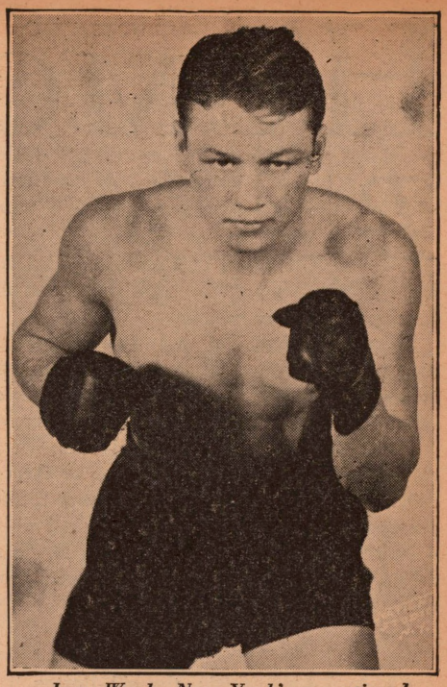
* * *

UNBEATEN in some dozen starts at the time, and rated a youngster with a world of natural fighting ability, the battle with Young Sharkey figured to be a turning point in his career. There was little spring in the legs of Wach as he crawled through the ropes that night, and those tired feet had to carry a heart that was heavy with grief. But there was plenty of courage in that great big heart of Joey, and while he was battling to earn an impressive verdict over his adversary, his mother passed into the land from which there is no return.

His trainer, and probably the best handler of fighters in the world today, Ray Arcel, took the youngster, whom he was then teaching the manly art of self-defense, to live with him. Ray treated him as he would a son, and played the part of trainer, conditioner, manager, big brother and father to the youngster, but to no avail.



Billy Bullock, 130-pounder from Washington, D. C.



Joey Wach, New York's sensational featherweight.

Wach seemed to lose his bearings. He dropped decisions to Jimmy English and Al Reid, and it looked for awhile as though what was once considered a fine little fighting machine was about to crumple. Joey was moody and somehow didn't seem to train right, but finally, in desperation, Arcel sent him to the country.

* * *

A COMPLETE transformation took place. Wach came back with a bang, whipped Phil Siriani, when he was the underdog in the betting, reversed the decision in the English fight, and went on to win with consistent regularity.

He caused a real upset in gambling circles when he knocked out Al Reid, and then went on to fight a slashing eight-round battle with Schoolboy Bernie Friedkin, current rage among the featherweights.

Wach is fighting in real good style now, and once more the critics are talking of his natural fighting ability. The smile has reappeared on the face of his all-around guide, Ray Arcel, and from the looks of things, Wach is ready to resume where he left off before that unfortunate incident caused for him a complete reversal of form.

* * *

THE literature from the desk of Archie Hindman, postmarked Indiana, flows freely, and it contains in no uncertain terms the fine fistic qualifications of his latest pugilistic bric-a-brac, one Wendall Bubp. You may laugh at the name, but you'll cheer the fighter as he has what it takes, if his record is any criterion.

Indiana is all het-up over their latest state middle- *(Continued on page 43)*

HUMOR *in the* RING

By WILLIAM J. McNULTY

BOXING, with all its seriousness, has its interludes in which humor takes the bow.

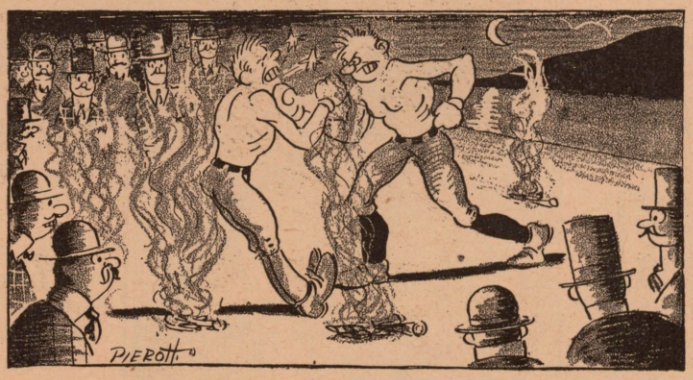
Kid Pantz of Boston and Arthur Cote of Biddeford, Maine, socked each other right dizzily on the button, and a suit developed over the decision.

So much realism did these two lightweights inject into their meeting at Augusta, Maine, the seconds had to climb into the enclosure after the final gong and tear Pantz from Cote and vice versa. It was a ripping battle and the crowd pressed for more.

When the decision was awarded to Cote, Pantz resumed his cuffing, and there was a proportion of the crowd which followed suit. With the aftermath in the court the following day, it was revealed that Cote, after being smacked while accepting the congratulations of the customers, chirped, "So he pants for more action, hey? Well, here's where he gets creased!" With that he aimed a swing at the Pantz button.

* * *

SAM LANGFORD, the old Boston Tar Baby, was sitting in his corner awaiting the bell to start his bout with Cleve Hawkins of Montreal, who billed himself as the Canadian Wolf. It was to be a dual symphony in black, as Hawkins was also ebonyized. Hawkins, who faced Langford a half dozen times in the ring, always had the jitters when in opposition to the pudgy Sambo. This time—in New York City—the Wolf's seconds were having difficulty in getting him out of the dressing room.



In the meanwhile, Langford was devouring many bananas and a whole mince pie while seated on a stool in his corner waiting for the roundup of the Wolf.

Battling Levinsky of Philadelphia and Bridgeport, Conn., who was then light-heavy champ, left his ringside seat to remonstrate with the squatty socker. "That's the worst thing you can do, eating bananas and mince pie just before fighting!" admonished Levinsky.

"Say, Battlah!" whispered Langford, between the closing attacks on the mince pie, "dis baby am meat foh me."

"Well, don't mince meat, Sam!" warned Levinsky, as he stepped back to his seat.

* * *

WHEN Hawkins was finally ushered into the ring, there started a marathon race instead of a scrap. The Wolf went into retreat from the opening gong, and continued this policy right to the finale of the scheduled ten chapters. At times, not content with backing up, he would turn his back to his much shorter opponent, and run around the ring. His only objective was to get out of the way of the lethal execution contained in those two mighty fists of the Bostonian.

At the final bell, Langford, on the verge of complete exhaustion, staggered to a stool and sat down. Sweat stood out on him like beads on an angular neck.

Charlie Doessereck, matchmaker, came down the aisle to the ring to congratulate Sam. The stubby slayer of fistic reputations turned to Doessereck and groaned:

"Say, Chawlie, de nex' time yo has me on yo card, match me up wit' a fightah, not a runnah!"

The propensity of Joe Woodman of New York City and Boston, Langford's manager, for cutting under on Sizzling Sambo's real age caused some embarrassment for old Sambo at times.

Woodman didn't concentrate on the number of years he would reduce the Langford age. The result was a variety of years of existence for the Tar Baby. This lack of stability found an unfavorable reaction in Langford.

While on a stay in Australia, Langford, sitting in his corner awaiting the call to battle, had a ringsider ask him, "How old are you, Sam?"

The concentrated bundle of hitting power looked at Woodman, who was arranging the corner gear, and then back at his questioner, with:

"Ah don't know! What did Mistah Woodman say this time, twenty-nine or thirty-nine? Ah wants to git within ten years o' the age he gives!"

* * *

JUST before the gong that was to send Frankie Wilson of New York City and Phil Munroe of Bridgeport, Conn., on a ten-round lightweight bout at Bridgeport, Wilson, a lanky chap with a penchant for clowning, walked over to Munroe's corner.

The timekeeper paused open-mouthed, and deferred ringing the gong.

Wilson took Munroe's chin between two gloved hands, and leered, "I just had to get the right measurements. You're goin' to catch plenty tonight, an' don't have any passed balls either!"

The incident so disturbed Munroe he proved an easy victim and went out peacefully in the third round, although he had been favored to win, as he had considerable weight on Wilson.

Wilson tried the same strategy in goatgetology with Benny Valger of New York City, via Paris. Just before the launching of their mingle at Elizabeth, N. J., Wilson fondled the Frenchman's chin and told him not to have a passed ball while Wilson was pitching 'em.

Right out of his corner, Valger clouted Wilson on the chin, spilling Frankie for a short count.

Valger then hesitated in his attack long enough to say to Wilson, and audible to everybody around the ringside, "What was that you said about the passed ball?"

It was the biter bitten, and Wilson went down for the ten-count in the fourth round, after putting up a very listless defense and offense.

* * *

HUGH ROSS of Kentucky and Tex Kelly of New York City, middleweights, had concluded a ten-round bout, and Ross had been adjudged the winner, although a draw would have been the better decision. As he sat in his corner waiting for his seconds to pull off his mitts, Ross inquired of the group in and about the ring, "What round was I knocked out in?"

Nobody could convince him he hadn't been kayoed. In the very first round, he had run into one of Kelly's wild swings. This blow landed on his chin and staggered him. From then on, he was only going through the motions and remembered nothing of what transpired between the first round and the end of the bout.

The same thing happened to Tommy Loughran in his fight with Leo Lomski in 1928, when Tommy's brain went stagnant after a terrific blow had been landed on his chin in the first minute of the first round. For four rounds Tommy didn't know a thing and fought purely on instinct. He then made a great recovery to win the fight.

Jack Sharkey of Boston, ex-heavyweight champion, was sitting in his Boston tavern reading a newspaper.

A burly fellow, apparently just off a train in the nearby station,

swaggered into the tavern and up to the long bar. About a dozen men were in the room.

"Everybody have a drink on me!" called out the stranger in a commanding voice that almost shook the bottles on the shelves.

Smartly, everybody hustled to the bar to accept the invitation. No, there was one absentee. The fellow buried in the paper went serenely on with his reading.

This, to the visitor, seemed to be like unto a red flag to a masculine bovine. He strode over to the dissenter and yanked the paper. The pages fell on the floor, and some were torn.

"When I tell everybody to step up to the bar, I mean it!" bellowed the aggressive one.

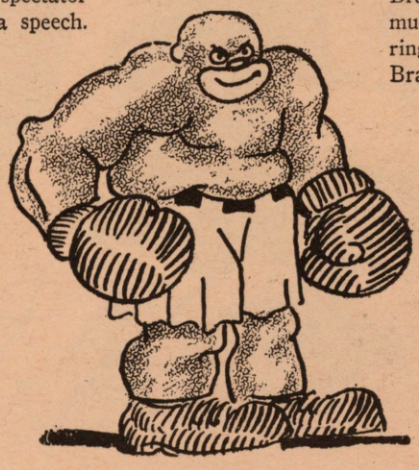
A bartender stepped up to Mr. L. Oudmouth, and whispered in his ear. "That's Jack Sharkey," was the message.

An expression of fright came over the fellow's map, and he was so eager to get out of the place, he stumbled several times before disappearing into the crowds on the street.

* * *

WILD BILL FLEMING of Bangor, Me., and Ernie McIntyre of Houlton, Me., were in the throes of a double six-round bout in McIntyre's home town. There was considerable feeling between the two middleweights—Fleming, white; and McIntyre, black.

Between the fifth and sixth rounds, while the two warriors were being ministered to in their corners, a spectator climbed into the ring. He started to make a speech. The crowd rode him and he had difficulty in making himself heard.



"Everybody seems to be out with the hammer for McIntyre, so I'm going to do my bit!" Suddenly he extracted a hammer from an inside pocket and smacked the seated McIntyre squarely on the top of the dome.

The colored battler went out as cold as an alimony queen's heart. The fight was called on account of darkness—for McIntyre, who had been earnest and eager to win to confuse his home town enemies.

His first words on coming back to light, were, "Ah never 'magined Flemin' had such a wallop, but he shore sent me to de cleaners!" It was days afterward before he could be convinced it wasn't Fleming who had sunk the count on him.

The reaction was still there several weeks later, when, although they had clashed a number of times, Fleming's fists actually smote McIntyre to the boards.

* * *

A LIGHTWEIGHT brother of Ernie McIntyre is Porter McIntyre, none too stout-hearted under fire. In a bout at Indian Lake, Me., he took the count from Timmy Burns of Bangor, who is white.

After it was all over, a fan asked McIntyre how it was he was beaten. Came the reply, "Ah ain't got no lullaby!" Although he can tear off a mammy prelude-to-slumber gargle when so minded.

* * *

A COLORED welterweight from Boston who styled himself Starlight was giving Alfie Corbin, billed as the Loch Lomond Cyclone, a shellacking in a bout at St. John, N. B. Corbin, also colored, was a ring buffoon. Corbin was being manhandled as never before and he lost his temper under the barraging of fists. When the referee stopped the slaughter, Alfie shrilled out:

"Mistah Stahlight, Ah betcha if Ah hadje out the lake, Ah beatja!"

In his home zone, a colored settlement, the folks took to axes, forks and razors in adjusting controversies.

Mike McTigue of New York City and Eddie Tremblay, a globe-trotting fighting lumberjack, who hailed from numerous cities, were participants in a Boston bout before McTigue captured the light-heavy title from Bat Siki, the Singular Senegalese.

The referee decided there wasn't enough action to the McTigue-Tremblay affair, stopped it and declared no-contest. The larruping logger was sitting in his corner bemoaning his fate when somebody yelled, "Why didn't you fight, Eddie?"

"He had me 'trembly!'" shot back the wandering woodsman, who seemed to have natural ability as a ringster but lacked the will to win. He pined to be popular but objected to sprucing up his conditioning. The reason he budded promisingly but failed to bloom after branching out on the fistic tree.

* * *

AFTER Max Baer, the Livermore Larruper, had mopped the ring floor up with Primo Carnera, Altitudinous Alp, he turned to the vanishing crowd and crowed, "The Baer Went Over the Mountain!" and he sang a verse or two of this ditty. This in celebration of his easy victory over the man mountain and climb into the champion's chair.

While in training for his European debut against Tommy Farr of Wales in London, the clowning ex-champ of the heavies was asked what he looked like on being the victim of the Joe Louis finishing off process.

"Believe me," quoth the garrulous guy, "I was surely a grisly Baer that time!"

After clowning through six rounds in the titular tilt with Jim Braddock on the theory that he could halt the much-beaten Jersey Jouster, Baer turned to the ringsiders and announced, "Here's where I send Braddock back to the dry dock!" However, the challenger stayed vertical and was awarded the championship. Proving Baer was all wet about the dock.

* * *

ROCKY STONE of Boston, another of the clowning heavies, was getting the razz from the customers aplenty one night, when he pushed his opponent aside and issued a defi to the audience. "I'll take on any one of you!" roared Stone. He followed this up by challenging any ten of the crowd, and finally, "I'll take on all o' yuh!"

When about one hundred irate fans stormed the ring, attempting to get at the challenger, he explained, "I mean, I'll take on any or all o' yuh at the chow!"

At the table, a champ, and in the ring, a chump, was Rocky. A hard rock that was usually down under, although he never saw Australia.

Nearly everybody who confronted Rocky Stone within the squared enclosure took fearful punishing on the knuckles for the few rounds the burlesquer was vertical.

* * *

YEARS ago, when Johnston was a promoter, the referee failed to show up. Jimmy seized on this as an opportunity to save a little money by refereeing the fight himself. In the third round, one of the fighters inadvertently hit him a hard punch in the stomach. Johnston staggered back to a neutral corner and sat down on the angle formed by the junction of the middle ropes. And there he sat until the fight was over. He even called the winner over and made him stoop down so he could raise his hand in token of victory.

It was while he was promoting at a small club in uptown New York that Johnston went to considerable trouble to play a joke on the gate-crashing army.

On the night in question everyone who applied for the privilege of getting in free was directed by Jimmy to a door on which were painted the words, "To the Ringside." However, it so happened that this door opened into a passageway which led to a second door. And when the crasher passed through the second door, which could be opened only from the inside, he found himself in the street again, where he was greeted by the laughs of those who had preceded him.

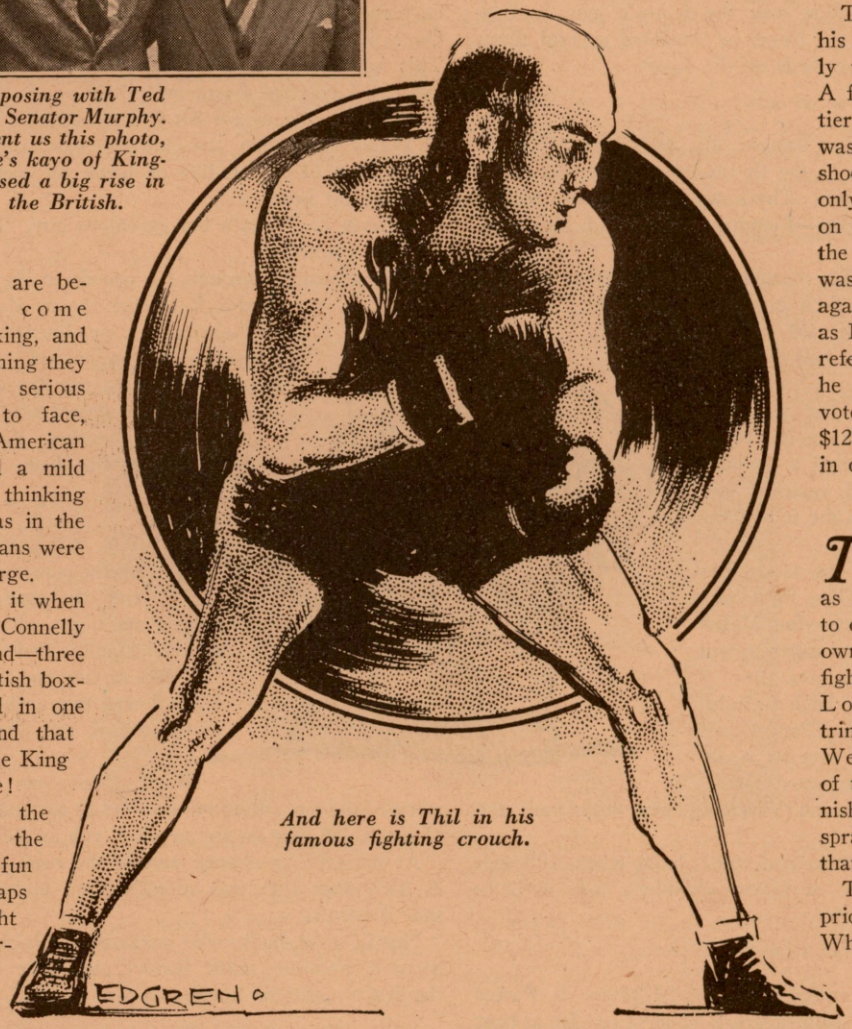
The BRITISH

Jack Doyle (center) posing with Ted Kid Lewis (right) and Senator Murphy. Paul Schaefer, who sent us this photo, informs us that Doyle's kayo of Kingfish Levinsky has caused a big rise in Jack's stock with the British.

THE British are beginning to come back in boxing, and it's a good thing they are. Without much serious foreign competition to face, more than one American fighter has developed a mild case of swelled head thinking how important he was in the world. And all of us fans were guilty of the same charge.

How could we help it when Norman Baines, Joe Connelly and Maurice Strickland—three representatives of British boxing—were all kayoed in one night in Chicago, and that during a time when the King was about to abdicate!

It had gotten to the point where even the French were making fun of the English. Perhaps you remember the fight between Georges Carpentier and the English champion, Joe Beckett?



And here is Thil in his famous fighting crouch.

The Stadium Club was packed for that bout; packed at $125 for ringside seats and $15 for standing room. Yes, indeed; folks were paying fancy prices that time. Promoter Charley Cochrane cleared about $150,000, which is not hay, as the saying goes—or if it is, a lot of American promoters would be glad to take a loft full.

Under an old English law about prize fighting, the fighters were liable for any accident. Carpentier was sitting in his dressing room, nervously awaiting the time to go out to the ring, when a ponderous knock shook the door.

"Come in," said Manager Francois Descamps. The fellow who had pounded on the door was a policeman.

"I have come to notify you, according to law, that you will be held responsible for any accident," the bobby began.

Carpentier didn't understand English very well. Descamps did. He looked quickly at Victor Breyer, a French newspaper man, who was also in the dressing room. Breyer caught Descamps' gaze, and understood instantly what was the matter. Carpentier, who was just about to go into the ring for a fight, didn't know that the policeman's visit was a routine affair and might be frightened by the warning. Not so frightened that he would refuse to enter the ring, but perhaps enough so he would pull his punches.

Carpentier couldn't quite follow the officer's words. He turned to Breyer for aid. "What does he say, Victor?" asked the gorgeous Georges.

"Georges," was the answer, given in French, "he is the High Commissioner of Police in all England. He says that he hopes you will kill Beckett."

"Oh, merci, monsieur!" smiled Carpentier. "Thank you very much!"

The officer, believing that his instructions were completely understood, left the room. A few moments later Carpentier was called to the ring. He was introduced to Beckett, shook hands—that was the only time Beckett laid a glove on him in that fight—and at the bell came out fast. There was a loud crack of glove against chin, a muffled thump as Beckett hit the canvas. The referee began counting. When he reached ten, ringsiders voted that it was the least $125 worth they had gotten in quite a while.

* * *

THE way things have been going this year, it looks as if the British have a right to enjoy a few laughs of their own. Tommy Farr, Welsh fighter, who had beaten Tommy Loughran and Bob Olin, trimmed Maxie Baer. These Welshmen are tough. They are of the same stock as the Cornish folk Bob Fitzsimmons sprang from, and history shows that he was no sissy.

The Welsh take a particular pride in the doings of Farr. When he beat Ben Foord and won the British Empire heavyweight championship, he returned to his home town of Tonypandy and was greeted by a big crowd at the railroad station. They took him into the center of town, where a sort of funeral pyre of wood had been built. The wood was set on fire, and as soon as the blaze was going merrily, the crowd sent up a great shout, because on top of the fire were a number of copies of the London *Daily Express,* whose boxing critic, Trevor Wignall, had been so rash as to doubt that Farr was a great fighter!

* * *

THE overseas boxers are quick to pick up things these days. As soon as Max Baer visited England, Jack Doyle, the Irish thrush, announced: "The public wants a killer—that's me—a killer. Bet a hundred pounds to twenty I'm champion of Britain in twelve months." You'd think it would have taken several months of practice to give such a good imitation of Max Baer. They catch on quickly.

Over the channel in France they are not yet ready to grant that Freddie Steele has a claim to the world's middleweight title. Marcel Thil, world's middleweight champion in Europe, defended

COMEBACK

By ROBERT EDGREN

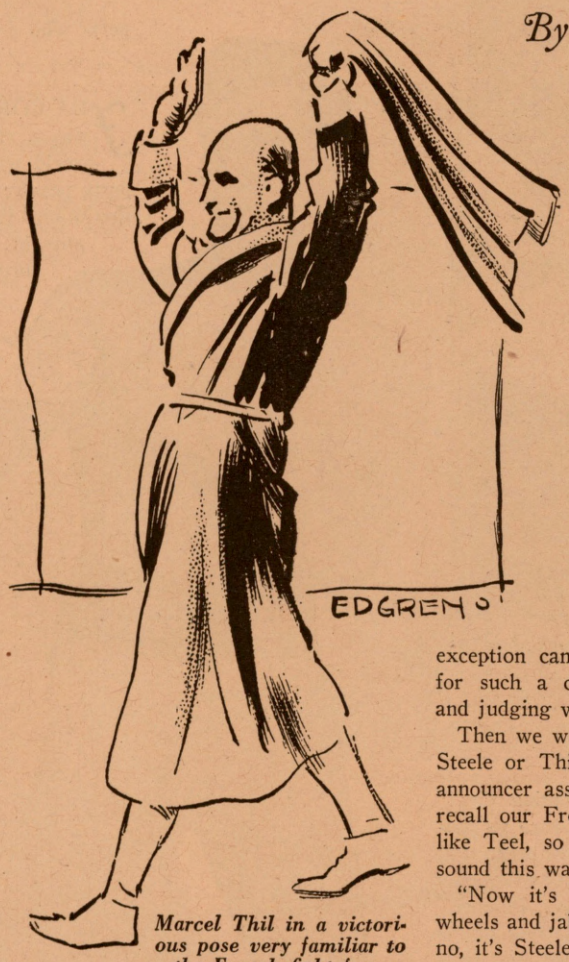
his title against Lou Brouillard three times. Once he won a twelve-round bout. The last two times he won on a foul. Each verdict was loudly protested by Lou Brouillard and his manager, Johnny Buckley.

As a result, Johnny Buckley is suspended for life in territory governed by the International Boxing Union, and Brouillard is suspended for one year. In the last fight, the fans viewing the bout from an American viewpoint were startled to see the referee count Thil out, and then confer with the judges and award the victory to the man he had just counted out.

This seemed to fans used to having things done in the American way to be a sign that the judges were determined to have Thil win at any price. Well, let's be fair to him and examine the case more closely.

* * *

THE boxing rule in France is that a referee must count while a man is down. If the man is fouled, the referee counts to ten, confers with the judges, and announces the foul. That is the customary procedure, and a perfectly fair one. Anybody who sat at the ringside when Sharkey fouled Schmeling into a world's championship, knows what queer things an American referee may do in case a foul occurs. In that fight, the referee didn't know what to say or do until he found one of the judges who had seen the low punch. It seems, therefore, that the French system is at least as good as our own.



Marcel Thil in a victorious pose very familiar to the French fight fans.

Some claim that Marcel Thil knows he gets the better of the deal in France and won't fight anywhere else. In Tacoma, Freddie Steele's home town, Steele's manager, Dave Miller, got a letter proposing a Steele-Thil fight in Paris during the Exposition there this summer. "International judges" and a "neutral referee" were promised. Miller said he'd consider the bout if Jack Dempsey, George Blake or Lt. Jack Kennedy would referee and Steele could be guaranteed $25,000 or 37½% of the gate in case that was bigger.

Columns were written on the subject, saying that Thil was afraid to fight outside of France, and so on. The writers of those columns never took the trouble to look up Thil's record, apparently, because his *first* defense of the middleweight title took place outside of France—and only a few days after he had won the crown, at that.

He fought the best opponent they could get him at that time—Len Harvey—in Harvey's home country, England. And he beat him. Let's see what old Marcel has to say for himself:

"I'm a Frenchman and I fight for my own people. I have been accused of cowardice for not going to America, but since I've been champion, until just recently, the American middleweights have not been outstanding.

"When they came here I fought them . . . . Brouillard was one of the toughest men I ever fought."

* * *

THERE'S a lot of truth in what Thil says. Moreover, in France, where they don't hear much about American fighters, some of the men that Thil beat were greatly overrated by the press. Why? Because the managers told French reporters very enthusiastic stories about their fighters. Every third rate Tom, Dick and Harry that came over from America was touted to be the greatest boxer that ever drew on a glove in the U. S. A. After a few of these boys had flopped miserably in foreign rings, no wonder a French champion didn't think it worth while to cross the ocean to seek competition.

Just to clear up the middleweight situation, it would be a good thing to have a Thil-Steele bout. With the permission of the British Boxing Board of Control, the fight could be held in England. Two foreign fighters aren't supposed to be allowed to battle in England and take British money home with them, but an exception can be made, and probably would be for such a championship bout. The refereeing and judging would be very impartial.

Then we would all know who was champion—Steele or Thil, and heaven help the poor radio announcer assigned to describe the bout. As we recall our French, Thil is pronounced something like Teel, so the air version of the bout might sound this way:

"Now it's Thil that hits Steele. Yes, Steele wheels and jabs Thil . . . . now it's Thil's turn—no, it's Steele's turn—to throw a punch, and the receiver, of course, is Thil, or maybe it's Steele—if you know, send me a postcard . . . ."

* * *

IT will be a great thing for boxing in this country if England can turn out some topnotch heavyweights. It may be that a Schmeling or a Carnera will not draw huge crowds, but if England had a really good man battling for the heavyweight championship, the bout would break all the gate records of history. An American and an Englishman are good natural rivals in sport. You may say that Phil Scott didn't break any records for gate receipts, but Scott wasn't a topnotch heavyweight.

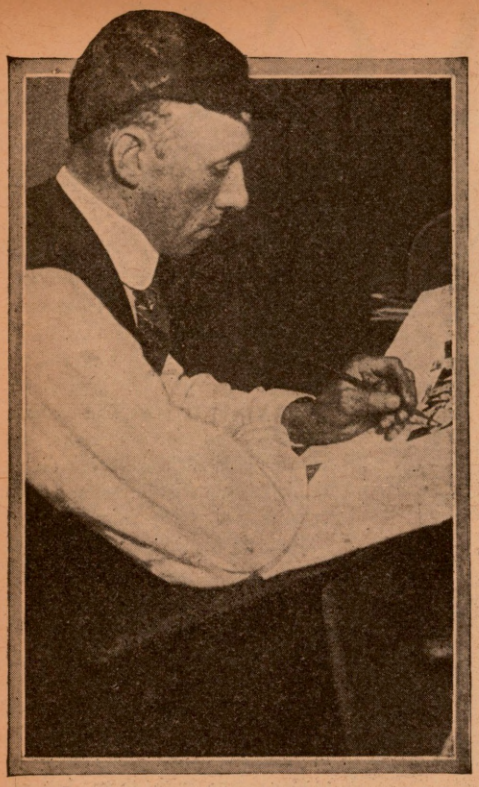
Young Stribling disposed of him in a round and a half. Look through Young Stribling's record and you'll find more than sixty-five men that he knocked out in three rounds or less—mostly fighters in little towns who never amounted to much. That's the kind of company Scott had when he went down as a "K.O.—2 rds." in Stribling's record. He should have lasted four or five rounds at least!

* * *

AMERICAN fighters can learn some new tricks from foreign boxers. Some foreign customs seem queer. Remember Johnny Datto, the Filipino who used to do his roadwork along Lake Shore Boulevard in Cleveland between twelve midnight and one A. M.? He never could go to sleep before three, so he did his roadwork at night.

Then we will have to get used to the foreign ideals of sportsmanship. These sometimes work out in queer ways. A couple of years ago, for example, a soccer team from Prague was playing at the Bucharest field in Roumania. One over-excited gent in the bleachers threw a glass of wine at Planicka, the Czechoslovakian goalkeeper. This would not have aroused *(Continued on page* 45)

EXPERT

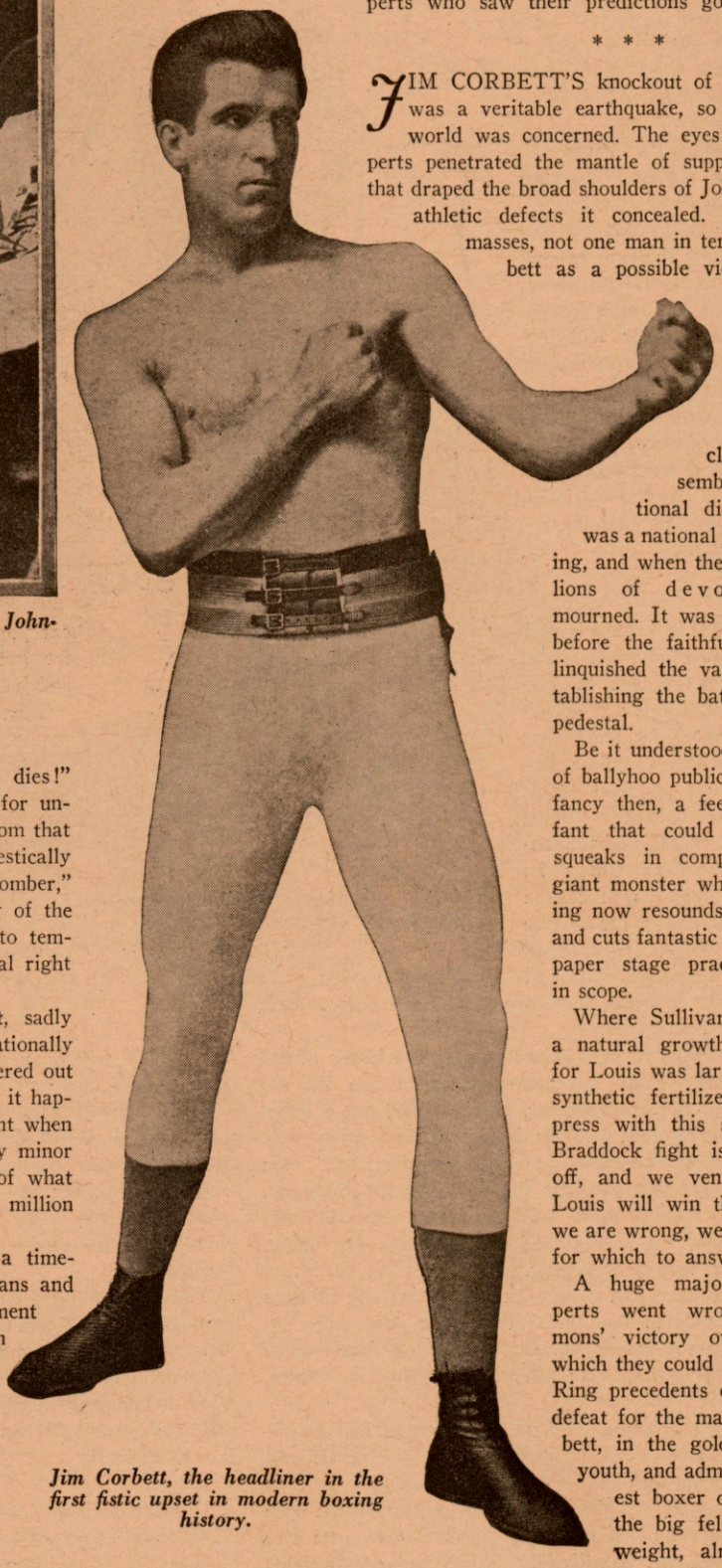


Tad Dorgan, the only scribe who picked Johnson to whip Jeffries.

"THE tumult and the shouting dies!" and, having died, leave space for unexcited consideration of the doom that befell Joe Louis, who so majestically bore the flamboyant title of "Brown Bomber," up to the fateful night when the darling of the pugilistic experts was rudely bombed into temporary oblivion by Max Schmeling's lethal right paw.

For weeks after that cock-eyed upset, sadly chastened newspaper prophets of a sensationally short triumph for the colored man hammered out columns of frantic explanations as to how it happened, why it happened, what they thought when it happened and, couched in a mournfully minor key, why their prolific prognostications of what didn't happen shot clear of the mark by a million miles or so.

However, Allah be praised, there is a time-limit to all things, and gradually the moans and wails of the Sons of Discredited Judgment passed away into the Great Silence. Much to the relief of the average fight-fan, who began to shy like a scared rabbit at the sight of the Louis cognomen in print. He's a game guy and glutton for taking punishment, that same fan. But he could hardly have been expected to swallow all that apologetic gush right on top of the rich Louis ballyhoo diet served him ad lib, prior to the colored wrecking operations, without his stomach weakening.



Jim Corbett, the headliner in the first fistic upset in modern boxing history.

Everything's jake now—the shock is over, the public pulse, normal. It's always that way. Citizens steamed up to the boiling-over point by the banging of the publicity war drums and tom-toms of the metropolitan jungle may have believed that the body politic of the ring had never before been convulsed in such ruthless fashion. They erred! There have been numerous instances of favored sluggers getting the knock unexpectedly, with resultant astonishment and clamor among fistic patrons, and guessing experts who saw their predictions go blooey.

* * *

JIM CORBETT'S knockout of John L. Sullivan was a veritable earthquake, so far as the sport world was concerned. The eyes of very few experts penetrated the mantle of supposed invincibility that draped the broad shoulders of John L., to view the athletic defects it concealed. And as for the masses, not one man in ten thought of Corbett as a possible victor.

It may seem a trifle absurd to this modern generation to assert that Sullivan's defeat came close to wearing the semblance of a national disaster, but Sully was a national idol of long standing, and when the idol crashed millions of devout worshippers mourned. It was nearly two years before the faithful reluctantly relinquished the vain hope of re-establishing the battered god on his pedestal.

Be it understood that the fine art of ballyhoo publicity was in its infancy then, a feeble, crawling infant that could only emit faint squeaks in comparison with the giant monster whose radio bellowing now resounds from sea to sea, and cuts fantastic capers on a newspaper stage practically unlimited in scope.

Where Sullivan enthusiasm was a natural growth, that developed for Louis was largely nourished by synthetic fertilizer. As we go to press with this story, the Louis-Braddock fight is just two weeks off, and we venture to say that Louis will win the world title. If we are wrong, we'll have still more for which to answer.

A huge majority of the experts went wrong on Fitzsimmons' victory over Corbett, for which they could hardly be blamed. Ring precedents clearly pointed to defeat for the man who won. Corbett, in the golden prime of his youth, and admittedly the cleverest boxer of the day among the big fellows, had height, weight, almost every physical advantage except hitting power over his opponent. So it was a serious ring-upset, that affair, though on a somewhat less important scale than Sullivan's downfall.

The form reversal which occurred when Jim Jeffries dumped Fitz off the throne hit the critical brotherhood right squarely on the solar plexus and made John Public bleat in resentful amazement. The publicity racket had grown in strength by then, and most folks had been fairly well educated into the belief that Fitzsimmon's famous boast—"the bigger they are, the 'arder they

FORECASTS

By THE OLD TIMER

fall!" was a copper-cinched reality, so far as the spectacular Cornishman was concerned. That was an upset par excellence, with all the surprise trimmings in full flower!

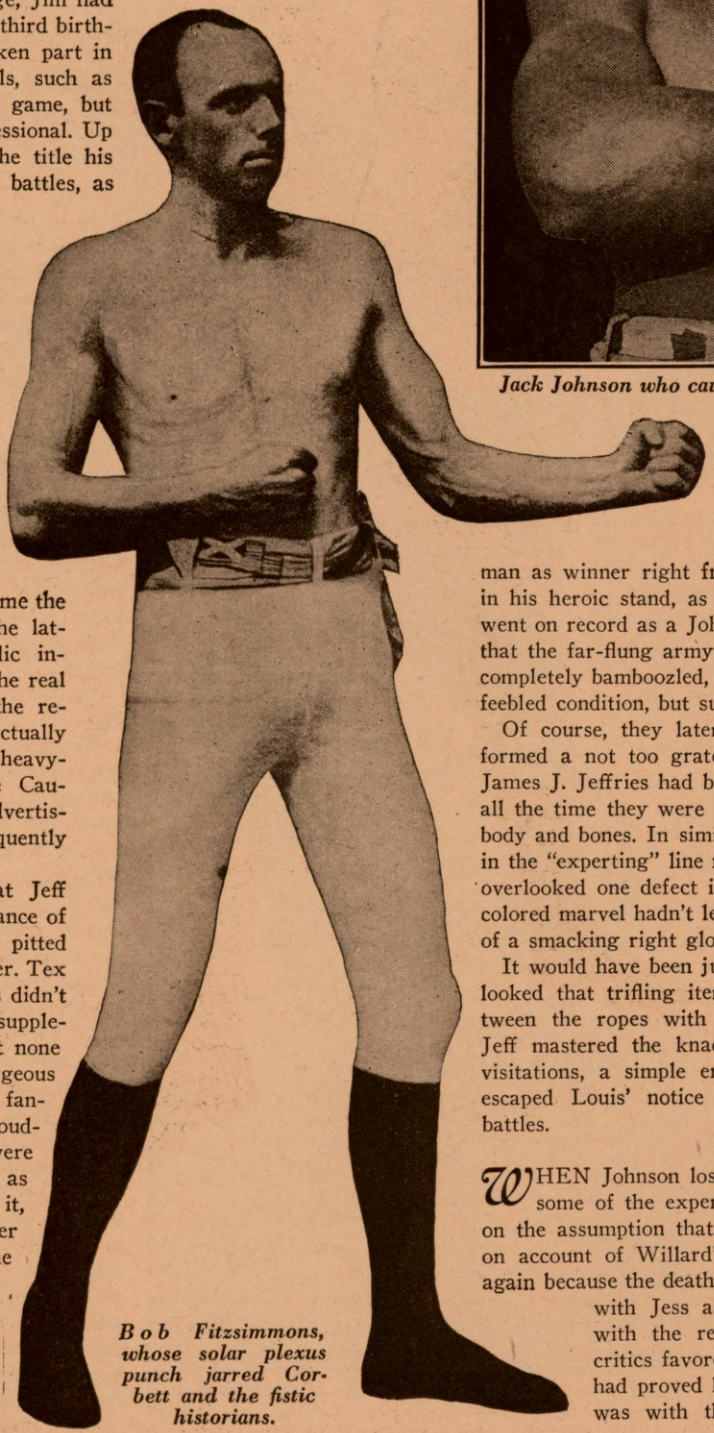
Incidentally, if comparisons mean anything, Jeffries' feat in kayoing Fitz makes at least one of the excuses offered those who boosted Louis into prominence look uncommonly thin. Much stress has been laid upon the assertion that Joe, then only twenty-two, and winner of twenty-three professional engagements, was handicapped by lack of experience when facing a seasoned veteran of over half a hundred battles.

When Jeffries, a big husky youth, came out of the West and tackled the world's champion, a veteran who had mowed down the best men of the age, Jim had just passed his twenty-third birthday. He had never taken part in any amateur rehearsals, such as schooled Louis in the game, but started cold as a professional. Up to the time he won the title his record only listed ten battles, as contrasted with twenty-three for Louis. And as to the efficiency of Schmeling's right hand, what price the thunderbolt that lurked in the compass of Fitzsimmon's right auctioneer?

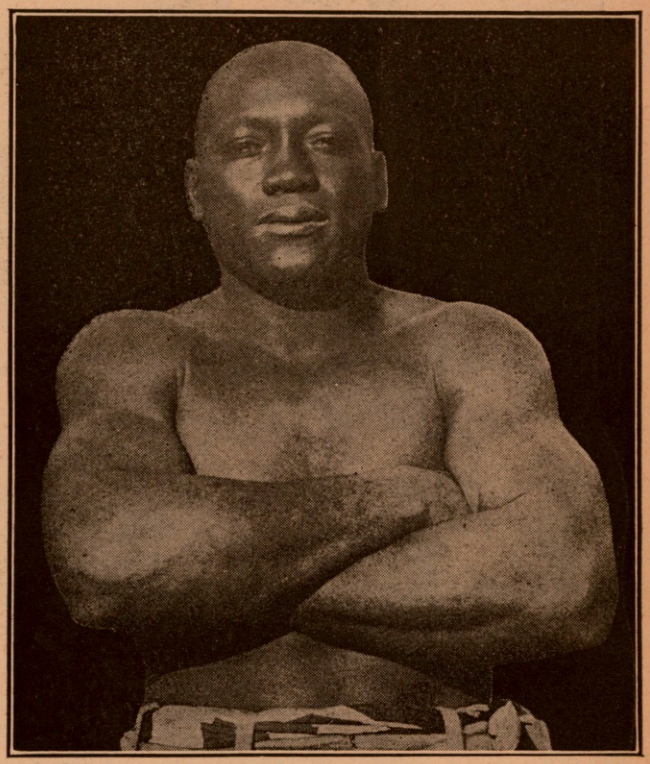
* * *

JACK JOHNSON'S knockout of Jeffries classes as an upset officially, because at the time the press buildup given the latter convinced a public innocently unaware of the real state of things that the retired champ would actually "restore the world's heavyweight crown to the Caucasian race," as the advertising sharps grandiloquently phrased it.

We know now that Jeff had about as much chance of winning as a poodle pitted against a pit-bull terrier. Tex Rickard's hoorah boys didn't have a radio ally to supplement their efforts, but none the less they did a gorgeous job of fervid lying and fantasy. Lacking the loudspeaker aid, they were nobly, or ignobly, just as you care to view it, backed by the newspaper prophets, who with fine brotherly unanimity, boarded the Jeffries' band wagon and stayed there until the vehicle toppled over.



Bob Fitzsimmons, whose solar plexus punch jarred Corbett and the fistic historians.



Jack Johnson who caused a flurry by knocking out Jeffries.

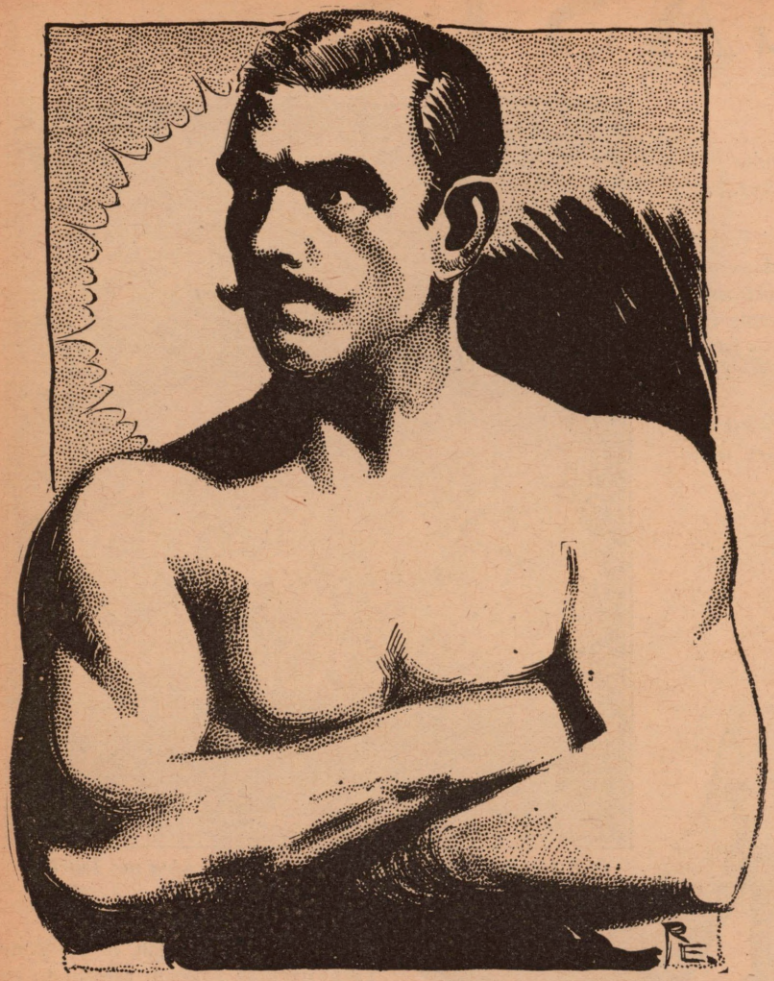
The late Tad Dorgan, of the *New York Evening Journal,* refused to be stampeded into joining the anti-Johnson crusade. Tad tipped the colored man as winner right from the start, but was practically alone in his heroic stand, as no other fight critic of any importance went on record as a Johnson-booster. It seems almost incredible that the far-flung army of famous experts should have been so completely bamboozled, and pathetically ignorant of Jeffries' enfeebled condition, but such was the case.

Of course, they later recanted—when they had to—and informed a not too grateful legion of disillusioned readers that James J. Jeffries had been nothing better than "a hollow shell" all the time they were touting him to gobble up Johnson, skin, body and bones. In similar fashion did their modern equivalents in the "experting" line regret to report that they had previously overlooked one defect in Joe Louis' battling make-up; that the colored marvel hadn't learned how to keep his chin out of range of a smacking right glove.

It would have been just too bad for Jim Jeffries had he overlooked that trifling item of strategy when fooling around between the ropes with Fitzsimmons. Yet in ten engagements Jeff mastered the knack of covering his jaw from whizzing visitations, a simple enough precaution which seems to have escaped Louis' notice all through a course of twenty-three battles.

* * *

WHEN Johnson lost the crown to Jess Willard at Havana, some of the experts strung along with the winner, partly on the assumption that Johnson had slipped back a lot, partly on account of Willard's great strength and giant height, and again because the death of Bull Young in a Vernon (Cal.) ring, with Jess as his opponent, had invested the latter with the reputation of a killer. But most of the critics favored the colored boxer as a champion who had proved his worth, and public opinion as a whole was with them, so that the result was definitely



John L. Sullivan whose downfall at New Orleans shocked the scribes and fight fans.

tabulated in the "upset" column.

Jack Dempsey upset the prediction factory in spectacular style when he took Willard in three slashing rounds at Toledo in 1919. By that time the legendary glamour which so rapidly develops around a heavyweight champion had been duly exploited in Willard's favor. The experts figured that he was too big, formidable and powerful to be beaten by a man so much inferior to him in sheer bulk. That Jess had waxed fat, lazy and lethargic in his royal robes was not taken into account by his boosters, nor did the latter quite realize how smashingly effective were the tiger-attacks of the Manassa Mauler.

The publicity campaign engineered by Rickard and Kearns on Dempsey's behalf made the latter's name shine out on the pugilistic horizon like a planet among stars. There was nothing phoney about the fighting material in this case, for Dempsey's crashing, dashing style of milling caught the fancy of the crowds, and transformed him from the status of an impetuous scrapper from the hinterland into a national wonder, once the ballyhoo boys got to work in earnest on their subject.

Thus, when Tunney whipped him decisively in Philadelphia, ring patrons could scarcely believe the evidence of eyes or ears, and as for the experts, well, "flabbergasted to the core!" is a weak phrase by which to describe their emotions. That was one most infernal upset that the fight fans chatter about to this very day!

* * *

DEMPSEY himself wasn't convinced that Tunney was his master. There was "fight in the old dog yet," and another million or so to be gathered in to the accompanying blasts of the Rickardian press-trumpets. Rickard rounded up Jack Sharkey for a test bout. Dempsey sunk the Sharkey hulk with a wallop on the belt line, socking him impolitely on the jaw, as the ex-seaman indiscreetly turned his head to complain to the referee, and the victor was in line for a return match with Tunney.

This second encounter between champ and ex-champ found the critics a bit cagy. Few wanted to be too cock-sure about the result, and if you glance at the newspaper files of that era it may amuse you to sense the shaky note of uncertainty that runs throughout most of the articles dealing with the coming battle at Chicago. Nearly all refused to call their shots definitely by boldly foretelling the total eclipse of either pug. The prophets weren't taking any chances on too direct announcements. The remembrance of how they flivvered on the Quaker City episode still rankled.

It isn't necessary to go into the familiar details of that Chicago joust, with its celebrated "long count" in round seven that saw Tunney on the floor, and the revengefully savage drilling that Dempsey got in its later stages. It wasn't an upset, anyway. The majority of the experts had played safe enough to indulge in a "I told you so" crow, with certain reservations, and as the ring patrons had been somewhat divided in their anticipations themselves, they had no kick coming. Except as regarded the "long count" sensation, and some of them are arguing about that yet.

Max Baer, whose defeat at the hands of Braddock and more recently by Tommy Farr, put a crimp into expert opinion.

There was no upset either in the next combat for the mythical crown of pugdom, when Tunney methodically and scientifically jabbed, cut up and otherwise maltreated Tom Heeney of Australia, until that game, but unlucky, individual leaked crimson from every pore, and a merciful referee stopped the human sacrifice. But it was one grand break for the experts, who came forth like good men and true, each manfully predicting victory for the champion.

The fans showed their thorough appreciation of the situation and their agreement with the critical forecasts by staying enthusiastically away from the affair in large numbers, and for the first time in his promotorial career Mr. Rickard took a dip in the red. Tex's publicity boomers had done their damnedest to put Heeney over by going into typed conniption fits over his alleged toughness.

(Continued on page 46)

GANG WARS and POLITICS of the PRIZE RING

By GEORGE T. PARDY

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An artist's conception of the fight between Doc Cunningham and Paudeen in John Lyng's Canal Street dive. Note the use of bottles, an ice pick, chairs and stools in this battle royal. This illustration appeared in "The Police Gazette."

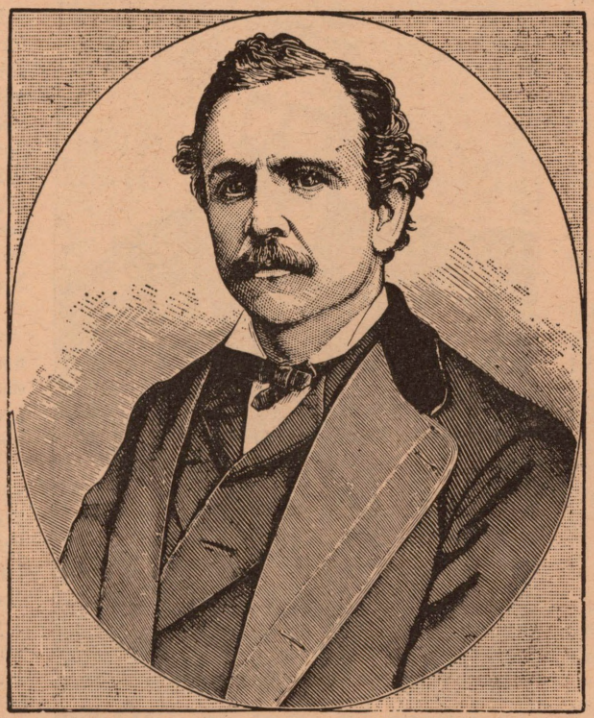
LEW BAKER was duly indicted for the Poole killing, as were his associates, Linn, Van Pelt, Huyler, Paudeen and Turner. Morrissey was also named by the indictment on a conspiracy charge. Judge Roosevelt, an ancestor of the present President of the United States, occupied the bench when the case came to trial. Baker, at his own request, was tried separately. After fifteen days, the jury failed to agree. There were three votes for acquittal, nine for conviction. Twice again Baker faced the bar of justice, but each time the jury was deadlocked.

The result of the court proceedings was what everyone expected. It was a foregone conclusion that neither Baker nor his pals would ever pay the penalty for the crime. Their political affiliations protected them effectually. Where an ordinary citizen who killed in a moment of unrestrained passion might be pretty certain of inviting the full weight of the law's displeasure, a slayer backed either by the Native Americans or their Tammany rivals could be equally sure of the cooperation of a packed jury or gracious leniency from the presiding justice. Failing such aids, the pardoning power of the governor of the state would be invoked, and irresistible pressure brought to bear on the Chief Executive to turn the killer loose.

So the six participants in the Stanwix Hall butchery went free. If this were fiction, it would be necessary to work out fitting retribution finishes for each, in order to tickle the palates of gentle readers who believe virtue is invariably rewarded and vice stamped under Justice's iron heel. But, sad to relate, none of the enterprising six ever got anything in the least resembling retributive justice, excepting the estimable Paudeen, who lamed Poole's brother-in-law with a bullet during the murderous attack on big Bill. Paudeen passed out in the smoke of a barroom gun-battle, but the other five died naturally, in uneventful fashion.

* * *

THE Nemesis of Paudeen was "Doc" Cunningham, so-called because of his skill in dealing with equine ailments, although he was not a licensed veterinarian. Doc had a marvelous knack of patching up foundered nags, and excelled in the making of good bargains in the rôle of horse-dealer. Good, that is, from the Cunningham, if not the purchaser's viewpoint. He could fix up four-legged cripples to look temporarily as fit as Derby winners, and dispose of them afterwards at fancy prices.



The Allen, the famous politician, gambler and proprietor of the Bal Mabile, a notorious resort.

A little fellow, scaling 130 pounds and short of stature, Cunningham was as full of pluck as a bantam rooster and highly respected by the Tammany fighting brotherhood. He whipped many a bigger man at fisticuffs, was an adept at street-scrapping, and when the odds were too great he could, and frequently did, even them up by resorting to a three-inch bowie which he could use with the dexterity of a Mexican knife-thrower.

He was an unerring revolver-shot and, while in the main good-humored, a bad person to cross. John Morrissey liked him greatly and Cunningham nursed such intense admiration for the sturdy athlete who headed the Irish bashing contingent, that he was ready to quarrel with anyone daring to criticize his chief.

Few members of the Tammany battling corps had any use for Paudeen, those who consorted with and occasionally fought side-by-side with him did so, not because they

CRIME and politics have ever been a thorn in the side of boxing. From the birth of the sport in this country to the present day, the progress of pugilism has been hampered by politicians and criminals or associates of gangsters. Thanks to legislative action throughout the nation, boxing is now conducted on a higher plane than ever before, even though in many sectors, gangsters and hoodlums still rule the game and the commissions.

THE RING herewith presents the third chapter of the series on gang wars and politics, a most interesting story of the hazards which boxing has hurdled over a stretch of almost one hundred years to survive gang warfare, hoodlumism and murder, a story which is as thrilling as it is a novelty. Follow this story in THE RING.

The Story of the Part Played by Gangsters and Politicians in the Rise of Boxing in America From Its Earliest Days to the Present

The shooting of Bill Poole, as illustrated in a New York newspaper of that day.

trusted Paudeen, but because business exigencies so demanded. Of medium height, stockily built and active, Paudeen was as deadly as a poison-snake that strikes in the dark.

The use of Morrissey's name by Paudeen when the latter began his verbal attack on Poole at the Stanwix was a trick to throw blame for the intended murder on the absent fighting star of Tammany, and drag him into the net of brutal circumstance.

* * *

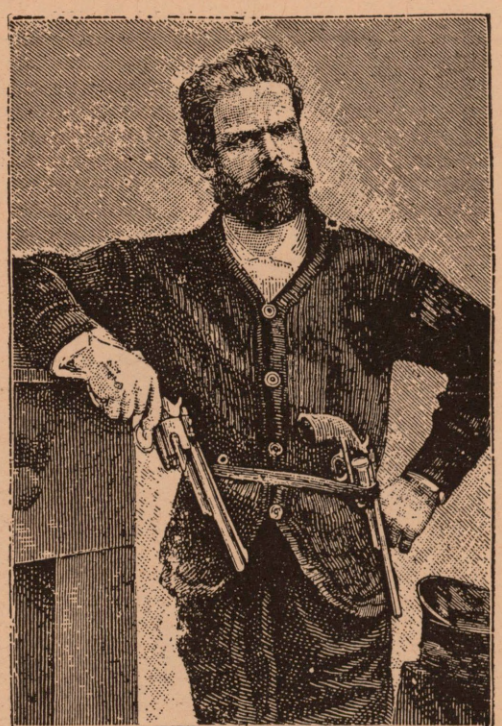
NO love was lost between Paudeen and Cunningham. They had it out once in a brief set-to in Johnny Lyng's Canal Street dive. Cunningham knocked the heavier man down, whipped out his bowie-knife, and was about to cut off Paudeen's right ear for a keepsake, when Lyng interfered and the operation was halted. At Lyng's behest, Paudeen and Cunningham shook hands, but this temporary truce did not prevent them from hating each other more than ever.

On the surface, they seemed friendly enough, and a month after the fracas at Lyng's, Paudeen bought a horse from Doc Cunningham, Now, Paudeen was no fool. He knew Doc's reputation as an artful dodger when it was a question of horse-buying. Also that Cunningham would gladly cheat him, laugh at him and, if opportunity offered, carve him into ribbons. Perhaps Paudeen reasoned that the sooner he had a showdown with Doc, the better, and chose the horse-purchase idea as a means of picking a fight with the equine expert!

Such was the explanation offered later by Huyler, who posed as Paudeen's pal, why a second, and this time fatal, brawl took place between the accomplished vet and his rival. Yet Paudeen was scarcely the sort of chap to pay money to an enemy simply for the purpose of being cheated and having something to start a row about. There must have been a better reason than that advanced by Huyler.

* * *

NOBODY doubted that Doc Cunningham was ever ready to oblige Paudeen or anyone else in search of trouble with a knife, gun or fist-fight. Still, the fact remains that Paudeen was cajoled into buying a nag he intended to use in his business. When working at his trade, he was a Washington Market butcher under his right name of Pat McLaughlin. His new purchase died in harness two days after the sale.



The notorious Jim Turner, New York's West Side thug of seventy-five years ago.

It was then revealed that the beast formerly belonged to Paudeen and was sold by him because it was broken-winded, as well as suffering from other ailments. The versatile Doc had gained possession of the cast-off animal, doped it up, hogged its mane, changed its whole appearance so that its old master never recognized the brute until it had given up the ghost, and palmed it off on Paudeen.

A week after the horse's demise, seller and buyer met in Butt Ryan's saloon and dance hall on Howard Street. Paudeen accosted Cunningham and complained about the trick Doc served him. He was not excited, however, and bystanders who knew what a venomous temper Paudeen had, were astonished that he remained placid, even when Cunningham openly jeered at him. But finally Paudeen saw fit to remark that Morrissey had always been afraid of Bill Poole, and a gun instantly flashed in Cunningham's hand.

Paudeen was just a fraction of a second too late on the draw. His gun was

out, but before he could press the trigger, a bullet struck him in the chest and he fell. Doc shot him twice more in the body, coolly remarking that he'd "make sure of the rat this time!" The slayer then surrendered at police headquarters. He was duly tried and acquitted on a self-defense plea, easily accepted by the jury.

Those who rendered the verdict of not guilty knew Paudeen as a social nuisance, a habitual peace-disturber of murderous inclinations, and agreed unanimously that the city atmosphere was all the purer and cleaner for his sudden checking-out. Doc Cunningham went free and his friends gave him a banquet to celebrate the blotting-out of Paudeen and Doc's subsequent endorsement by the law as a public benefactor.

* * *

THE Poole funeral pageant was elaborately staged on a Sunday. Never had old New York witnessed obsequies on such a magnificent scale, and never had the stately progress of a corpse to its tomb caused such a fanfare of fervid, nerve-racking excitement.

In life, Bill Poole was a storm-center. In death, his mute remains still exercised such power for arousing wild tempests of human emotion that men, women and children panted, struggled, fought madly and even died in the hysterical struggle to reach points of vantage from which to view the passing cortege. Lives were also lost after the parade was finished, when bright steel flashed and bullets crashed through the streets as the war-fires of opposing political factions blazed furiously.

The line of march arranged for the mourners' procession extended down Broadway from Blecker Street to Whitehall, where lay a vessel waiting to convey the casket to Greenwood Cemetery. Not the least curious thing about the gathering was that it included so many persons of different political creeds, as well as those of high social rank who would never have been suspected of taking an interest in Bill Poole, alive or dead.

Eminent Gotham citizens attended, not only the politically great and prominent merchants, but literary folk of distinction, among whom were Bayard Taylor, Herman Melville, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Walt Whitman and other lesser lights. Members of the New York bar were also present in force under the leadership of such famous luminaries as Charles O'Connor and David Dudley Field.

* * *

ON the eventful day, practically all New York was out-of-doors, everyone who could ride, walk, crawl or totter swelled the ranks of sightseers. Sidewalks and streets along the funeral route were jammed to capacity, spectators hung out of windows, clustered in swarms on housetops. The trees, of which plenty lined public thoroughfares then, were thick with human beings clinging monkeylike to trunk and bough. Even awnings and projecting signs offering precarious hand or foot holds were occupied, and the roar of a mighty multitude vibrated through the air like the hoarse, menacing call of a deep-sea gale.

In the neighborhood of Poole's house, a clamorous, heaving crowd packed Christopher Street and overflowed into nearby thoroughfares, which were effectually blocked to the passage of would-be pedestrians.

Opposite the residence of the deceased stood Onderdonk's Holland Carpenter Shop, a solidly-built two-storied frame structure, with a staircase on the outside leading to the upper floor. Up these stairs rushed throngs of eager spectators, until the roof was as tightly packed with them as boxed sardines, while others stood jammed body-to-body on the steps.

The strain was too much for the old structure. It creaked ominously under the weight of its human burden, a panic broke out among the roof occupants and a mad rush for the staircase followed. With a frightful crash, the entire edifice collapsed like a house of cards. Shrieks of agony rent the air as the injured struggled desperately in a chaos of shattered timbers and fought blindly to extricate themselves from the wreckage.

An alarm brought the fire companies to the scene. When the work of rescue was completed, it was found that six men and eight children had been killed outright. Sixty-four persons were severely hurt and many others had minor bruises.

AMID this prologue of turmoil and sudden death, the funeral procession got under way. Hundreds of police served as escort and cleared the street ahead. The van was led by the Bill Poole Association, two thousand strong, among whom towered conspicuously the tall figures of Tom Hyer and Captain James Turner.

From various cities came four thousand members of the Order of United Americans, forming the second brigade of mourners. Close behind them marched the famous Shiffler Hose Company of Philadelphia. Local fire companies were headed by Engine Company 34, of which the dead man had been an attache, with Dave Broderick as foreman and the rank and file Greenwich Villagers who were also known as the Red Rovers.

The volunteer firefighters were an important force in politics of that day and from far and near, they flocked to do homage to the memory of Bill Poole. Companies traveled hundreds of miles to join the procession, hailing from Boston, Washington, Baltimore and other metropolitan centers. One thousand friends and relatives of the deceased in carriages formed a rear guard behind the fire companies. The hearse escort consisted of the Poole Guards and militia organizations, commanded respectively by "The" Allen and Captain Jim Bannon.

* * *

PROGRESS was necessarily slow as the police were obliged to force a path through the dense human masses which thronged every foot of the way and filled the air with howls of lamentation. The passage of the hearse in particular was greeted with such a thunderous, continuous roar of grieving voices that a stranger, unaware of the real cause of this extraordinary demonstration, might well have imagined himself in the presence of a vast army sorrowing over a beloved leader slain on the field of battle.

At Grand Street and Broadway, eight hundred men clad in the attire of working butchers, the trade to which Poole belonged, kneeled in prayer and remained in that posture until the hearse passed, when they fell in behind and joined the march to the ferry. Bill Harrington, who had headed his gang in many a fierce street fight with the Native Americans, organized this semi-religious demonstration in honor of his dead foeman.

South Ferry saw the breaking-up of the procession. The hearse and its immediate escort crossed by water to Brooklyn, continuing from there to Greenwood Cemetery. While the rest of the mourners scattered and returned to their homes, the two military organizations known as the Poole Guards and the Light Guards preserved their military formation. They marched back, reaching Canal Street and Broadway early in the afternoon. Their respective commanders had heard that certain gangs owing allegiance to the opposing political faction, intended to furnish a spectacular climax to the funeral ceremonies, and therefore kept the companies ready for defensive purposes.

* * *

THE gangs in question were members of Engine Company 36, known as the "Hounds," and the "Buttenders" and "Shortboys," led by Larry Aiken and Dan Linn. Canal and Broadway was then occupied by the New York and New Haven Railroad Depot. On the opposite side, housewreckers were tearing down empty buildings. As the Poole Guards came within range, concealed foemen, crouching behind the brick piles and timbers piled alongside the gutter, sent volley after volley of stones and bricks hurtling into the marching files.

So sudden and unexpected was the attack that passing pedestrians were caught in the storm of flying missiles. A German girl named Freda Schafer was struck on the head and instantly killed. Fifteen other men and women were badly injured. The Guards were momentarily thrown into confusion, but rallied and a pitched battle between assailed and assailants raged furiously.

Fierce yells and stentorian cheers mingled with the sharp crack of rifle and revolver, the crashing of stones through window panes and groans of the wounded. For upwards of an hour, the fight continued. Then the attacking party, having utilized most of the protecting barricade as ammunition, *(Continued on page 57)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By NAT FRANK

GEORGE KONDYLES (pronounced Con-Die-Less) is here. For your information, Kondyles has made a special trip to this country to prove his merits on the mat in wrestling competition with the foremost contenders for the title and mayhap get a crack at the world laurels, which he hopes to win and bring back to Greece. Kondyles has battered into submission practically every man worth while he has been called upon to face in his native Greece, Turkey, Germany, France and other European countries.

He has mastered the American style of wrestling through his bouts with opponents from this country competing on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. He will have a double advantage over the matmen on these shores due to the fact that he not only knows the Greco-Roman catch-as-catch-can methods but he is also well groomed in the ways and means of rough-house tactics.

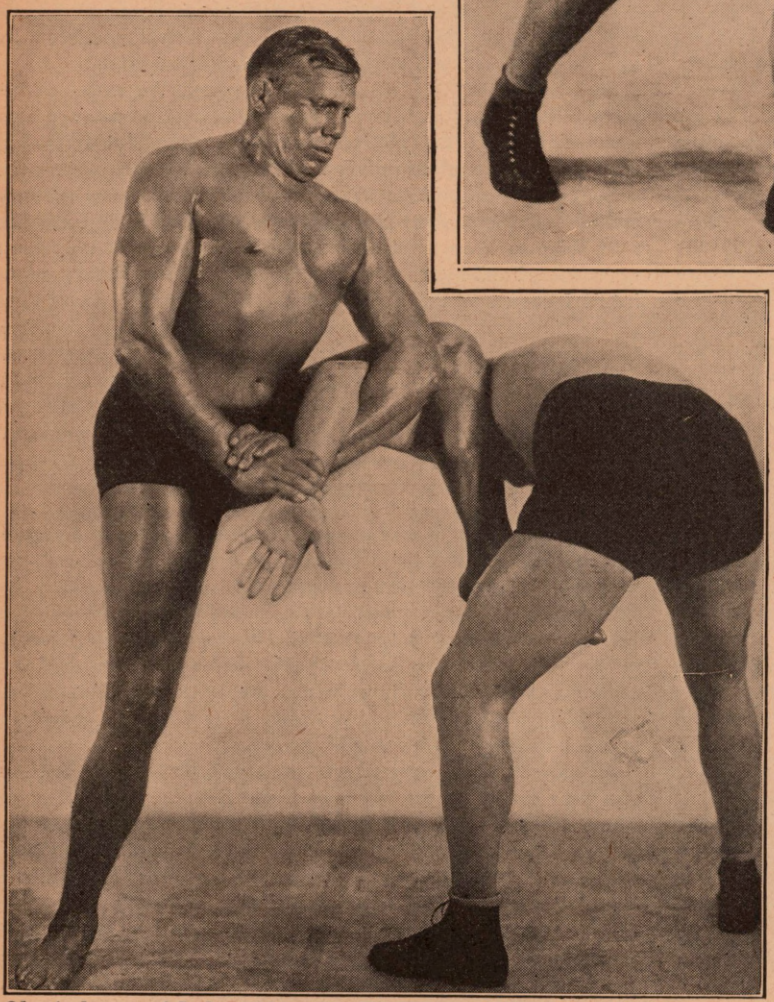
Kondyles is the son of a prosperous wine merchant of Athens, where George was born February 21, 1909. He went to public and high school and then gave up the idea of further education in order to participate in professional athletics, choosing wrestling as his specialty.

George Kondyles, the latest Greek sensation.

Of course, George aided his dad in the lucrative business but the urge for competition became so strong that he decided to give most of his time to the grappling art. Practically from the start this mighty Greek proved his worth and strength. Foe after foe was vanquished by this sturdy offspring of the prominent wine merchant.

Hence, George Kondyles, the roughest of all Greek wrestlers, with his colorful mustache, sturdy frame of five feet ten inches, and two hundred and twenty pounds of bone and muscle, plus his assortment of arm-locks, headlocks, body slams and other means of attack, has recently come to this country for the sole purpose of making a drive for the wrestling championship of the world.

All of which means that if George Kondyles is only fifty per cent as good as the information that has reached these shores prior to his arrival here, the contenders, pretenders and every outstanding wrestler hereabouts will find it wise policy to steer clear of any ring clashes with the mat's latest newcomer.



Ole Anderson of Indiana, known as the India Rubber Man. He is a contortionist. Ole has done most of his grappling in the South and Southwest.

* * *

DIDJA KNOW THAT—

Floyd Marshall, the Phoenix Bad Man, is now in Australia? Last summer he did his grappling in South American rings. He is planning a European invasion next year.

* * *

Henry Piers, champion of Holland, has been going great guns around Canada? He is planning to return to the States shortly and set sail for a crack at all of the top flight matmen.

* * *

It looks as though Tommy Draak's wrestling days are over? This veteran Hollander suffered a compound fracture of his thigh bone against Frank Bruce at Jersey City last month.

* * *

The mother of Sammy Menacker keeps an eagle eye on her son? She wants this sensational grappler to be a worthy title contender, and therefore Mama Menacker makes it her business to see to it that Sonnyboy Sammy keeps good hours, eats the proper food, trains

daily and is constantly fit as a fiddle.

* * *

Les Ryan, New England wrestler, turned down an offer to become a pugilist under the direction of Jack Dempsey, one-time king of them all in the fistic ranks?

* * *

Bernie Kaplan, the one-time all-sports hero of Western Maryland College, flipped a coin to see whether he would turn professional pugilist or bone twister? The way the money piece fell, the boxing game lost a future champion and matdom gained a new sensation. Kaplan's home city is Philadelphia.

* * *

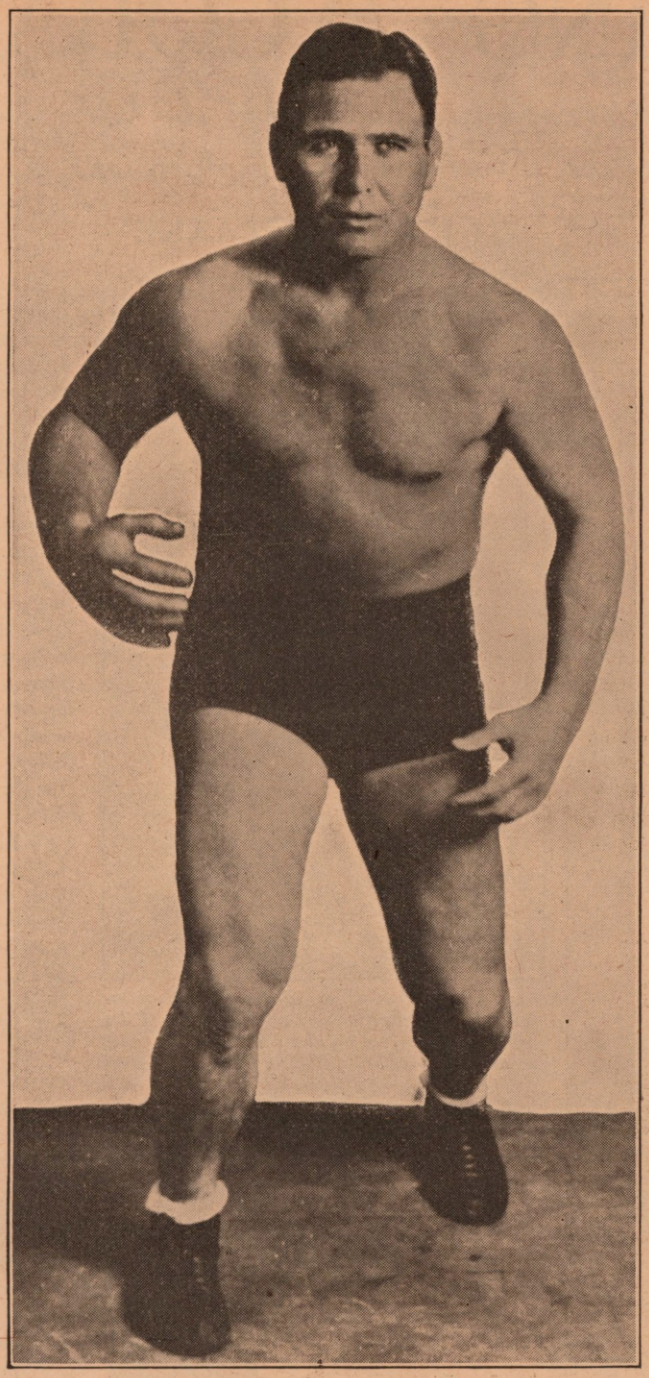
Chief Joe Little Beaver, Cherokee Indian, is now declared champion of the world by the Texas Commission? The Redskin was proclaimed occupant of the throne room when Daniel Boone Savage, the title-holder of that sector, failed to show up for his crown defense.

* * *

"Gloomy Gus" Sonnenberg, former kingpin of the wrestling world, seems to have taken a new lease on life? He is polishing off his foes in the Far West with seeming regularity.

* * *

Ed "Spike" Howard, past sixty years of age, and still participant in gymnasium mat duels, holds the rare distinction of giving close to one thousand blood transfusions? Furthermore, Howard, who hails from Philadelphia, was recently interviewed by Bob Ripley, of Believe-It-or-Not fame, and gave credit for his super-human strength to the fact that he was, and still is, a wrestler. "Spike" elaborated on how he saved the life of the writer's son on the nation-wide radio hook-up.



Wally Dusek, one of the famous "Riot Squad Brothers."

* * *

Irish Jack Donovan, the well-liked New Englander, is back East after "knocking off" the stars around the Middle West and Rocky Mountain region? The tow-headed grappler is out to make things rather uncomfortable for his future opponents.

* * *

The Big Four of Grappledom, namely, the Duseks, are awaiting the early return of brother Emil to the sphere of action? Emil has been recovering from a fractured leg, suffered in an automobile accident last summer. With his return, there will be FIVE DUSEKS in the troupe. Cousin Wally will continue in the combine, along with Rudy, Ernie, Joe and Emil.

* * *

Bob Managoff, Jr., son of the old-time mat star, is stepping in where his dad left off? The youngster is showing the fruits of the tutoring of his father. In addition, Junior has several holds of his own, which spell bad luck for his opponents.

* * *

Bobby Roberts, the one-time University of Dayton football hero, is doing his bone crushing up around Canada? Roberts is considered one of the best showmen of the younger generation of wrestlers.

* * *

Alex Tafroff, the Hungarian from North Jersey, is doing his wrestling on the Pacific Coast? This is his second trip to the Far West.

* * *

Ed Don George, former champion of the world, who has been wrestling in every section of the world but in his own country for the past year, recently returned here by way of Europe? He is set to start a campaign in quest of regaining his lost laurels.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST AND NORTHWEST WRESTLING REVIEW by David Cavadas, follows:

Your former columnist, Charles "Spider" Mascall, has left the shores of the Pacific Coast and is now residing in London, England. Mascall knows the wrestling game from all angles and should do well on the other side of the Atlantic, where good wrestling writers are few and far between. I will make an attempt to fill Mr. Mascall's shoes and supply THE RING readers with the latest information pertaining to the activities of the wrestlers out here in the Golden West.

* * *

Gus Sonnenberg, the boy who sold out the Olympic Auditorium ten shows in a row, made a successful return this month at Jack Daro's squirm palace. Gus the Goat wasted little time in subduing Jules Strongbow, taking two straight falls in fourteen minutes and two seconds. Sonnenberg returned to the Olympic a week later to take two out of three falls from Baptiste Paul, Thunderbird tribesman. Not satisfied with these wins, Gus invaded the Northwest and defeated Vincent Lopez, the former claimant to the world's title.

* * *

Since the Coast wrestling fans like to see bearded bone-benders, the mat maestros are wasting no efforts to supply the paying customers with plenty of whiskered laddies. Following Man Mountain Dean's footsteps, Big Ben Morgan, Daniel Boone Savage, Bluebeard Lewis and Silent Smith, among others, are packing them in in the cities on the Pacific Ocean.

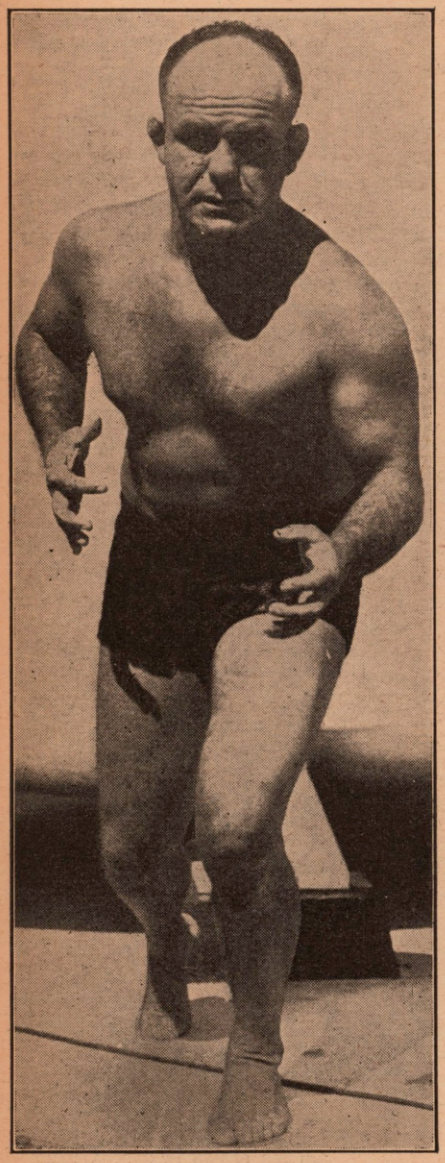
* * *

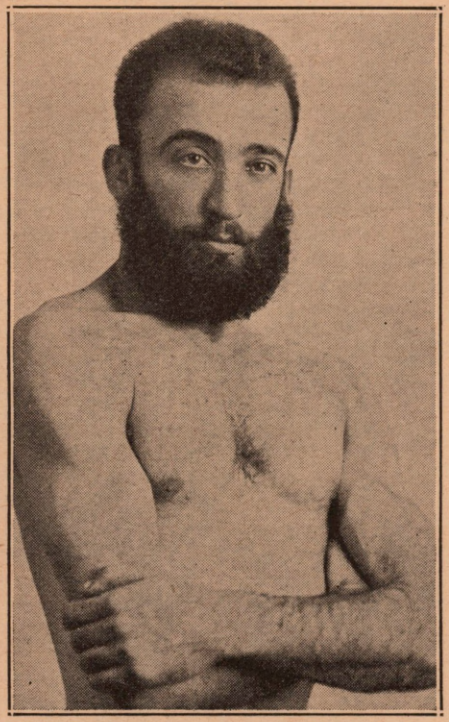
Joe Malceweicz, San Francisco's live-wire promoter, staged the best bout of the month when *(Continued on page 42)*

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By EMERY CLARKE





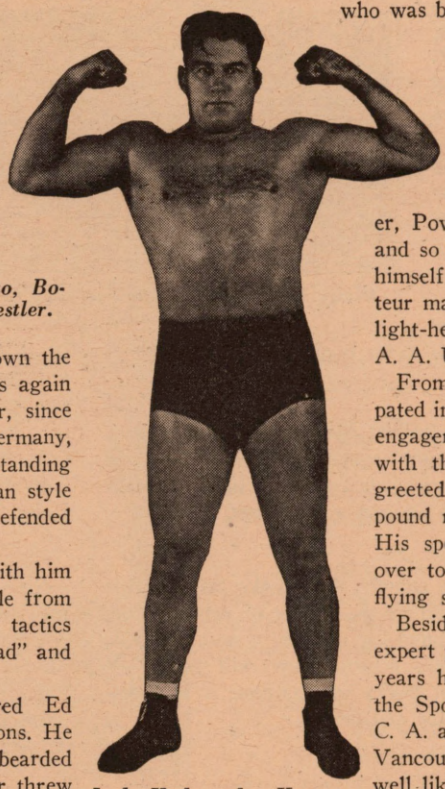
Fritz Lanin, Akron wrestler, who calls himself the champion welter of Ohio. Like other matmen, he thinks that strength rests in a beard, so Fritz has adopted the latest style.

Stanley Pinto, Bohemian wrestler.

BACK in the United States, Hans Kaempfer, known the world over as wrestling's Dresden Destroyer, is again knocking at the championship door. Each year, since 1931, he has made it a habit to return to Germany, where he continued to follow his profession with outstanding success. Incidentally, in 1931, Hans won the Greco-Roman style world wrestling championship, which he successfully defended against all comers.

In addition, when Kaempfer landed here, he brought with him the championship of all Europe. He won the German title from Dick Shikat five years ago. So unmerciful were Hans' tactics that the German Oak, as Shikat is known, yelled "Kamerad" and conceded victory to his rival.

When Kaempfer was here last year, he conquered Ed (Strangler) Lewis and Gus Sonnenberg, both ex-champions. He also tossed Man Mountain Dean, huge 310-pound bearded behemoth, in the quick time of three minutes. No one ever threw Dean so quickly.



Jack Hader, the Kansas City Dough Boy.

Kaempfer was born in Dresden, Germany, November 5, 1906. In 1924, he graduated from the Forrest Academy of Leipsig. At that institution, he captained the mat squad for four consecutive years and won the intercollegiate title each year for his alma mater.

Upon his graduation, he entered the commission merchant business and in 1927 embarked on a professional grappling career.

From 1927 to 1931, Kaempfer, who scales 225 pounds and stands six feet one inch, only wrestled in Germany. The latter part of 1931, he came to this country. Here, he became a hit wherever he appeared. His use of the head-lock, bear-hug, toe-hold and head-twist were marvels to behold. He hopes soon to obtain a match for the crown.

* * *

ERNIE POWERS may have been a priest today had he followed the plans laid out for him by his parents. But Powers was athletically inclined. He wanted to show his wares before the public and get paid for his services. He thrived on performing feats of strength.

Finding that there were only two kinds of competition he was best suited for—wrestling and boxing—this youngster, who was born in San Francisco, May 26, 1901, started on a pugilistic career at the age of twenty-one. Three years later, he hung up the fistic mittens and embarked on a professional mat career.

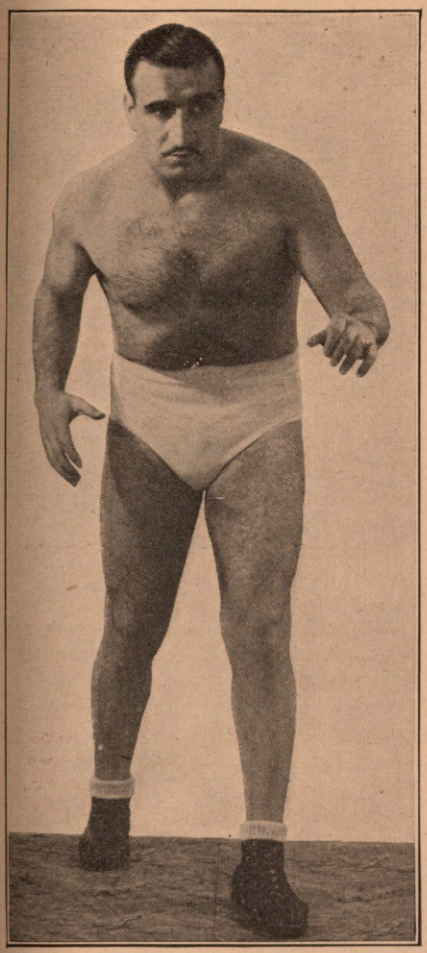
Prior to becoming a fighter, Powers was an amateur grappler, and so well did he do that he won for himself the Pacific Northwestern amateur mat title, and later won both the light-heavyweight and heavyweight A. A. U. championships.

From 1925, when Powers participated in his first professional wrestling engagement, he became an instant hit with the fans. Success after success greeted this six feet one inch, 220-pound matador in all of his mat tiffs. His specialties are the double crossover toe-hold, hammer throw and the flying scissors.

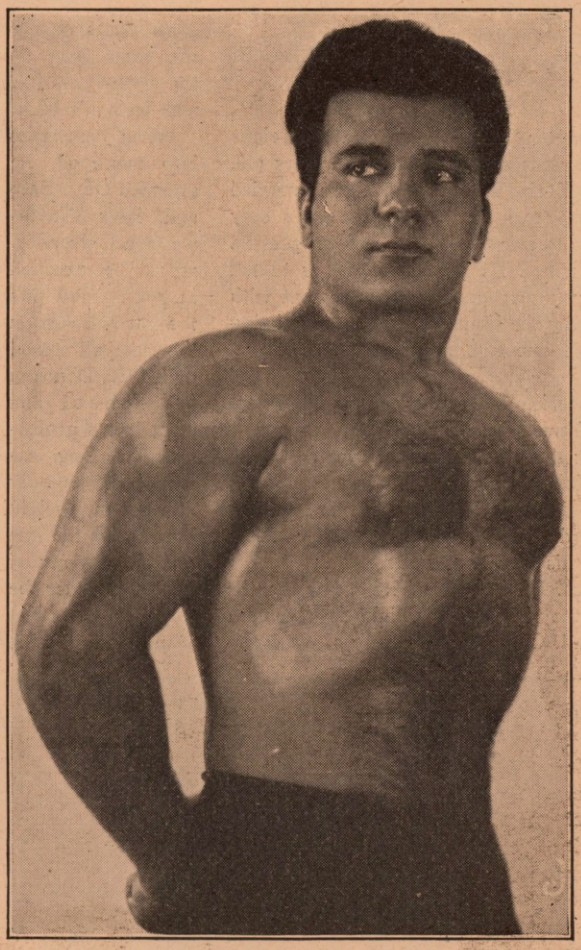
Besides wrestling, Powers also is an expert physical instructor. For several years he was the physical director of the Spokane High School and Y. M. C. A. and the physical director of the Vancouver police force. Powers was well liked and turned out a number of star athletes.

New Mat Favorites

By AL. MAYER



Tony Papalino, a rough Italian wrestler.



Jim Austeri, stocky, hairy Italian Army champion.

WHAT has happened to Italian heavyweight wrestlers who used to knock at the world's championship door with persistent regularity? Those were the days when George Calza and Renato Gardini ruled the roost. Both George and Renato have long since hung up their wrestling tights for good, and for a time it looked as if Italian grapplers had qualified for the position of the "forgotten men of the mat sport."

Recently, however, Jack Pfeffer introduced three Italian newcomers who look like excellent prospects. They aim to restore the prestige once enjoyed by matmen of their nationality and also expect to make a bid for the world's title, which, incidentally, has never been held by an Italian. Here are thumbnail sketches of each:

* * *

LILO NARDI—Was in America a few years ago and wrestled with some success, but returned home and has been wrestling in Europe for the past two years. Lilo is known as the Butcher of Venice because he worked in the slaughter houses of Montebello, a suburb of Venice, where he was born. Very strong, he was known as the "champion of the slaughter houses" long before he took up wrestling professionally.

Soon after he embraced the grappling art as a pro, he came to America, but did not stay very long. What he learned here, however, apparently benefited him in Europe, because he soon became a headliner in Rome, Paris, Berlin, Geneva, Warsaw, London, Liverpool—in fact, everywhere where wrestling enjoys a following. He has been here now about three months, is going strong and is ready to step out with the best.

Lilo is thirty years old, six feet tall, and weighs 215 pounds.

JIM AUSTERI — A stocky, rawbone, hairy gorilla type of man, is twenty-five years old and only recently was discharged from the Italian army, where he served three years and was heavyweight champion of the Italian forces. Austeri is the proud owner of a belt emblematic of the army championship presented to him by Il Duce, himself.

After leaving the army, he wrestled professionally in Italy and won the national heavyweight tournament held in Rome. Austeri relies on his strength and stamina rather than on science to win his matches. He is a mat villain, who comes in for continuous boos when he steps into the ring.

* * *

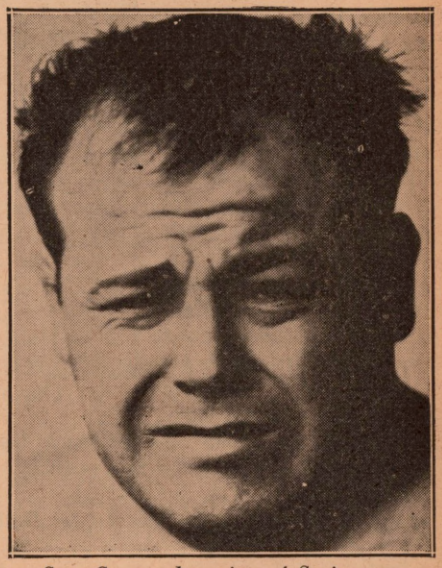
TONY PAPALINO—A rough wrestler with the appearance of a diplomat, best describes the twenty-two-year-old mustached Italian. He was born in Monza, not far from Milan, and famous for the manufacture of felt hats. Papalino's family owns a hat factory there.

It was taken for granted that Papalino would follow the same line of business, but the young man preferred wrestling to hat making and no amount of reasoning by his parents could persuade him to change his mind.

Tony, therefore, gave up a lucrative business future for the precarious life of a professional wrestler. He is of a happy-go-lucky disposition, does not regret the choice he made, and is confident that the time will come when he can show his family and friends that he made the right move.

* * *

WALTER PERCY—"Daddy Long Legs" they call him. His abnormal underpins got him the sobriquet and it serves him well. Percy was born in



Sam Curry, champion of Syria, now competing here.

London and has been associated with sports for many years. He was amateur champion of the British Isles, but never wrestled professionally there. Tremendously interested in sports of all kinds, he was athletic instructor in gymnastics in England but wrestling was his chief interest.

Coming to this country as an amateur, he tried his hand at boxing and in 1931 won the Golden Gloves middleweight championship. Shortly after, he turned professional wrestler and has been doing well in the light-heavyweight class.

Percy is twenty-five years old, five feet ten inches, and weighs 188 pounds.

* * *

SAM CURRY—Champion of Syria, stands five feet eight inches. He weighs 230 pounds and is twenty-five years old. He was born in Beirut, Syria, and has had a life crowded with adventure. He joined the French Foreign Legion when only sixteen years old, saw active service and engaged in guerilla warfare against roving Arab tribes. He particularly likes to tell of one of his adventures when he engaged in single combat with an Arab and overcame his foe by the simple expedient of twisting his "Tabouche" (flowing white garments worn by Arabs) round his neck and strangling him.

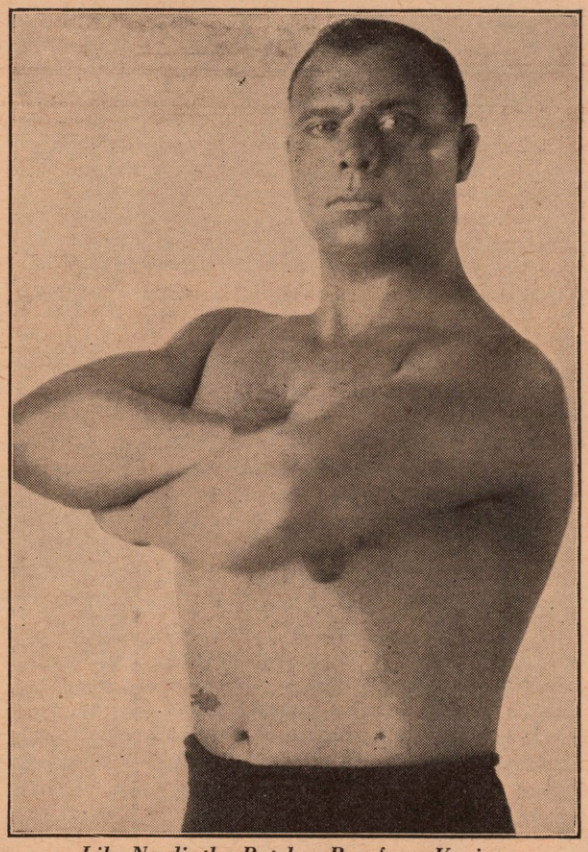
Later Curry went to Ishanderieh (Alexandria to you), where he found employment with Ahmed Fuad Pasha's private wrestlers. Ahmed Fuad Pasha was then Governor of Egypt and later became King Fuad I. Curry defeated big Nubians and proved too rough and tough for the best they had in Egypt, but as suddenly as his fortune rose, so it fell, due to the untimely death of King Fuad I and the disbanding of his private wrestlers.

Curry then came to America. He has been here a few months and has shown himself to be the type of mat villain the fans love to see in action. But with it all, Curry knows plenty about wrestling and will prove a tough man for the best.

* * *

THE MIGHTY GOVRO—Sweden's mighty man of wrestling, was born in Oslo and learned the sport in rough and tumble matches as a longshoreman and later when a seaman in charge of the lower deck on cattle boats.

Govro is no prize beauty; in fact, the gods most likely broke the mold after they made Govro, figuring that one of his type was enough. He sports a hairy chest, has an abundance of growth on his legs and arms which would make a gorilla turn green with envy, but thins out around the head, making his top piece bulletlike in appearance. No universities or colleges figure in Govro's life. He never was a football hero, but just a plain rough and tough wrestling man, willing to match his strength with anyone. He has made no special study of the art of wrestling, doesn't believe in fancy stuff, but just goes ahead to win in the quickest time possible.



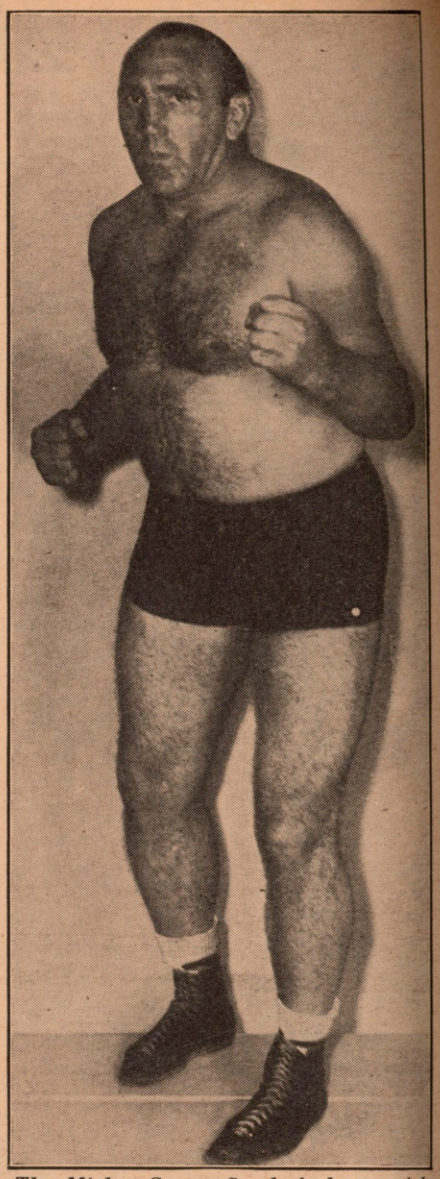
Lilo Nardi, the Butcher Boy from Venice.

* * *

"IRISH" Jack Donovan, of Boston, traces his popularity to the fact that when he came into this world on January 17, 1910, his proud parents named him John Brian Donovan, the middle name coming to him in honor of the most popular king who ever ruled over the citizens of Ireland. When Erin was a Kingdom, King Brian Boru, who held sway over his constituents during the early part of the 14th Century, was Ireland's Idol.

When Jack grew into manhood, he attended Dean Prep and later Northwestern University, where he excelled in boxing and was the star halfback on the football team.

In 1932, Donovan left school and turned to a professional boxing career. He was only a light-heavyweight but during the one and a half years of fisticuffs, under the management of Dan Carroll, who also piloted Jim Maloney, Tom Kirby and Honeyboy Finnegan, among others, he was making rapid strides. Donovan had successfully met among others Harry Allen, Murray Gitlitz, Jimmy Byrne, Emmett Rocco, the late Al Friedman, Dutch Wiemer, the late Ernie Schaaf, George Gemas, Tommy West, Marty Gallagher and Henry Lamar.



The Mighty Govro, Sweden's heavyweight contender.

Tiring of slinging haymakers at his opponents, Donovan became a grappler in 1934. At the time he was out on the West Coast, where he took part in several movies, including Twisted Rails and Under Pressure. Nat Pendelton took him into tow and taught him the finer points of the mat art.

How well this popular New Englander has succeeded in the grip and get gripped profession, is attested by the fact that today he is listed with the topnotchers in the game—a fearless wrestler who knows all holds and one whose services are in demand in all parts of the Nation. In addition this 6 feet 2 inch, 225 pound Adonis, whose favorite grasp is the airplane head scissors, is also taking a night course in corporation law.

So it looks like the naming of Irish Jack Donovan after the popular Irish King Brian Boru was not done in vain.

BEING a dough mixer isn't a bad trade by any means, but working constantly in terrific heat didn't meet with the approval of Jack Hader of Kansas City, and when opportunity knocked, he quit to become a professional wrestler.

Hader, who was born in the Ozark Mountains, September 16, 1905, trained diligently for two years before entering the pro ranks. In 1932, he enlisted in the National Guard and while there, he won the grappling title of the Missouri Guardsmen. The match went one hour and fourteen minutes, and Jack, though he suffered a broken breastbone and several crashed ribs, finally managed to pin his foe.

It was during the tail end of 1932 that Hader became a professional wrestler. When he first started out, he scaled in the neighborhood of 175 pounds. The following year he became a full-fledged heavyweight matman.

The ex-doughboy, who could make any kind of bread and cake, suddenly found himself twisting his adversaries into all sorts of shapes. In fact, Hader, who now tips the beam at 212 pounds and stands five feet ten and one-half inches tall, has a favorite hold which he calls the Pretzel Twist. This he accomplishes by grabbing his rivals' upper and lower limbs and entwining them in such a manner that it takes an expert author to paint a true word picture of the freak-shaped unfortunates.

* * *

STANLEY PINTO, Bohemian wrestler, is a close student of "sockology." If you doubt it, then ask his opponents and they will readily agree, while caressing their chins, that there is no grappler in the business who carries as much venom in his forearm smashes as does the Ravenna Ravager, as Pinto is known.

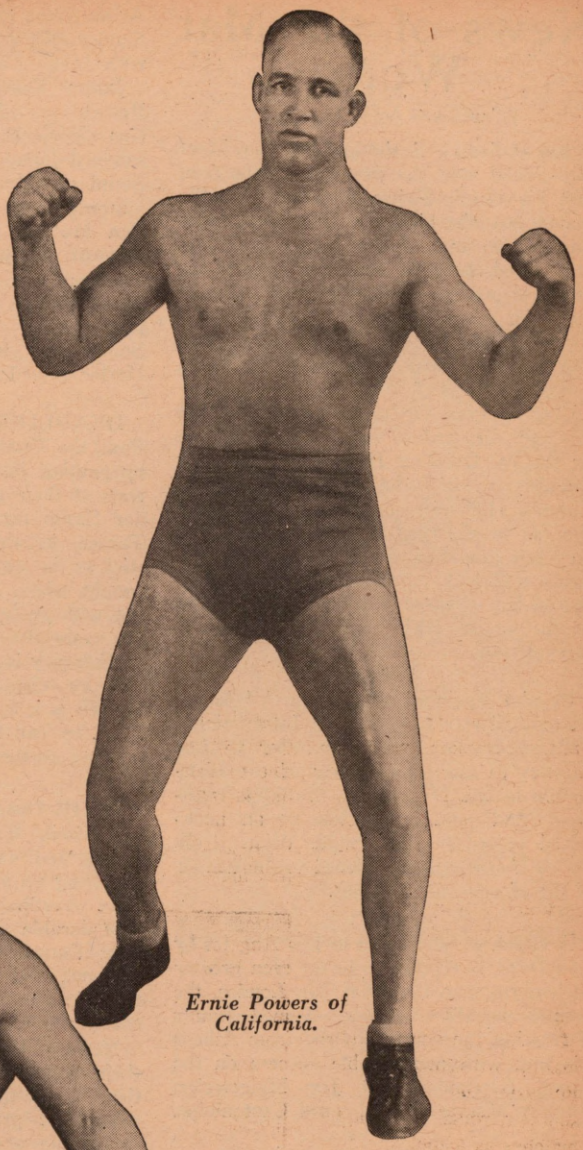
Pinto knows all the holds, is a master at clamping on the wrist-lock or the scissors, and besides, he has one of his own invention, the "Japanese Snake," and woe be to the unfortunate one who falls into the grapevine grasp. But Pinto's main hold is the "Knockout Pin." A series of forearm smashes to the adversary causes the foe to drop in a stupor and the pin becomes but a mere formality.

There is no other wrestler in the game who has to his credit as many quick victories as does Pinto. In fact, he holds the world record for the fastest win when he pinned the dreaded Utica Panther, Joe Malcewicz, in five seconds flat. What makes Malcewicz's loss all the more gloomy is the fact that Pinto accomplished this feat in Joe's home town, Utica, New York.

He has flattened seven champions or claimants, but in each instance his victories were scored either before his fallen foes became rulers or after they were dethroned. Stanislaus Zbyszko, Gus Sonnenberg, Joe Savoldi, Ed Strangler Lewis, Henri DeGlane, the late Big Jim Browning and Dean Detton were spilled by Pinto. Detton lost two straight falls to the Bohemian less than six months ago in Oakland, Cal. Yet, with all these wins under his belt, Pinto is not a champion. The opportunities never came his way when his opponents were the crowned heads.

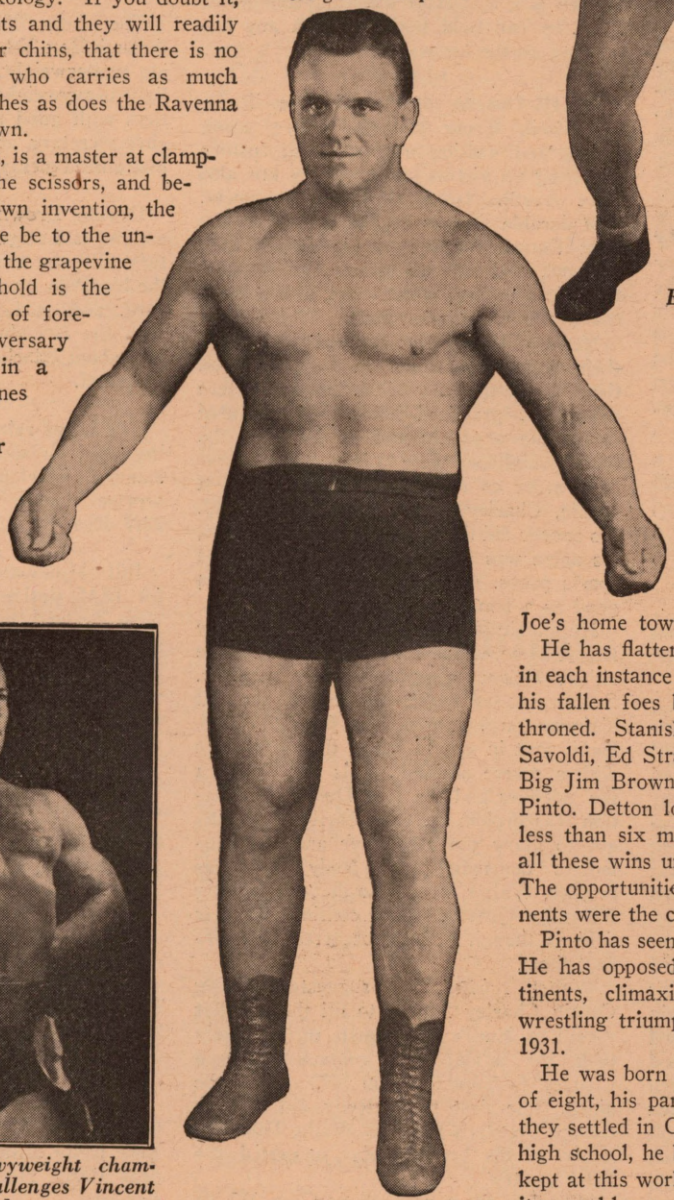
Pinto has seen action in all four corners of the world. He has opposed the cream of opposition on all continents, climaxing his round the world tour with wrestling triumphs in New Zealand and Australia in 1931.

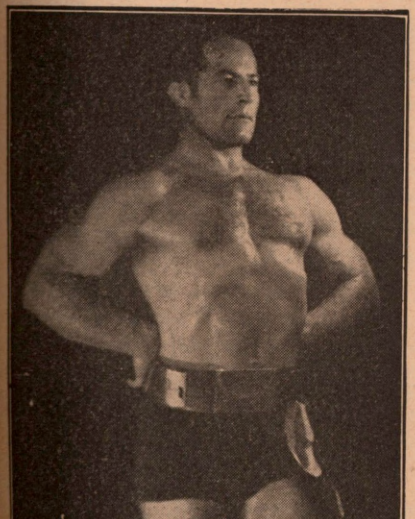
He was born in Bohemia, May 23, 1900. At the age of eight, his parents brought him to this country and they settled in Chicago. In 1916, after graduating from high school, he became a farm hand in Oklahoma. He kept at this work for five years, when he chose to give it up and become a wrestler. *(Continued on page 46)*



Ernie Powers of California.

Hans Kaempfer, German heavyweight champion.





Gil Larrea, Mexican heavyweight championship claimant, who challenges Vincent Lopez to a title bout.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 37)

he paired Sandor Szabo and Big Ben Morgan. Szabo won the first fall of the bout with his Death Swing. Returning for the second fall, the hill-billy from the Ozarks managed to toss Szabo out of the ring. Still dazed, Morgan did everything in his power to prevent the handsome Hungarian champion from returning to the battle-ground. Referee Gardenfield disqualified Morgan and awarded the match to Szabo.

* * *

Dean Detton, the real champion of the universe, disposed of another pretender to his throne, Dr. Len Hall. After forty-six minutes of scientific grappling, Detton slammed Hall into submission after hurling him out of the ring. A capacity crowd of over ten thousand spectators watched the rather dull and uninteresting match. Dean Detton has defeated every wrestler of note on the Coast, taking on all comers and barring none.

* * *

Bronko Negurski, the former All-America football star, hailing from International Falls, Minnesota, wired an offer to Los Angeles to meet the winner of the Hall-Detton match. Negurski is the latest wrestling "find" and holds close to an undefeated record in the Middle West. Ernie Dusek also wired a challenge to the winner of the aforementioned bout.

* * *

A Greek wrestler, sent to Los Angeles by Lou Daro, is reputed to be an even greater pachyderm than the great Jim Londos, the former world's champion. Named Jimmy Sarrandos, the young Hellene from Athens has met with considerable success on the Coast. Sarrandos beat Joe Malceweicz, Tommy Marvin, and Howard Cantonwine.

* * *

Wrestling in San Francisco is taking a surprisingly large hold on the public, with crowds increasing weekly. Joe Malceweicz, the Dreamland Auditorium matchmaker, who used to be a barefoot grappler himself, is doing well there.

* * *

Malceweicz is touting a new walking mountain in the person of Bill "Battleship" Kennedy.

* * *

COAST CAVALCADE—George Zarynoff wrestled a one-fall draw with Bill Hanson . . . . Red Phantom won over Ivan Managoff . . . . Sandor Szabo beat Tommy Marvin, Pat Fraley and Chief Thunderbird . . . . Leo Numa Anderson held Big Ben Morgan to a draw . . . . Morgan beat Abe Yourist, Bull Martin, Andy Moen . . . . Jules Strongbow tossed Rudy Stongberg . . . . Casey Colombo subdued Hans Schultz . . . . Bull Martin lost to Howard Cantonwine . . . . Hardy Kruskamp beat Jules Strongbow . . . . Danny MacShain won from Don Sugai . . . . Sugai defeated Buck Davidson . . . . Davidson pinned Sockeye MacDonald and Popeye O'Brien . . . . Daniel Boone Savage threw Dick Daviscourt . . . . Baptiste Paul took Bull Martin into camp . . . . Arjan Singh flattened Leo Numa Anderson . . . . Hans Steinke fell before Dr. Len Hall . . . . Arjan Singh tossed Big Ben Morgan . . . . Sandor Szabo wrestled an exciting draw with James Casey Morrisey.

James Casey Morrisey defeated Paul Boesch . . . . Milo Steinborn scored over Gus Sonnenberg . . . . Big Ben Morgan subdued James Casey Morrisey . . . . Milo Steinborn threw Francis Fouche . . . . Vincent Lopez beat Bull Martin . . . . Big Ben Morgan pinned Hans Schultz . . . . Vincent Lopez disposed of James Casey Morrisey . . . . Hans Steinke tossed Jules Strongbow . . . . Count Zarynoff fell before Jumbo Bill Kennedy . . . . Silent Smith won from Herbie Freeman, but Herbie gained revenge in a return bout.

* * *

DEADLINE PICK-UPS — Baptiste Paul, the Thunderbird Chief, rules his tribe by pinning his warriors in wrestling contests at their games each year . . . . Sandor Szabo turned down an offer to play Tarzan in the movies . . . . Szabo will stick to the mat game . . . . A light-heavyweight, whose identity is unknown, is meeting with success in California . . . . wrestles as the Black Secret . . . . Sandor Vary of Hungary is giving Sandor Szabo a close run for championship honors . . . . Paul Boesch is a first-class wrestling announcer . . . . he can hold his own with any announcer on the air waves.

* * *

THE Duseks, all four of them—Rudy, Emil, Ernie and Joe—were going strong and making not only mat history by piling up victory after victory but also were wrestling before turn-away audiences. The durable Duseks became known as the Riot Squad, for the simple reason they believed, and still do believe, in handling their foes as best suited them and not according to commission code.

News of the success reached the ears of their fellow townsmen in Omaha. Soon they became the envy of all. Here and there youngsters practiced holds. They wanted to become wrestlers and do just like the Dusek neighbors were doing.

In order to make it a family affair, a cousin, Charley Santon, got the bug bad. No sooner did the idea come up than presto, his name was read in print of the various sports pages. Charley Santon was making good as a bone twister.

He didn't believe in capitalizing on the Dusek name, which isn't their correct name either, Hason being the family moniker. Santon was satisfied to travel along the mat highway on his own. On July 28, 1936, Emil, next in age to Rudy, the eldest, met with a severe accident. This put Emil on the sidelines and the four Dusek combination was broken up temporarily. The fans got to know the Big Four and the promoters demanded that Rudy have his brother, Walter, wrestle so that the Nailing Nebraska Quartet should continue in their field as though nothing occurred to interrupt them.

Walter refused, but suggested getting Cousin Charley Santon to fill the gap left vacant by Emil's unfortunate injury. Rudy took the advice and contacted Cousin Charley to come East to help out in the pinch. The first thing Rudy did was to change Charley's name to Wallie Dusek in honor of his brother who suggested the latter's entry.

"Charley, from now on you are Wallie Dusek and I WANT YOU TO BE A DUSEK in manner and action. You know what the public expects of us and it is up to you to see that our reputations are not besmirched," was the blunt way "Poppa" Dusek put it to his relative. And thus, Santon became a member of the Riot Squad.

Wallie stands six feet one inch tall, hits the scales at 225 pounds, and is a real fighting fury in action.

* * *

WRESTLING WRISTLOCKS, by J. Jimmie Amann—Larry Schaaf, Fort Wayne, Indiana, middleweight star, won the right to the 160-pound world's wrestling title at Burlington, Iowa, when he defeated Henry Kolln of Muscatine, recognized by the American Federation of Wrestling, in straight falls at the Military Hall. Promoter George Earl forwarded the result of the titular changing to the A. F. W. representative. Pete Gardner, a fast moving welterweight, tripped over Eddie Anderson in the semi-final.

* * *

Paul Bozzell, Oklahoma light-heavyweight, is banging them over around Spokane, Washington.

* * *

The Iowa Wrestling Club, contacted through Box 228, Burlington, Iowa, is seeking welterweight, middleweight and junior light-heavyweight wrestling talent. Wrestlers with good records should contact the club secretary at once. Welterweights are guaranteed plenty of work in Iowa territory.

* * *

Orville Brown, the big Kansas heavyweight, is a reigning favorite in Ohio territory. Brown took over John Grandwich, the big Pole, on a recent Cincinnati outdoor card, promoted by Ross Leader. Brown, with the Grandwich battle under his belt, just about clinched a meeting with Everett Marshall.

* * *

The latest release of my Wrestling Ratings can be secured by enclosing a self-stamped envelope with 25 cents in cash service charge direct to Jimmy Amann, 2257 Rice St., Cincinnati, O.

* * *

Bill Hindman, wrestling commentator for 1ZM station at Manurewa, Auckland, New Zealand, bulletins me my ratings are proving interesting to mat fans all over down under. Hindman reports the mat sport has enjoyed a more prosperous season than any other for some time.

* * *

HERE is the news from British mats, by Hugh O'C. Sturt:

Foreign mat stars are packing their grips in a hurry and making for the Old Country, as there is a great boom here at present.

* * *

Gave Herb Parks, Canadian limbtwister, the once over when disposing of Harry Brooks at Kilburn. The following week at the same venue he flattened the game trial horse, Tony Baer. Herbie should get plenty of work here.

* * *

Hard luck to Bob Gregory, Charlie Green and Whipper Billy Watson, who were badly injured in an automobile crash near Paris. Here's wishing each a speedy recovery.

Karl Reginski is rated a short head behind our Public Enemy No. 1, Jack Pye, the Doncaster Panther. Karl is an all-action performer and is always a "House-Full" attraction.

* * *

Best wishes to Bob "Legs" Langevin, who left us to grapple for Paul Bowser in the States. A good showman is "Legs," and we hope the big shots don't sidestep him this trip.

* * *

Michael Leoni, Italian invader, made his bow to British mat fans when facing Jack Pye at Lane's Club.

* * *

Prominent sportsman, Harold Lane, made a smart move when staging an all-night show on Coronation evening at his London club. Among those showing were Clem Lawrence, Bulldog Bill Garnon, Tony Baer, Harold Angus, Jack Dale, Duke from Cambridge, Chick Rolfe, etc.

* * *

A fast and clever middleweight showing here now is Johnny Katsulos. Since arriving a few months back, Johnny has beaten such men as Rene La Belle, Juan Lopez, Stan England, Jim Maloney, etc. A great wrestler, this fellow.

* * *

Tiger Duala, giant Hindu grappler, continues to take all-comers in his stride. Clem Lawrence and Jack Pye again failing to subdue him. Oh, you Tiger.

* * *

Australian Adonis, George Pencheff, is still winning here. He flattened Jack Pye at Lane's Club, and followed this by winning a great scientific battle with Whipper Bill Watson at Kilburn.

* * *

Having made a quick recovery from his auto smash, Bob Gregory beat Bengal Engbloom on Coronation night at Lane's Club. A few days later at Kilburn, Bob took on Charlie Smasher Green. This was a real barroom brawl, Gregory emerging the victor after thirty-five minutes.

* * *

Chick Rolfe and Al Korman put up a roughhouse bout at Lane's Club, Korman winning. A week later they met again, this time the decision going to Chick. These are two good mat-maulers who know their stuff.

* * *

ROUND THE RASSLERS—Glad to see the Duke from Cambridge (Tom Gamble to you) back in harness once more .... Gorilla George Baker, hairy roughneck from Fulham, is the roughest and toughest light-heavy in action. Baker would do well on your side—any offers? .... In Paris, Ed Don George made short work of Henri De Glane .... Becoming a popular referee is Dickie Maxwell, who officiates at the Blackfriars Ring .... Yankee maulers earning good money here are Al Korman, Johnny Dallas, Pat Flannagan, Tiger Tasker, Chick Rolfe, etc. .... Judge Griffith Jones fined Tomi Mancelli, Dickie Maxwell and Tiger Howe fifteen bucks apiece for disorderly conduct .... Tiger Tasker is still wearing that yellow dressing gown.

New Faces

(Continued from page 25)

weight champion, and if you were to take excerpts from the paragraphs of the boxing critics of that state, they have very good reason for being so. It seems as though Bubp does nothing but fight, and how he can go!

In twenty-four contests, his recapitulation shows thirteen knockouts, six decisions, two draws and three losses, but he has boxed all outstanding names in that vicinity, and the wonder of it is that he hasn't been beaten more often.

Among his knockout victims, he numbers Red Meyers, Howard Hamilton, Lee Cox, Ross White, Billy "K. O." Merz, Jackie Martin, Wild Bill McDowell, and Eddie Davis. He has beaten such outstanding names as Tony Usas, Don Custer, and Simon Neblosky, and has never during the time he has been campaigning in the gardens of cauliflowerdom, been on the canvas.

Sports writers in Cincinnati, Dayton, Louisville, Indianapolis and Chicago, who have watched him perform, are high on his ability, and predict a fine future for the Hoosier State middleweight.

* * *

HE is a smaller edition of Max Baer in the ring only, with a perennial grin on his face as he moves forward to chop down an opponent. He is a clean living youngster, who is always in the best of shape, and is ready to take on an opponent on a minute's notice.

He won the state middleweight championship in twelve furiously contested rounds from Carl Martin, and from the looks of things, he will remain a champion in his state, as at present there doesn't seem to be anybody around who figures to whip him for it.

He is heading for better things in the middleweight division, and mentor Archie Hindman is seriously considering bringing the youngster to New York, where he can really display his wares in the prize ring. At any rate, Archie is sending out plenty of literature on Wendall Bubp (don't let the name fool you) and expects bigger things in the future.

The Phantom Phight

(Continued from page 7)

what I have been through, nobody knows. Fighting the Party of the First Part was no picnic. In fact, it was nothing to talk about. I haven't been paid yet. However, what I want to say is, what sort of a country is this where a man can't take a title by default? In my country, we take almost anything by default, or even without default. I think the Boxing Commission should have given me the championship and the five grand, as well as a ten week contract in vaudeville.

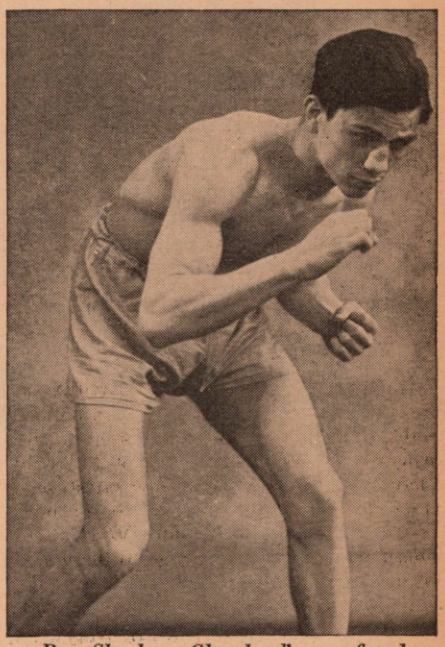
"I believe I am entitled to a subsidy from the WPA. I also think the government owes me something for having ploughed under a big fight. The Commission is composed of—"

Here Schmeling discovers that he really is not on the air at all, but that the broadcast, like the Phantom Phight, is a ghost affair, which is being listened to by nobody and is being sent out by a dead mike.

"Ghosts, nothing but ghosts!" groans Schmeling, as he dashes out into the dark night.

"To be, or not to be!" wails Joe Jacobs, as he runs after Max. "That is the question. There comes a time in men's lives when they wish they had stood in bed."

Off in the distance there is an eerie chorus. "Fair is foul, and foul is fair!" It is the Three Switches!



Ray Sharkey, Cleveland's two-fisted lightweight.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—The only boxing show was staged by the Scranton Sporting Club the past month and was witnessed by the smallest crowd in the history of legalized boxing in the city. In the featured eight-round bout, Tony Rock, hard-punching welterweight from Mayfield, kayoed Eddie Ran of New York in the second round. Ran was a last-minute sub for Lou Raymond. In the eight-round semi-final, Eddie McGeever T.K.O.'ed Joe Nealon in the fifth round. Both lightweights hail from Scranton. In the other bouts, Al Lewis beat Pat Henehan; Johnny Vandurek, Scranton welterweight, drew with Johnny McDermott of Philadelphia, while Tom Callahan of Taylor kayoed Jack Downey of Scranton in two rounds, and Gene McColligan of Scranton beat Paul Griffiths of Mayfield in four rounds.

At Rocky Glen Bowl—In the first outdoor show staged in the Coal Fields this year, Mickey Serrian of Scranton decisioned Nick Pastore of Brooklyn in a very tough battle. In the six-round semi, Jackie Munley, Old Forge middleweight, defeated Jackie Carter of Philadelphia. In the other bouts, Joe Tassie of Scranton beat Len De Andrea of Dunmore, Tom Callahan of Taylor kayoed Joe Stevens of Scranton in three rounds, Al Nevers of Minooka drew with Joe Orlosky of Carbondale.

JUST RAMBLING—Eddie Brink lost a close eight-round battle to Al Roth at New York .... Tony Rock of Mayfield kayoed Eddie Carroll in three .... Eddie McGeever of Scranton beat Charlie Diaz at New York .... Looks like a bad summer for the fight crowd in the Coal Fields .... After the Charlie Diaz victory, Eddie McGeever hopped back to Scranton to attend his mother's funeral .... The new Rocky Glen Bowl is a beautifully-built open-air spot, but is located too far away from Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, and the poor transportation facilities between both towns will be bad for the club fight nights .... Arthur Thomas, Nanticoke amateur fight handler, has two national amateur champs, Leo Sperry and Joe Kelly, both coming out on top against all competition .... Pete Susky, veteran Scranton middleweight, suffered two knockouts the past month, first at the hands of Paulie Mahoney in Buffalo and the second at Cleveland, by George Barathko .... When in Scranton, you can buy THE RING at Spec's Book Shop at Linden and Wyoming Avenues.

South African Star

John Van Der Walt Coming to U. S.—Has Fine Record

By A. C. PARKER

PRACTICALLY every nation under the sun is represented among the thousands of matmen campaigning in the United States of America. But Yankee "rassling" fans have not yet seen a genuine South African performer in action, a pleasure that will not now be long delayed.

John van der Walt, who is the official heavyweight champion of South Africa, is probably on the high seas at this writing en route to England.

After several matches in Europe against first-class men, including Joe Savoldi and Henri de Glane, and a few in England, van der Walt will head for the States, accompanied by his manager, Henry Irslinger, ex-world's light-heavyweight champion and now a successful promoter in South Africa—to which country he introduced the grappling game.

John has been making good money here in South Africa, where the coming of "Greek Adonis" Jim Londos led to a boom season. It is indirectly through Londos that van der Walt has decided on an overseas trip to augment his wrestling knowledge and financial exchequer.

* * *

VAN DER WALT and Londos have met in several contests and have set new records in attendance and takings all over the Union. So impressed was the famous Greek by the South African after their very first clash in Durban that he cabled Ray Fabiani, noted Philadelphia impresario, urging him to invite v. d. Walt to the States.

"I had been told that there were several good professional wrestlers in South Africa who had migrated there from other parts of the world," declared Londos, "but I honestly did not expect to find a South African-born wrestler with a chance of holding his own in the best company.

"But after the show van der Walt put up against me in Durban, I am satisfied that he will prove a sensation in America, where the promoters are always on the lookout for new blood. He is just the kind who would provide a change from heavyweights who grow beards and freaks masquerading as wrestlers.

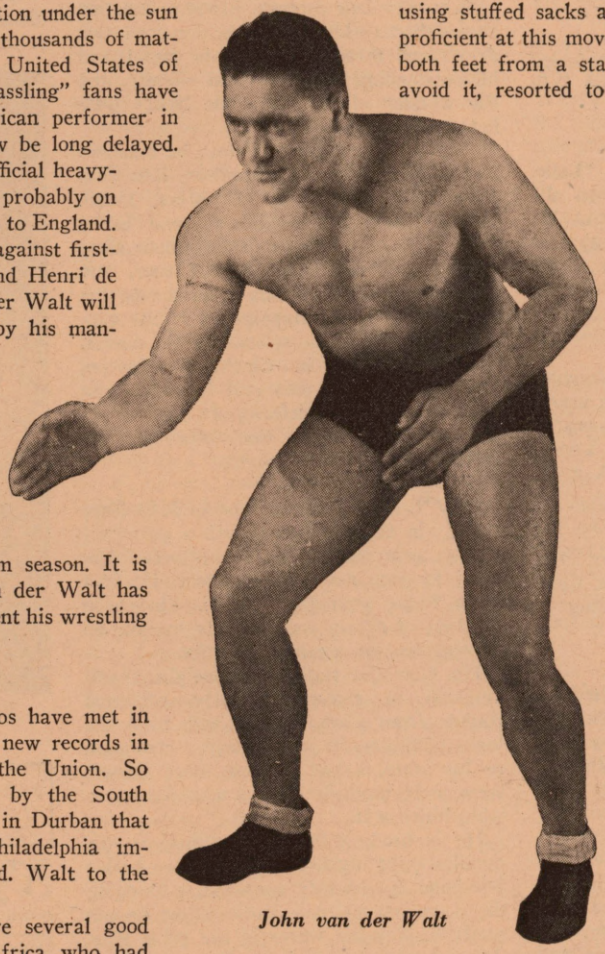
"Van der Walt," said Londos to this writer, "has strength, skill and stamina to an unusual degree. He is inclined to be too rough and reckless, but this should disappear with experience."

* * *

HENRY IRSLINGER is of the opinion that van der Walt can throw ninety-five per cent of the leading heavyweight mastodons in the States. Though he did not succeed in defeating Londos, van der Walt drew with the ex-world champion three times and in two other matches lost by one fall after doing nearly all the attacking, the cunning Greek trapping him each time into one false move.

Van der Walt, who tips the scales at 210 pounds, is a beautifully-built young man of twenty-eight, with the typical physique of the husky South African farmer, or Boer. With his curly locks and flashing smile, he has a big appeal for the "femmes."

Every movement of his in the ring radiates color. His trump card is the mule-kick, or drop-kick, as it is known in the States. Van der Walt developed this kick to perfection in the gymnasium, using stuffed sacks as a target, until today he is deadly proficient at this move. He can deliver a terrific kick with both feet from a standing position, and Jim Londos, to avoid it, resorted to running about the ring like Jesse Owens, much to the derision of the crowd.



John van der Walt

Van der Walt has gained many falls by dazing his opponents with the mule-kick, but this is by no means his only asset. He has a very quick mental capacity for absorbing new holds and tricks and he does not depend on a few specialized holds.

* * *

ONE of John's best holds is the combination arm-bar-swan-wrist-lock and hammer-lock, with which Dick Shikat caused Danno O'Mahony to quit in their world championship bout. The coaching of Irslinger is apparent in his style and American fans will find that van der Walt has learned a great deal from his matches with the masterly Londos.

I predict that van der Walt will take your wrestling followers by storm, as he is an answer to the promoters' "color" prayer, and there is certain to be a big demand for the South African's services.

Irslinger plans to place van der Walt under the care of Paul Bowser, and the South African will show at Madison Square Garden in a world championship tournament, if present intentions hold.

Van der Walt has been wrestling for only five years, including two as a Simon-pure. To impress South African promoters of his ability, he was forced to start his wrestling career incognito and created a sensation as the "Masked Marvel." There was much surprise, in fact, when he discarded the disguise and revealed himself as a local product.

* * *

VAN DER WALT has tossed the following men and drawn with Jim Londos: Henry Irslinger, Tom Alley, Martin Merkur, George Boganski, Joe Gotch, "Whiskers" Blake, Jack Berg, Marty Bucht, Mick Cubbin, Harry Mamos, Leo Jensen, George Modrich, Joe Campbell, Jim Atlas, Hank Oswald, Emil Dusek, Bob Kruse, Percy Forster, Karol Zbyszko.

Before he took to wrestling, van der Walt was a tram-driver in Johannesburg. He is a qualified air-pilot and travels to matches in his own plane, a £1,750 Hornet Moth machine. He is also a good footballer and is very popular with South African sportsmen.

Van der Walt is a married man and the father of a five-year-old girl and two-year-old boy. His father is a minister in the Dutch Reformed Church in Johannesburg and John himself is very religious.

I would like to conclude this article with some mention of Jim Londos. The "Greek Adonis" pulled the mat sport right out of the mud by his brilliant exhibitions and set a new standard for the sport in South Africa.

Winning Punches

(Continued from page 14)

and accordingly went the way to oblivion, like the pre-historic animals of the Stone Age of huge bulk and little brain.

When Primo knocked out Sharkey the deed was done with a sweeping uppercut hurled from his hip in haphazard fashion. That was his greatest accomplishment, and probably surprised Carnera as much as it did everyone else. Prior to the battle, subtle hints came from his training quarters that Primo had discovered and was practicing a "secret punch" designed to work havoc on Sharkey's person. The secret, when revealed, turned out to be a swinging uppercut, and many a spectator must have wondered where there was much of a mystery about that.

Jack Sharkey has been in the game a long while and the public at large are pretty well acquainted with his fighting methods. The ex-gob is strictly conventional in his style, carries a good defense, can jab and hook accurately, and his right hand isn't to be sneered at for its punching powers, when he cares to use it, which isn't too often. He has never been accused of inventing a new wallop, nor has he ever shown partiality for any particular form of blow as a winning factor.

In this he differs from Max Schmeling, who won the championship from Sharkey on a foul, and lost it to him in a second encounter on points. Sharkey trusted to the straight left-handing process on the latter occasion and was awarded a decision that didn't please either the crowd, or a majority of the boxing experts. Max is an apostle of the right-hand persuasion, as those who saw him knock out the clever Joe Louis will agree. There can be no argument as to what punch is listed as favorite by the game German slugger. It's the old socking right every time.

James J. Braddock never went right-hand crazy in the ring at any stage of his career. Jim is a cautious boxer, something on the Tunney order. But he has been known to turn that right loose with a vengeance in the past, when a good opening presented itself, and with evil consequences for the fellow who took the rap.

For instance, there was the downfall of Tuffy Griffiths, who came out of the West a few years ago, touted as a killer with half a hundred knockouts to his credit. Braddock took him on in Madison Square Garden. And before the second round was well under way they were taking Tuffy out, very white around the gills, a victim of a Braddock right to the jowl that stretched the Westerner out as cold as a canned clam.

Hearts and Frames of Oak

(Continued from page 17)

a prizefighter of championship rank. And Ward certainly was a champion. He followed Tom Spring as holder of the English title in 1825 and held it off and on until the time of Bendigo, fifteen years later in 1839.

Ward was not a big man—in build and style and in many other ways he was similar to Jem Mace—but the punishment that he withstood in some of his battles was sufficient to slay a giant. His fight with Peter Crawley in 1827 for the championship of England was the fiercest and most bloody encounter ever seen in England up to that time.

Awful blows were exchanged in give and take manner almost as if the method had been prearranged. So heavy and so damaging was each blow that the supporters of either man alternately went wild with triumph and rushed the ring, thinking all was over; but time after time, Ward or Crawley, whichever one had been downed, would rise and come to the scratch.

Ward's fists, which had the peculiar faculty of inflicting deep cuts, devastated the features of Crawley, who was by trade a butcher and known as "Young Rumpsteak." His nickname had never appeared to be more fitting than it did that day. When only ten rounds had been fought, both men were exhausted by their exertions, the punishment and loss of blood, and the audience —perhaps the most distinguished that had ever been present at a prize fight—saw very clearly that the end would come whenever one of the men could summon sufficient strength to deal one more good blow. Crawley, who was a sixfooter and a man of magnificent physique, at length managed to get home with a knockdown, and Ward, once down, could not rise.

* * *

THUS was Peter Crawley made champion of England at the age of twenty-seven—but he never wore the crown. He had had enough of fighting. He donned his butcher's apron and went back to the trade, and never again entered the ring as a contestant.

Present at that fight, apart from all the sporting nobility of England, were Gentleman John Jackson, Mr. John Gully, old Daniel Mendoza and the famous sporting parson of Bilsworth, Parson Ambrose. Squire Osbaldeston was the referee.

Ward, like Mace, was a musician, and was also a painter of note. Like Mace, he also became a hotel keeper in his declining years. I wonder whether Mace, when he was in London, ever stepped round to the King's Arms and yarned with mine host, Jem Ward, over the vanished glories of the prize ring. It is possible to imagine the old bare-knuckle champions getting out their fiddles and playing a last farewell tune to the old days, the old forgotten days of the noble art, when there were hearts of oak in the turfed ring.

It Must Not Be a Collegian's Game

(Continued from page 18)

sufficient to carry a man to the top, then Bob would have a glorious chance. But, as one wag remarked, "What does he intend to do with his fists?"

So we'll have to withhold further comment on "Greyhound Bob" until further developments.

Then there is gigantic George Theodoratus, the Washington gridiron and weight man, who caused a lot of critics to rave and rant over his fistic attainments. They shoved him into the ring against a lot of mediocre opposition, and the lad with the Greek monicker did everything asked of him—knocking them colder than an Arctic herring. Then they made the mistake of putting him in there with wornout old Chet Shandell. Old and decrepit though he may be, Mr. Shandell can still hit an open target occasionally. On this particular occasion, he tagged young Theodoratus in one solitary round. When George came around, everybody but the janitor had gone home.

Chet was offered up for the sacrificial goat a second time, and this time George redeemed himself by stopping his erstwhile conqueror.

Having proved that the Shandell kayo was an accident, Theodoratus was paired up against Louie Nova, a fair-to-middling Coast heavy. Louie didn't do a thing but blast George for another knockout, all of which proves that the sooner they get Theodoratus away from the ring game, the better it will be.

* * *

I'VE often wondered why it is that a college athlete can't make any headway in a game that calls for the utmost in speed, durability, gameness and perfect co-ordination of mind and muscle. The ordinary top-flight fighter wouldn't get to first base in a football game against a team like Notre Dame or Minnesota. Tackles on elevens like these would have fellows like Louis, Schmeling and Braddock looking like they just came out of a sausage mill in less than a quarter.

The college athlete can block and tackle —he can kick, run and pass—he can be a glorious star on major league baseball teams —he can hurl the discus, toss the sixteen-pound shot—he can play top-flight basketball and hockey, he can hurdle, play tennis and golf—he can even wrestle, but there are two things he can't do. That is, to take a wallop on the beezer and the other is to deliver one himself.

It must be it's not a college man's game.

The British Comeback

(Continued from page 29)

any great excitement, except that he threw glass and all with the wine, raising a lump on Planicka's head.

In spite of the fact that Planicka was a member of the visiting team, the home town crowd was so enraged at the conduct of their fellow-townsman that they nearly lynched him. The police burst through, arrested the wine-thrower, and hurried him off to jail. When he came up for trial, the judge sentenced him to two years in prison!

Now, obviously it isn't going to pay to argue with the referee in Roumania.

And probably not in Japan, either, a land where ball players take off their caps to the umpire.

Jimmy Londos, versatile former wrestling champion, learned something from the Japanese. Despite the fact that he was born in the home town of Hercules, he felt he needed something besides strength to make good in modern wrestling. So he studied Japanese color prints of wrestling to learn new Oriental postures and attitudes!

A friend in the Orient writes, by the way, that the Japanese have gotten very interested in boxing and are just about to turn loose some very good men in the smaller divisions.

Expert Forecasts

(Continued from page 32)

FROM Braddock's training camp, Francis Albertanti had issued a series of articles stating in clear-cut, sane fashion several cogent reasons why the non-spectacular, but hard-working and grimly determined James J. would not run second to the very spectacular but joyously indolent Baer. Few believed him. Most readers put the Albertanti arguments in the ballyhoo class, and the critics ran true to form by hanging on to the champion's coat-tail with doglike fidelity. But Baer failed them, and moreover, failed so dismally that his popularity faded into memory's mists overnight.

With Baer's popularity went his once over-weening self-confidence, as air leaks from a flattened tire. The ego that formerly dominated the happy warrior was conspicuous by its absence on the night Joe Louis completed his humiliation by kayoing him in short order, with almost absurd ease. But you can't list that melancholy business as an upset to any great extent. Even his friends had lost faith in Max long before the thing started, and the experts were whooping it up for the Brown Bomber in the style that became a habit with them until the said Bomber exploded on their hands in his turn.

All of the upsets hitherto mentioned occurred in championship events. The Schmeling-Louis battle did not involve a title. But the ceaseless, insistent ballyhoo had elevated the colored boxer to demi-god status, so that his meeting with the German took on just as much importance as a contest for the crown. A million-dollar gate might have been registered were it not for the Jewish boycott of Schmeling as a Nazi, and postponements due to bad weather.

* * *

BRADDOCK held the official title. But the real, if unofficial, champ, was sitting placidly in his corner waiting for the bell, and reflecting how long he would allow the presumptuous Dutchman to stand erect before knocking him for a goal. That, at least, was the way the critics felt about it, and the bulk of the fight fans, too, for that matter.

When things worked out in exactly the opposite direction there was, of course, universal stupefaction, not only among the Louis adorers of his own race, but among the rank and file of white patrons as well. On later reflection these may have begun to realize that their personal judgment had been actually swamped by the tidal wave of publicity that carried Louis to Olympian heights.

Nothing is easier than posing as a wise guy after the event. Or, as Kipling neatly put it, "When the thing that couldn't has occurred!" Let it be distinctly understood that the present writer has no intention whatever of laying claim to infallibility of judgment. Quite the contrary! He devoured the Louis propaganda eagerly, was a staunch believer in the colored man's prowess, and expected to see Schmeling hammered out in jig-time.

* * *

BALLYHOO advertising in pugilism or any other walk of life is bound to attain the desired effect in the long run. Stimulate the public imagination sufficiently, keep on persistently proclaiming a thing as wonderful, and people will eventually adopt its suggested value as genuine, whether it is or not.

A queer psychological slant to this is that when a writer has pounded out ballyhoo for a long time, he frequently begins to believe in the stuff himself. A salesman who fails to acquire faith in the value of the merchandise he is peddling is pretty sure to become a business flop. That goes for fight publicity directors, too, for if prizefighting as conducted today isn't Big Business, then there just "ain't any such animal" as business with a large B.

Consciously or otherwise, the critics were self-hypnotized. They reached a stage where they could only view Joe Louis through the alluring, roseate glow their own reports of his ring conquests had thrown around the arresting figure of the youthful Negro boxer. When a martial hero makes good again and again, what is there to do save praise him? Nor is it surprising that the constant inhalation of fumes arising from incense burned in his honor should eventually dope the worshippers and cause them to lose all sense of proportion.

In this particular case, the ballyhoo was much bigger than its subject. A bogey man of pugilism was created, a bogey so menacing of demeanour, so terrible of aspect, that it finally awed its creators. Incredible, hey? Not a bit of it! Just human nature, that's all.

* * *

YOU can kid yourself into believing most anything. Doesn't history record that King George IV of England, as magnificent a liar as ever perjured an immortal soul, never heard a shot fired in anger. Yet he had so often told the thrilling tale of how he headed a charge of heavy dragoons on the French lines at Waterloo that eventually he really believed himself to be a war veteran, and any acquaintance venturing to doubt that same came under the royal displeasure. Old George died too soon. He'd have shone as a modern prizefight expert!

Since his knockout at the hands of Schmeling, Joe Louis has engaged in regulation fistic contests with Jack Sharkey, Al Ettore, Jorge Brescia, Eddie Simms and Bob Pastor, in addition to having a number of exhibitions. By the time this article appears, Louis will have fought Braddock for the title. Joe scored a kayo over Sharkey in three rounds; stopped Ettore in five, Brescia in three, Simms with just one punch, and then was made to look ridiculous in his ten-round running match with Pastor. What he does with Braddock is problematical. I predict he'll kayo Jimmy.

Of course, in all of his bouts previous to the Pastor mill and following his knockout by Schmeling, Louis exhibited the punching power that was his prior to that debacle. But he also showed a lack of coordination, due primarily to the fact that the blows which Schmeling had rained upon him had left their mark. He no longer was the cock-sure Negro who had mowed down opponent after opponent. This he proved conclusively against Pastor, who prevented the Bomber from getting set for a kayo wallop by sprinting around the ring much to the discomfiture of Louis.

At this writing the folks are asking, will he prove any better against the heavyweight king? Will his rival make him look foolish by repeating the dose that Pastor handed Joe? They speculate whether Louis has fully regained his old form despite his four knockouts after the Schmeling mill and whether that defeat has permanently removed the Detroit Negro from the top-flight contender. They wonder whether there is enough dogged tenacity of purpose in his make-up to bolster up a sensational comeback with the winning of the heavyweight crown.

Interesting problems, these! But the solutions must be made by Joe Louis himself. Prophets aren't worth a dime a dozen in the sport market at present. The poet who declared it were better to "let the dead past bury its dead!" said a mouthful, though he wasn't referring to the bursting of a fistic boom. Maybe an even wiser maxim would be, "let the future look out for itself!"

Your guess is as good as mine, and the forecaster who keeps his forecasts snugly under cover won't suffer the ignominy of having predictions back-fire squarely in his map! There's where you readers will have it on the Old Timer if Braddock should retain his laurels.

New Mat Favorites

(Continued from page 41)

He moved to Nebraska, settled in Ravenna, and there he placed himself under the tutorship of two of the greatest wrestling title-holders the game has known, Joe Stecher, the Dodge City scissors expert, and John Pesek, the Ravenna standard-bearer of the wrist-lock.

Two years later, in 1927, Pinto, having hardened himself and weighing 212 pounds and standing five feet eleven inches, embarked on a professional career. From that day to the present time, the name of Pinto has become a thorn in the side of all matmen who chanced meeting him in competition. He is one of the roughest wrestlers in captivity.

* * *

GIL LARREA, Mexican heavyweight champion, has toured the United States several times. He has wrestled such men as Jim Londos, Joe Stecher, Jim McMillan, Rudy Dusek, Karl Pojello, Karl Strack, Paul Jones and many others too numerous to mention.

He is now operating in his own country and so far has not been defeated in Mexico. He is wrestling for independent promoters and believes in the word action in the ring and lots of it. He is ready to meet Lopez any time and he is willing to post his belt and a side bet. Larrea won the Mexican title in 1925.

A Real Treat

In Next Issue

The Big Chicago Championship Fight in Story and Pictures

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

James J. Hart, Jr., New Orleans, La.

Q.—Is Sixto Escobar, the Puerto Rican boxer, of Negro blood? Has Cocoa Kid, the Puerto Rican welterweight, been the only Negro boxer to fight a white man in Baltimore? Please give me the names of the recognized champions of Europe in each weight for the years of 1932, 1933, and 1934. Is Ron Richards, the Australian boxer, of black or white race?

A.—Escobar is a Puerto Rican of Spanish descent. His parents are dark-skinned, but not black. Cocoa Kid was the first to engage in a mixed match in Baltimore and the only one to date. Impossible for us to give you the European champions at this time. Richards is white.

Franklin Tripp, Guntersville, Ala.

Q.—I am 16 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weigh 138 pounds. What weight will I most likely be when I am 21? Do you think I will grow much taller before I mature? How can you build up chest and shoulder muscles?

A.—You will probably scale around 160 pounds. You will also grow into the six feet figures. Rowing exercises, pulleys and dumb-bell exercises. Our book, "How to Train," will give you additional exercises to follow.

Gene Martinez, Kingston, Jamaica

Q.—Two boxers fall into a clinch and the one on the inside, with a free arm, pulls it up, elbow first, between himself and his opponent, striking him on the chin with the back of the glove—that is, the part between the knuckle and the wrist. The blow is not driven up first and struck with the knuckle of the glove, the actual contact being made with the back of the glove. Is this legal? One of the leading referees here says it is not a violation of any rules.

A.—It is not legal. It is a back-hand blow, the same as any other back-hand punch. It violates the rule on clean hitting.

Q.—A boxer is hit and goes down. The referee counts up to six and then the boxer gets up, but as his opponent comes towards him, he drops to his knees, no blow being delivered. Should the referee disqualify the fighter who went down without being hit or should he continue to count, and if so, how does the count begin?

A.—That procedure happened in the fight between Jack Sharkey and Primo Carnera at Ebbets Field. Sharkey had put Primo down. The count was started and when it had reached six, Primo got up. As Sharkey came towards him, Carnera went down on one knee and Referee Gunboat Smith properly waved Sharkey aside and resumed the count from where he had left off. That is the usual procedure.

However, it is a matter for the referee to decide. In England, Carnera would probably have been disqualified for going down without being hit, but in this country, the referee is allowed some leeway in that he is the sole judge as to whether the fighter dropped from exhaustion or because he had not yet gotten over the effects of the blow that originally had sent him down and dropped for a second time only because he had no control over his actions. If, in the opinion of the referee, the fighter went down to avoid further attack, he would be justified in disqualifying him.

J. Gardner, Sussex, England

Q.—Has there been a British world champion since 1900?

A.—Yes. Jimmy Wilde, Joe Bowker, Freddy Welsh, Benny Lynch. Wilde was flyweight king; Bowker, bantamweight; Welsh, lightweight champion; Lynch, flyweight.

Art Handley, London, Eng.

Q.—Was Ted Broadribb, who manages Tommy Farr, a fighter of any consequence?

A.—He certainly was. In his prime, Ted was a good fighter. He gave Georges Carpentier a lacing when the Frenchman was a topnotcher in the smaller divisions.

Mike Lerner, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—Where was Joe Gans born? What was the cause of his death?

A.—In Baltimore. He died from tuberculosis.

Freddie Marston, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—Can a manager toss in the towel in New York?

A.—Under New York rules, he cannot. The referee is sole judge of the condition of a fighter and he alone can halt a contest.

Stanley Briczinski, Aliquippa, Pa.

Q.—Will you please let me know the nationality of Johnny Buff, the former flyweight and bantamweight champion? In the April issue of The Ring, a story by T. W. McNiel mentioned that Buff is of Polish descent and I would like to know if that is true.

A.—Buff is of Bohemian descent and not Polish. It was rumored that he joined the Navy again.

Buddy Fort, Catonsville, Calif.

Q.—My weight is 115 pounds, and my height is 5 feet 3½ inches. I am 13 years of age. What division do you think I will fight in when I am 21? What did The Ring mean by the following statement: "Jack Portney is only a lightweight in reality." How old is he?

A.—You will either be a welterweight or middleweight. Portney has been fighting in the welterweight class, but can really make the lightweight division if forced to it. He is 26 years of age.

Arthur Rose, Evansville, Ind.

Q.—Where is Alvin Britt campaigning and what is his weight? Was his father considered a good wrestler?

A.—Britt right now is on the Pacific Coast. He is a light-heavyweight and his father was a topnotcher.

Martin Chelsby, Birmingham, Eng.

Q.—What was the correct birthplace of Tom Sayers, who fought John C. Heenan in the famous international bout of 1860?

A.—He was born at Pimlico, and not London, as most reports have it.

Charley Summers, Racine, Wis.

Q.—Was Charley White ever a world champion?

A.—No. The nearest he came to it was when he had Benny Leonard almost out in Michigan City.

Thomas Blakeley, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Was Frankie Neil ever bantam king?

A.—Yes. When he knocked out Harry Forbes in San Francisco on August 13, 1904, in two rounds, he was generally recognized as bantam champ.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

V. G., Richmond, Va.

Q.—What is Max Baer's real name? Do you think he will ever amount to anything in the boxing world again?

A.—Max Adelbert Baer. Very unlikely.

Marty Gordon, Fort Lewis, Wash.

Q.—Which is better for a boxer, sawing logs or chopping small trees? Will a lot of sawing tend to make one muscle bound? What is a good way to build up brittle hands? Who do you think would have won in their respective primes—Sid Terris vs. Tony Canzoneri, Terris vs. Barney Ross, Ross vs. Sammy Mandell, Canzoneri vs. Benny Leonard?

A.—Both good exercises. It is an excellent exercise and will not make you muscle bound. Squeezing a hard rubber ball and soaking the hands in brine of beef. Canzoneri, Ross, Mandell and Leonard.

Guido Glometti, Rio Vista, Calif.

Q.—Will you please give me the age, height and nationality of Freddie Steele, the world middleweight champion? I think Steele is the best middleweight champion since Stanley Ketchel.

A.—Steele is 24 years of age, height 5 feet 9 inches, Scotch-Irish-American.

J. M. R., Boston, Mass.

Q.—Who was the first recognized world champion heavyweight, either of England or America? I refer to the bare knuckle days. What was his nationality and when did he rule?

A.—The first champion in boxing was James Figg of London, 1719-1730, when he retired. Naturally, there were no world champions as the sport was wholly confined to England. The first American heavyweight champion was Jacob Hyer, who beat Tom Beasley in 1816, and then retired, although his son, Tom, who fought around 1846, is credited with being our first United States heavyweight king.

Q.—Where was Bob Fitzsimmons born and what were his measurements?

A.—He was born at Helston, Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862. He was 165 pounds, 5 feet 11½ tall, and had a 75-inch reach, 43½ inches chest normal, 46 chest expanded, 7½ inches wrist, 21½ inches thigh, 13½ inches biceps, 14 inches calf, 8¾ inches ankle, and 31 inches waist.

Joe Massa, Springdale, Pa.

Q.—Please tell me how to practise punches without another partner? How many days a week should I train for a three-round fight?

A.—Shadow boxing will help, but you need actual boxing to develop your boxing skill and punching. "How to Train" gives you all the necessary answers for training for a fight.

G. Gardner, Sussex, England

Q.—Max Baer and King Levinsky were beaten in England in their last contests and consequently American boxers' ratings took a tumble in this country. How does Freddy Steele get the middleweight title? What about Jock McAvoy? In your monthly ratings, there should be another dozen British boxers. They are saying the American boxers are overrated and it looks like it. Your ratings are not properly made. You give too little credit to foreign boxers.

A.—Baer and Levinsky have both passed their peak. If the British press misrepresented their calibre, that is not our fault. Here we have repeatedly said that Levinsky is no longer worthy of mention as a top flight fighter, and we also have often said that Baer has seen his best days.

Thil was the rightful holder of the middleweight title until he retired. Steele was the American champion and much better than Thil. He defended his title against Risko successfully and recently kayoed Frank Battaglia in three rounds to uphold his claim. McAvoy is not a middleweight but belongs in the light-heavyweight ranks. When he fought for the title in New York City he was given a thorough whipping by John Henry Lewis, the light-heavyweight champion. If you can name any British boxers that are overlooked in the monthly ratings, please send them along.

Dave Crowley, who recently whipped Jimmy Welsh, your lightweight champion, was knocked out here by Mike Belloise. You can rest assured that if the British public saw our first class headliners like Henry Armstrong, Barney Ross, Freddy Steele, Bob Nestell, Sixto Escobar, Pedro Montanez, Lou Ambers, Fred Apostoli, Teddy Yarosz and Lou Salica, they would soon change their minds about our fighters being overrated. It is the reverse, I think—the British boys are rated too highly by you, judged on performance against mediocre United States fighters or those who have seen their better days.

I. Cilpienski, Newark, N. J.

Q.—When you name stones in the weight of British wrestlers or fighters, what do you mean?

A.—A stone is 14 pounds.

Art Tompkins, Oswego, N. Y.

Q.—Can a manager collect his share of the cut from a preliminary boy?

A.—Yes, he is entitled to a cut on all fights, but as a rule, a good manager won't deduct from a lad who is just making enough to carry him along. He waits until the boy gets into the bigger money field.

Martin Chisel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What is the position of the knuckles when a left hook to the chin is delivered?

A.—The wrist is turned so that the knuckles are up.

Frank Twiddie, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—What are the correct names of Pete Latzo, Mike Ballerino, Paddy Ryan? How did McAuliffe come to the lightweight title?

A.—Correct, correct, Patrick Ryan. On May 1, 1885, McAuliffe defeated Harry White. The victor challenged Jimmy Mitchen to fight for the American lightweight title. Mitchen declined and McAuliffe claimed the crown. On November 16, 1887, McAuliffe and Jem Carney, the British champion, fought at Revere Beach, Mass., for the world title. The bout went seventy-four rounds and was called a draw by the referee after the ring ropes were cut and the crowd stopped the mill.

Martin Flaversham, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Why are The Ring bound volumes so valuable, as listed in the last issue?

A.—Because there are no more than possibly 30 complete bound volume sets in existence. Many of those who held on to the 1922, 1923 and 1924 copies, learned to their delight that they have become very rare as Americana—in fight history. I recently paid $2.00 each for seven monthly copies that I required for bound volumes for these three years. A complete set of Rings from 1922 to the present day, in my opinion, is now worth $300. Back issues are as scarce as hen's teeth. Try to get those of the first three years.

William Miller Jr., Newark, N. J.

Q.—I am 15 years of age and weigh 107 pounds. Would it be all right to start amateur boxing when I am 112 pounds and 16 years of age? What class is 112 pounds and what ounce gloves are used? Also the bantamweight class?

A.—Eighteen years of age would be much better, regardless of what you weighed. 112 pound class is the flyweights. Eight ounce gloves are used in the amateurs and six ounce for the professionals.

Carlos Dendre, Charleston, S. C.

Q.—Where was Stanley Ketchel killed? Where was he born? Is there any fighter living today who defeated Ketchel? Was Packey McFarland, who died last year, ever called the Chicago Strong Boy?

A.—Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., September 24, 1887. He died on October 15, 1910, at Conway, Missouri, from gunshot wounds. Yes, Jack Johnson. He is the only one. I don't recall ever having heard that expression. He was commonly known as the Stockyards Kid.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

JUST a few more words from an American manager who is travelling abroad and is eager to tell his countrymen about the splendid treatment our boys receive at the hands of the promoters and fight fans in England and in South Africa. I have had Pete Sarron, world featherweight king, both in Johannesburg and in London, and now that we are about to return to our native land after more than four months spent abroad, I want to thank the foreign promoters, especially Syd Hull, General Critchley and Frank Gentle of Harringay Stadium of London, and St. John Dean of the Transvaal Sporting Club of Johannesburg, for their splendid treatment of their American guests.

England is in the throes of a huge boxing boom. The public is spending money wildly. Fights are being patronized as seldom in the history of British boxing and the heavyweight situation has taken a turn for the better.

It is pitiful, however, to think that the promoters cannot bring over from America our best boys instead of fellows who have seen their better days. The British boys are fully capable to give our stars a run for their money and I hope, in the best interests of the sport, that our topnotchers, instead of has-beens, can be imported, and that we, in turn, will see fit to bring from England its best fighters to engage our talent.

Petey Sarron and I, through THE RING, the most widely read international boxing magazine in the world, take this means to thank all of our hosts and our army of friends who treated us so fairly in our sojourn in England and South Africa. May I add, by way of completing this little letter, that a fighter or wrestler whose name is not seen in THE RING had better not make a trip to foreign lands, because his services aren't worth a tinker's dam, unless he receives THE RING's recognition. That's how important THE RING is abroad and to what extent the foreigners regard THE RING.

It is truly the fight fans' and promoters' Bible. At least, we have found that to be true, and every American who has travelled abroad realizes that.

As for THE RING's Editor, Nat Fleischer, his editorials and stories are widely reproduced in foreign lands. He has made THE RING a famous paper, and THE RING, in turn, has made him an internationally famous fistic character.

JIMMY ERWIN, Manager of Petey Sarron,
Johannesburg, South Africa.

* * *

I LIVE in Campbellton, New Brunswick, Canada, where hockey, not boxing, is the chief sport. I like boxing, so naturally am a constant reader of THE RING Magazine, and appreciate it very much as it gives me the current boxing news.

You say that you rate boxers not chiefly by their previous work but according to their activity during the period for which you are rating them. I do not doubt your reason for the high rating of Maxey Rosenbloom, but I do not understand why he is rated so highly, and yet I do not see much about his activity in newspapers or even in your monthly publication of THE RING. Would you kindly name me a few good boxers he has beaten lately to deserve such a high rating.

"When it was proven by "Auto" in France that Lou Brouillard, our fighter from America, had really won the fight from Marcel Thil in France, and not lost it by a foul as claimed, why do you claim that Freddy Steele is champion, as Thil has resigned? I do not disagree that Steele is of championship calibre, but I believe the least that could be done is give this plucky fighter, Brouillard, a chance and name him champion.

Let Freddy Steele beat him for the championship. There might be a rule which prevents Lou Brouillard from being champion because of the unfair decision, but surely this does not make Steele champion. Many others, I am sure, will agree that Thil's resigning does not make Steele *champion.*

A last thing I should like to know is: What has happened to Bill Hoolahan, who was advertised in some of the newspapers as the latest heavyweight threat when Max Baer was champion? Dr. Ralph Wagner, the millionaire Hollywood sportsman, was reported as intending to spend $100,000 in the hope of building him into the next champ. Even Jack Dempsey was reported interested in his prospects.

LEONARD GAMLIN,
Campbellton, N. B.

* * *

YOUR middleweight, Freddie Steele, cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be accepted as the world's champion, outside of U. S. A. If Marcel Thil has retired, Steele becomes America's leading contender, and nothing more.

He may, or may not, be the world's best (personally, I think he is), but he must prove his claim in international combat, not by press boosting.

Mr. Editor, you say you are tired of this dual champion mess, but you are not helpful. Neither is the New York Commission with its policy of splendid isolation. Nor the British Board, with its cold shoulder attitude towards the European Federation. Why don't all get together and control this championship business?

Congratulations to Daniel M. Daniel on his "Globe Trotter" article in the May issue. It is nice to know that someone can really see the funny side of all the "ballyhoo." I thought the article a scream.

WALTER GREEN,
Clapham Common, London, Eng.

* * *

I AM a regular reader of your famous RING Magazine, and have a great respect for you Americans, as well as for your correspondents all over the world. I am a wrestler and have every interest in the mat game, thus not missing a single match. I have seen all Jim Londos' fights in Johannesburg and Durban, and would like to correct a mistake in the article, "News of the Mat World," page 36, in the March issue.

Your correspondent writes that Jim fought "Lightning Joe Campbell" in Johannesburg before a crowd of 500 people, whereas the correct figure was estimated at 8000. His statement that Londos defeated both Campbell and Irslinger on the same night is also fallacious. Londos did defeat two opponents on the same night, but they were Joe Campbell and Jim Atlas, both American grapplers.

Jim is not the man we thought he was. He narrowly managed to defeat our South African champion, Johannes van der Walt, after ninety minutes of wrestling, the result being one fall to nil. This does not sound great when comparing v. d. Walt's three years' experience with that of a former world champion with twenty years' experience.

Van der Walt has already beaten Karol Zbyszko, the latest importation, with whom Champion Jim could only manage to draw twice. The wrestling population of South Africa express the opinion of Karol Zbyszko being a much more skilled and colorful performer than Champion Jim. I saw Jim Londos fight in Cape Town, Durban and Johannesburg, and the smallest crowd that ever witnessed any of his fights was some 3000.

We buy THE RING for the purpose of getting the latest news of all well known matmen and boxers throughout the world. If all your correspondents were as genuine as your South African correspondent, THE RING would not be worth while reading.

I sincerely hope that the above article will be published in your columns, so that the world can see that South Africa is more advanced in sport than people make us out to be. I am writing this article on behalf of the wrestling fraternity in South Africa, of which my pal and I are two active representatives.

J. H. DAVIS and D. S. LEROUX,
Durban, South Africa.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

T. W. McNIEL'S article in your April issue on "Boxing's Gamecocks" was of special interest to me, and I suppose to many RING readers on this side who share with me the opinion that Europe is the happy hunting ground of the little gladiators. Where flyweights are concerned, we consider ourselves supreme, and it is some satisfaction to us to have your contributor acknowledging Benny Lynch's clear right to No. 1 world's title. In RING ratings, you have not always shown an up-to-date knowledge of European form, which in the 112-pound division is probably far ahead of American standards, judging by the displays of Small Montana (your No. 1 flyweight) over here.

Lynch defeated him in London, Tiny Bostock whipped him comfortably in Manchester, Pat Palmer made a close fight of it in London. Peter Kane, our newest flyweight star from Golbourne, a few miles from here, would be fancied to stop No. 1 Filipino. Others who would be expected to prove his superior are the Irish "southpaw," Jimmy Warnock, who holds a Belfast verdict over Lynch, and "Tut" Whalley, another "southpaw," who is a stablemate of Bostock. There would be a lot of money, too, for Paddy Ryan of Manchester to give Montana a real argument at Small's favorite weight, 110 pounds, or at 108 pounds for that matter. Ryan is one of those small flys who pack a pocket Hercules frame and strength in little compass, and I may add there are few boys near his weight in this country who hit as hard as Paddy does.

He acted as sparring partner to Montana when the latter was meeting Bostock at Belle Vue and his experience then convinced him that, with the "pillow cases" off, he could beat Montana. Ryan shortly afterward gave the Canadian Jap, Katsumi Morioka, a rough handling in the Belle Vue ring. Another boy who is rather below standard size for the flyweight division, and yet can "dish it out," is Joe Curran of Liverpool—another Ryan. I should say the general level of ability here among the "flys" is higher than ever it was, although I do not class Lynch with Jimmy Wilde.

There will only be one Wilde, one Griffo, one Gans, one Fitzsimmons. The difference between Lynch and Wilde is that of genius. Lynch is no fighting freak, but he is a good champion, very strong and an exceptional hitter. To help you see him as he is, Lynch can be classed as superior to Elky Clark, a compatriot and former champion, whom you saw badly licked by Fidel La Barba, while on the other hand, you apparently have no flyweight as good as La Barba was at that time.

I am amazed at the manner in which your Eddie Borden ignores the cream of European talent in his monthly ratings. By what method of procedure he reaches his monthly conclusions I cannot say, but the fact remains that there are many splendid boxers here and in other parts of Europe who deserve a high ranking yet are absolutely ignored in Mr. Borden's page. Why? I should think that Mr. Borden might follow European doings a little better to keep up-to-date in his selections.

Liverpool has a wonderful quartet of fighting men in Foran, Walsh, Kane and Ernie Roderick, and place with these names those of Lynch, McAvoy and Farr, and you have the reason why British boxing is coming up with a bang. The time has arrived when our boys can make the Americans look up and take notice!

HAYDEN K. BERRY, Bolton, Lancs., England,
Boxing correspondent to Newspapers, Ltd.

* * *

FOR a long time I have been wanting to voice my opinion on a certain matter pertaining to champions who continually dodge meeting the rightful contender and engage in non-title bouts. When they do engage in a title bout it is usually with a second-rater whom they are sure to beat, thus retaining the title. Take the case of Freddie Steele, whom you have been boosting sky high. Every time he feels like fighting, he accepts a title bout, but instead of engaging real contenders, he selects the third rater Battaglia and others who don't figure, and ignores real contenders like Teddy Yarosz, Fred Apostoli and Young Corbett III. I see where he has accepted a match with Ken Overlin. Well, Ken is no one's sucker and I'm glad at least to think that perhaps Steele is getting wise to himself.

After all, the word champion means the best in his division. Let him prove it by fighting deserving ones in his sector.

Sixto Escobar is another evader. He continually meets Lou Salica when Harry Jeffra, deserving of a title chance, is ignored.

Pete Sarron, evading the cream of the featherweight class, Henry Armstrong, is not helping the fight game for the little fellows by battling lightweights abroad.—"RING" READER.

* * *

I WANT to congratulate THE RING on its most unbiased stand in the Schmeling-Braddock case. Your editorial in the July issue meets with the hearty approval of every true-blooded sportsman. You hit the nail on the head when you say that Schmeling has received the run-around.

And now for a few words on Colonel Kilpatrick's statement that he would throw the boxing situation wide open with an open attack on those who control the sport. If he has any information, why doesn't he come out with it? We, the fans who pay the freight, call his bluff.—ARTHUR HARMON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

THE present heavyweight muddle makes one wonder if we really have a boxing commission able to enforce and control the fisticuff business—not only in the interest of the game but for the public as well—may it be in New York, Chicago or elsewhere. Joe Gould and James Braddock signed a contract in good faith (at least we so expect), a written agreement to do battle with one Max Schmeling in New York, who seemed at the time to be the proper man, but they thought nothing of it when they went ahead and signed another contract to battle Joe Louis. Now, what's stopping them from signing a few more on the same basis?

It's true Braddock is the champion, and if he thought the noise of a boycott that popped up a few months ago would hamper the gate receipts through such a threat, he might have followed a course that could have brought about his release by placing his cards on the table, instead of proceeding as if a contract were just another piece of paper.

Jim can't be blamed for getting all that he can for the defense of his title (that seems to go with the crown). However, I don't think he should lose sight of the fact that the promoters aren't paying the bill (at least, they don't intend to lose money). They in turn look to "John Public" to foot costs and for that reason, if none other, it seems logical that they should be given first consideration—not Joe Gould or Jim Braddock. As things shaped up, they seemed to care little about the commission, a legitimate contract, or the public.—WALT MAU, Schenectady, N. Y.

* * *

JUST thought I would drop you a line as I have run across some interesting things in the boxing game during the past six weeks while "out in front" of John Henry Lewis.

The thing that interested me most of all was the manner in which boxing in the Corn Belt is handled and controlled (in a very businesslike manner) by Pinky George, who you know, of course. Pinky has the situation in Iowa, and in Minneapolis, strictly under control.

This young man has done a great job of operating boxing in a fair and square way, putting on good shows, developing fighters and giving the fans their money's worth. He has the newspapers in his corner throughout the state of Iowa, as well as in the Twin Cities. The sports writers swear by Pinky, particularly such leaders as Sec Taylor of the Des Moines *Register* and George Barton of the Minneapolis *Tribune*.

I sat in his room tonight at the Chamberlin Hotel, here, and saw a father bring a boy to him to start in the boxing game. I saw another young heavyweight come to him this afternoon for another crack at the game and heard Pinky give him a lecture on getting in shape and behaving himself in the future. This boy, George, has done more for real "honest-to-God" boxing than any promoter I have run across in many a year.

I think Pinky is deserving of a boost in THE RING and trust that you'll feel the same way about the matter. He has a good organization, with his brother, Andy, as chief factotum in charge of business details.—PAUL BEELER, Des Moines, Iowa.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

A HEAVYWEIGHT championship encounter usually occupies the spotlight and detracts from any other impending events. It was no different with the Jim Braddock-Joe Louis bout in Chicago, which was responsible for attracting a banner crowd. Boxing in other classes suffers as a consequence, but it is a momentary lapse. In the East, there are some mighty attractive scraps on tap which will be responsible for a few hundred thousand dollar gates.

Lou Ambers opposed to Pedro Montanez for the lightweight title will be responsible for $200,000 at the gate when they clash. Henry Armstrong, with the winner, will come close to that figure. Pound for pound, Armstrong is the greatest fighter in the world today, and that takes in a great deal of territory.

Freddy Steele, the middleweight champion, as long as he continues his active campaign and gives the various contenders a crack at the crown, will be a popular fighter. His is an ideal combination. Puncher, boxer, gifted with a million dollar personality and as courageous as they come, Steele will bring the middleweight class back to the halcyon days of Harry Greb, Mickey Walker and Tiger Flowers. A meeting between Steele and Marcel Thil, the French claimant, who is attempting another comeback, will bring out fifty thousand spectators if they ever meet in Paris, Thil's stamping grounds.

Steele and Teddy Yarosz or Billy Conn in Pittsburgh is close to a $100,000 attraction, while Steele and Ken Overlin is good for half that amount. A great deal of agitation is being spread on the Pacific Coast for a meeting between Steele and Fred Apostoli, which would result in a tremendous gate, even though Steele has already scored a knockout over Apostoli.

Apostoli has come along splendidly since that disastrous defeat and in addition has the support of the Hearst papers, which are sponsoring his cause. Naturally, in their over-zealous desires to boost the staging of that match, they have endeavored to undermine the reputation of Steele through devious methods and applauding the merits of their own charge, Apostoli. After Apostoli was thoroughly whipped by Ken Overlin in New York some months ago, the Hearst papers attacked the official decision viciously, even though there was no cause for such a demonstration. Overlin won the fight on his merits, but the aftermath favored Apostoli, through the intervention of the Hearst writers.

John Henry Lewis gave Bob Olin another crack at the light-heavyweight throne in St. Louis and on this occasion proved for all time that he is Olin's master. Olin was stopped in the eighth round after he had been floored twice. Lewis, as a heavyweight, will be a mighty formidable ringman—Enrico Venturi was given a scare by Irving Eldridge in their ten-round Coliseum meeting. Irving was holding his own in the first eight rounds but tired badly in the last two sufficiently to lose the verdict—Baby Salvy Saban turned in another creditable triumph when he disposed of Joe Pennino in the sixth round at the Coney Island Velodrome. Pennino was floored in the first and was sadly outclassed when the referee called a halt—The regulars of the fight game will miss Jimmy Marsh when he leaves for the Pacific Coast shortly. Jimmy is well liked by all and expects to bring a few satisfactory audience pleasers along with him. He should have no trouble in getting them engagements—Kid Chocolate flashed forth in good style to score over Al Reid at the New York Hippodrome in ten rounds. Chocolate scored knockdowns in the first and ninth sessions and showed splendid form. Eddie McGeever scored over Charley Diaz in the six-round semi-final.

Pedro Montanez displayed his usual hitting powers and class in abundance when he put Phil Baker away in the second round of their ten-round meeting at the Dyckman Oval. Baker did not have a chance against the snappy punching Puerto Rican and Montanez's victory bolsters his stock further for a lightweight title meeting, as the best that Ambers could do was score a victory over Baker a short time ago—A local upset of huge proportions was occasioned when Cuban Luis was stopped by Tony Celli in the third round of the semi-final. Luis was an overwhelming favorite but those upsets are bound to occur and Luis was the unfortunate victim—On the same night, Freddy Miller bounced through a decisive eight-round verdict over Red Cochrane at Dexter Park. Joey Fontana showed good form in whipping Joey Wach, while Pete Scalzo disposed of Harry Gentile in two heats.

A gruelling and most exciting affair was waged at the Hippodrome between Atilio Sabatino, the Puerto Rican middleweight, against the rugged Frankie Blair of Camden. Sabatino almost ended the fray in the first round when he nailed Blair with a terrific right hand. Blair went down, and in arising, it appeared as if his legs were paralyzed. Through a rare display of courage he managed to survive that session. He astounded the fans by coming through in the second and winning that round without trouble. Sabatino went on from that period and outboxed his sturdy, aggressive foe until the finish, but Blair came through with sporadic rallies which had the crowd yelling madly. Kid Bradad whipped "Irish" Johnny Smith in the six-round semi-final. George Brothers disposed of Eric Erickson in three rounds. Herbie Katz whipped Larry Schuk in six. Raymond Molina kayoed Pedro Nieves in four heats, while Bobby Britton scored in the four-round opener over Mickey Juliano.

Izzy Kline returned from his European trip enthused about Max Baer's reversal of form in his bout with Ben Foord. In his losing fight with Tommy Farr, Baer showed nothing but gameness and ability to absorb punishment. Against Foord, he cut loose with some heavy artillery and came through with a knockout. Izzy trained him for the two matches and expects to return to handle Baer when he clashes in his next engagement there—Bud Creesy announces to the wide, wide world that he is promoting shows regularly at Ashtabula, Ohio—Irving Eldridge had no trouble winning from Red Cochrane at the Coliseum in the final eight—George Zengaras outroughed Al Casimini in a hard-fought eight-rounder at the St. Nicholas Palace. Pete De Ruzzi scored over Bobby Britton in the semi-final of six—Kid Chocolate had no trouble in handling the hooks of Henry Hook to win the ten-round award at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn.

Frankie Wallace, Cleveland lightweight, was responsible for another upset in New York when he outpointed Maxie Berger in ten rounds of the opening outdoor show of the Queensboro Stadium. Wallace had too many tricks up his sleeve against the willing Berger, who is a good looking prospect for a youngster, and came through a clear winner—Marty Pomerantz and Jimmy Murray battled to a draw in the semi—Mike Belloise outpointed Jimmy McLeod in the opening show of the Coney Island Velodrome, although McLeod gave him a stubborn argument all the way. Vincenzo Dell 'Orto whipped Joe Wall in the six-round semi. Al Roth turned the tables on Eddie Brink in their return go at the Coliseum before 15,000 spectators. This was another savage encounter with Roth having the edge after a mighty tough fight. Nat Litfin whipped George Holmes in the semi-windup of six rounds—Eddie Cool, Philly lightweight, scoring a knockdown in the fourth round, received a draw in his ten-round bout with Al Casimini at the Queensboro Stadium.

Sixto Escobar, world bantamweight leader, showed championship form in his overweight match with Nickey Jerome at the Hippodrome by putting his opponent away in two rounds. Nickey did very well in the opening session, but Escobar's heavy right put him down for a nine-count, and after being floored again, the referee called a halt to avoid any serious injury occurring to Jerome. Pete Scalzo scored over Johnny Compo in the six-round semi-final. Jose Fogonero, despite the handicap of a badly injured eye, came on to whip Cyril Josephs in one of the best scraps of the night. Victor Vallee whipped Willie Felice, scoring a knockdown in the second round. Jimmy English received the verdict over Yambo Andrades, after the latter had lost three rounds because of low hitting. Tony Marteliano finished Charley Stefano in the second session.

Freddy Miller opened the outdoor season for Dexter Park by scoring over Maxie Fisher in eight rounds. Pete Scalzo kayoed Skippy Allen in the second on the same program—Wesley Ramey scored over Charley Gomer on another Dexter Park program over the eight-round route. Al Ciullo defeated Dominick Barrone in the semi-final six—Bobby Pacho won by a technical kayo over Joey Greb when the latter was halted because of an eye injury in the sixth. Lew Farber scored over Frankie Anslem in the semi-final—Nathan Mann, promising New Haven heavyweight, showed his best form in whipping Eddie Blunt in a savage ten-rounder at the Hippodrome. Blunt and Mann are excellent prospects but the superior fighting spirit and harder hitting enabled Mann to come to the front. It was nip and tuck all the way with Mann coming on strongly at the finish to assert his mastery—Cuban Luis whipped Connie Granger in the semi-final of six—Chris Dundee, who took Ken Overlin to Seattle for a crack at Freddy Steele's title, got a tough break when Overlin suffered an attack of yellow jaundice. Chris went on to Los Angeles with Overlin and Phil Furr.

Bob Pastor, New York heavyweight, was forced to travel to California to really get recognized as a potential heavyweight contender. In defeating Bob Nestell, highly-touted Pacific Coast star, Pastor showed improved form in both hitting and boxing and handed Nestell quite a setback. Pastor scored two knockdowns, but was forced to visit the canvas himself, a feat that Joe Louis was unsuccessful in achieving. Pastor is due for bigger things on the strength of his Nestell victory—Henry Armstrong, the mighty mite, turned in another creditable feat when he stopped Wally Hally in four rounds on the same show which saw Glen Lee, light middleweight from the Coast, score over Izzy Jannazzo, New York welterweight. This pugilistic extravaganza was promoted by Tom Gallery. But only for the threatening weather, the show would have drawn well over the $100,000 mark. As it was, $70,000 is hardly to be sneezed at these days. A great deal of credit goes to Bill Miller for turning in the greatest bit of publicity work ever attempted. Miller managed to snare columns and columns of space which ultimately resulted in such a gate.

John Henry Lewis and Patsy Perroni engaged in a poorly waged ten-round battle at the Garden, but their conflicting styles prevented a better encounter. Both were smart, cagy boxers and neither one would fall for the other's feints, and as a result the bout was far from interesting. Steve Dudas scored over Italo Colonello after eight bruising rounds. Tiger Jack Fox whipped Red Bruce, scoring two knockdowns in the second round. Bud Mignault stopped Izzy Singer because of a cut eye which prevented Singer from coming up for the fourth round. Johnny Morschini finished Richard Therer in the third of the opening four.

Andrea Jessurun stepped back into the welterweight picture by banging out a hard-earned verdict over Frankie Blair at the Coliseum. Blair is a tough customer for anyone, but Jessurun carried too many guns for his sturdy foe—Mike Belloise continued his campaign in the lightweight class and scored a decisive victory over Charley Gomer at the Queensboro Stadium—Enrico Venturi, Italian lightweight, added Jimmy McLeod to his string of victims at the Coney Island Velodrome—Bernie Friedkin, fast-stepping youngster, made his entrance into the 135-pound division by taking on and defeating Paris Apice—All the contests listed above took place on the same evening in the Metropolitan area of New York. Two outdoors against two indoor clubs, and all of them doing nicely.

A new organization is being started in New York City which will try and take the place of the old National Sports Alliance, which functioned several years ago and died an unnatural death when interest lagged and consequently vanished into nothing.

The purpose is to promote more harmonious feeling among those who are on the inside—the promoters, managers and boxers themselves. It does not intend to conflict in any way with reigning boxing commissions, but it can prove of invaluable assistance to these officials.

If the boys can stick together in their endeavors to ferret out the unnecessary evils that are invading the game, then boxing can boast of an organization which will prove as strong as any governing power.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

FILLO ECHEVERRIA, Spanish bantamweight, and Jimmy Lancaster of New York, fought at the Cristal Arena before a capacity crowd, ten rounds to a draw. Lancaster made a hit with his incessant punching and will be seen here again.

Kid Rebollar scored a technical knockout over Chevalier, and Ramon Perez was defeated by Rene Rodriguez. Baby Louis, promising Cuban bantamweight, knocked out Kid Rapidez in six rounds, and Avia beat Armando Delgado. Kid Carvajal, promising Cuban heavyweight, beat Cuban Primo Carnera. Soldier Amoroz lost to Orejitas.

Prudencio Arce beat Baby Carpentier at Miramar Gardens in a furious fight.

Joe Ghnouly is here to fight Joe Coego, Cuban lightweight champion, at the Cristal Arena. Coego is a drawing card, and this bout should do well. Aramis del Pino will promote the fight.

Joe Belmonte, local promoter, is back on the job again, and will put over some good fight cards during the summer months.

WRESTLING RESULTS—Tommy Londos beat Carl Von Hoffman; Joe Becerra was beaten by Kowarsky; Francois Remille defeated O'Sullivan; Barreras beat Iriza; Karl Von Hoffman beat Gerald Hierro; Tommy Londow beat Kowarsky; Gabino Camino was beaten by Francois Remille, and Antonio Barrena beat Luis Pino.

Joe Corona, Mexican wrestling promoter, is doing splendidly here.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU
By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

JOAQUIN TORREGROSA, Cuban welterweight, did not experience much difficulty in stopping Kid Rodriguez, Panamanian fighter, on a technical knockout in the fifth round at the Manco Capac Stadium. The fight was a one-sided affair, as Rodriguez was no match for the Cuban, who, although he did not succeed in flooring his opponent, landed some very stinging lefts in the fourth round. The bout was a ten-rounder, and the attendance was very poor on this occasion.

The results of the other bouts on the Torregrosa-Rodriguez card were as follows: Luis Marfurt, an Italian veteran, humbled Chumingo Osorio, Chilean scrapper, in ten rounds. This fight was rather slow, but the Italian's victory was decisive. John Avalos got a draw decision against R. Sánchez, though he was the loser in my opinion. José Parodi and William Caballero also fought a savage four-round preliminary which ended in a draw.

Victorino Andrade, well-known Chilean heavyweight, has again returned to these shores. He is prepared to meet all comers within his category.

Rosendo Huerta, former Peruvian lightweight and welterweight champ, has turned professor. He has taken over Paco Ruiz's Garden "La Mode Elegante" in Magdalena del Mar, where he has installed a fine boxing ring and gym. A fairly large stable is under training, and he expects to turn out a lot of new blood, especially amateurs who, it is understood, will take part in the South American amateur boxing tournament to be held in Lima this year in December.

Lima fans were highly displeased with Raul Carabantes, Chilean welterweight, at the Manco Capac Stadium, where he met the newly fledged Cuban champion, Baby de la Paz, in a ten-rounder. From the beginning of the fray, it was observed that Baby depended on the force of his wallop and on his aggressiveness, while Carabantes counted on his legs to get away from the Cuban ringster. In fact, the Chilean proved to be a faster sprinter than Jesse Owens, for though Baby de la Paz is fast, he could not place his hands on the "Valdivian Express" during certain phases of the scrap. Baby won eight of the ten rounds, and dropped his man once for one count, but the jury surprised the fans by giving a very raw decision in favor of Carabantes on points. Certain prominent spectators approached THE RING representative after the fight and remarked that, for the good of the game, certain judges should be mere spectators.

On the same card, Augusto Martens, once a famous lightweight, took home the decision from José Alejos in the semi-final. These two men did some vigorous hitting which at times drew applause from the crowd. Martens won on points. In the fight between Kid Rodriguez and Faustino Vicuña, the latter was favored with a points decision, but some of the critics thought that this verdict was all wrong. Personally, I think that Rodriguez was entitled to a draw, considering his outstanding effectiveness during a good many rounds. In the preliminary bout, David Moreno won a well-merited points decision over Juan Argote, who was dropped by rapid rights and lefts on three or four occasions during the fray.

After laying off for a few weeks, Roberto Carrillo, Peruvian welterweight, was seen in action at the Manco Capac Coliseum in a ten-rounder against Luis Marfurt, the Italian bouncer. Carrillo was leading by a big margin in the early rounds, but he slowed down from the sixth. Marfurt fell once for three counts in the sixth round, but he came back wonderfully and piled up heaps of points all along up to the end of the fray, which Carrillo won only by the skin of his teeth.

The attendance was poor, and the gate receipts were not up to mark. On the same card, Modesto Villanueva, considered the best Peruvian lightweight at present actuating at the Coliseum here, took a good lead in the first round of his bout with Augusto Martens. His rushing and aggressive tactics did not last, however, for Martens made short work of him in the second canto by landing a terrific right on the jaw. Villanueva was counted out. This fight was fixed for ten rounds. In the preliminaries, Carlos Barrera, though having a big advantage in reach and height over his opponent, Marcial Lenz, the Chilean welterweight, was humbled by the latter in a six-rounder. Lenz got a points decision. The clash between José Revollar and Guillermo Parodi was decided in favor of Parodi, who won in fine style. This was a four-rounder.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

NEW faces showing now in Honolulu are some of the well known pugilists of their respective countries. They are: Dommy Ganzon, Maurice Seria, Star Frisco, Little Dado, "Flashy" Sebastian, Cunning Nene and "Tiger" Andres.

Honolulu—Civic Auditorium was the scene, where nearly four thousand persons paid to see Little Dado, at 115 pounds, give an artistic boxing lesson to the former island bantam champ, Augie Curtis, who hit the beam at 114 pounds, in a ten-rounder.

Ben Ahakuelo floored Hal Toussinit of San Jose four times in the fourth round and finally finished him with a terrific right to the mid-section. Tommy Cobb and Kid Waialua fought a draw. Louis Ramirez T.K.O.'ed Banzai Kawahara. Johnny Dias T.K.O.'ed Young Lapinid. Toy Tamanaha finished Baby Lani in the first.

Honolulu—Civic Auditorium. Before a crowd of more than three thousand fans, Tony Roccaforte, in one of the main events, pulled a neat surprise by scoring a quick knockout over Baby Johnson, Filipino lightweight champion, in the second frame. Tony floored Baby with a hard right and left early in the second for the first knockdown. He followed up a no-count and again sent the Filipino boy for six counts. The referee stopped the bout after two minutes and twenty-two seconds when he saw Johnson was getting the worst and saved him from further punishment.

The main event was won by Dommy Ganzon by scoring an eight-round decision over Delino Ontiveros of San Jose. He floored the mainlander for the count in the first round and once more in the second. Ganzon, flashing left jabs, was the big gun. Tommy Cobb of San Jose took a well-earned eight-round decision from Maurice Seria, a recent arrival from the Coast. The fight was a humdinger and judged as the best of the evening. Kid Bulldog beat Young Benny Leonard. Chic Sales won from Herman Kaakua. Baby Mamaclay and Charley Higa fought a draw in the curtain raiser.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

LUIS LOGAN, lanky Spanish fighter, staged a comeback by knocking out George Glasgow of Panama in the fifth round of a scheduled ten. Logan's four years of absence from the arena have taken away much of the snap from his punch.

Little Pancho regained the bantamweight crown from Cris Pineda by decisioning the latter in a closely fought ten-round scrap before a big crowd of fans who watched the pair clinch and fight, mostly clinch, all the way through.

Pancho has added considerable weight for the past years and it is doubtful whether he could come down to the flyweight limit and fight Benny Lynch for the title he is so eager to hold.

Eugene Huat is scheduled to drop into town one of these days and battle either Pancho or Pineda.

Young Schmelling, light-heavyweight, stowed Joe Burris away in a freak contest. Burris was leading till the fifth round, when he dropped to the floor without being hit and was counted out as a result.

Ventura Marquez of Mexico City won on a foul over Vince Venturillo in the sixth stanza of a twelve. Venturillo, however, had the upper hand before the disputed blow was struck. A return match is in the offing.

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SUPER PRODUCTS COMPANY
11 South 4th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Manila Boxing Club is building a modest stadium to house its activities. This is another strong indication of the faith of the people in the new Philippine Commonwealth.

Mariano "Naning" Sangle is up to something. "Don't explode the news yet, 'Doc,'" he told your correspondent. And the way things looked, it is really a gigantic job. Here's hoping it goes through successfully.

Horace Mann, through Frank Conway, desires to engage in a few fights hereabouts. We have forwarded his letter to a reliable promoter for approval.

Clever Henry, colored local lightweight champion, is just wasting his time by fighting in this neighborhood. Properly handled, Henry can hold his own in the big time. Harry Fenton, local radio announcer, holds the reins. Bring him to the States, Harry.

Readers desiring information about the local fistiana may communicate with the writer at 39 Lozada, Sn. Juan, Rizal, Philippines.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

DOMENICO CECCARELLI, Italian light-heavyweight boxer from New York, arrived here to fulfill an engagement with our unbeaten champ, Juan Herrera. Fight fans turned out in good numbers at the Gardens, but the house was not a sellout as was expected.

It was a treat looking on at the splendid manner in which Ceccarelli went about his job. He was both diligent and cautious. As against this we saw Herrera coping with the best that the Italian had to give—standing up to his man, exchanging hard wallops, blocking a considerable amount of blows, which would have done him no good whatever had he absorbed them, and finally forcing the pace from the seventh round to the last bell in a manner that impressed the third man in the ring and one of the judges in his favor. There were many people who aired disapproval of the decision.

Pal Silver and George Dixon mill to settle who will be the lightweight contender, is still undecided as these boys battled to a deadlock. Baby Walcott and Quintana Shadow divided spoils. This bout, a return go, was by no means as thrilling as their first. Tiger Hamilton earned the decision over Al McCoy in rough and tough bout. Kid Malcolm scored over Tiger Kid in one round.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month that passed saw one world championship contest staged, which resulted in John Henry Lewis retaining his light-heavyweight title against the onslaughts of Bob Olin. Lewis scored a technical knockout in eight rounds. Bob Pastor established himself as a powerful figure in the heavyweight class when he scored decisively over Bob Nestell, Pacific Coast sensation, in Los Angeles. Henry Armstrong, the clean-up man in both the featherweight and lightweight divisions, disposed of Wally Hally in four rounds. Sixto Escobar kayoed Nickey Jerome in two rounds of an overweight match.

Pastor's victory over Nestell was the outstanding feat of the heavyweight class. Maxey Rosenbloom came to life when he scored decisively over Lee Ramage. Nathan Mann gained further prestige in his victory over Eddie Blunt. Tiger Jack Fox whipped Red Bruce and disposed of Jersey Joe Walcott in eight rounds. Roscoe Toles gained a disputed verdict over Arturo Godoy in Detroit which aroused considerable comment against the referee, Slim McClelland. Max Baer showed a reversal of form when he put Ben Foord away in nine rounds in England.

Red Burman kayoed Jerry Johnson in two and Joe Lipps in four rounds. Buddy Baer scored over Jack London. Sonny Boy Walker whipped Andre Lenglet and Bob Ford. Hans Birkie bested Abie Feldman. Abe Simon kayoed Leonard Dixon in one round. Steve Dudas won from Italo Colonello. Jimmy Adamick disposed of Oliver Shanks in five and John Erjavec in nine. Bob Tow finished Sandy McDonald in the seventh. Buddy Knox scored over Art Oliver. Freddy Fiducia finished Horace Gregory in one and Joe Fedz in the second. Yustin Sirutis whipped Frankie Connolly. Tom Beaupre kayoed Frankie Nelson in the second. Jack Torrance finished Lou Fink in two. Billy Treest won from Salvatore Ruggirello while Gus Dorazio scored over Billy Ketchell.

The light-heavyweight champion, John Henry Lewis, proved his class in stopping Bob Olin in eight rounds of a titular match. Lewis also whipped Patsy Perroni and kayoed Jack Kranz in three heats. Ron Richards drew with Leo Kelly and won on a disqualification over George Simpson in seven rounds in Australia. Jack Gibbons defeated Max Chowaniec and drew with Oscar Rankins. Swede Berglund kayoed Frank Goosby in five and whipped Lorenzo Pedro. Gus Lesnevich disposed of Johnny Romero in seven rounds.

Tiger Warrington scored over Pal Silvers. Charley Coates kayoed George Lutich in two rounds, but was beaten by George Nichols. Domenico Ceccarelli scored over Stan Evans and kayoed Billy Bommer in eight sessions. Bud Mignault stopped Izzy Singer in three rounds. Buddy Ryan defeated Tom Henry and kayoed Thys Menger in nine rounds. Gustave Roth whipped John Anderson in Belgium.

Fred Apostoli was the most prominent middleweight in action, scoring over Dale Sparr. Billy Conn triumphed over Oscar Rankins. Walter Woods kayoed Amos Tiger in one and defeated Midnight Bell. Kid Tenet won from Cleto Locatelli. Glen Lee, a light middle, whipped Izzy Jannazzo. Atilio Sabatino won from Frankie Blair. Frank Battaglia kayoed Pret Ferrar in five rounds. Vince Dundee whipped Thys Menger.

Jimmy Clark was beaten by Ralph De John and Eddie Dolan. Ben Brown bested Ray Lyle. Eddie Maguire disposed of Dave McCleave in four rounds. Johnny Rossi won from Roosevelt Rowe. Alabama Kid lost to Sammy Slaughter but kayoed Joe Jaramillo in one round. Tommy Freeman scored over Charley Jerome. Joe Besselman won over Carmelo Candel and Adrien Annett. George Black whipped Young Joe Louis. Milton Showers defeated Caspar La Rosa. George Baratko disposed of Pete Suskey in two rounds.

The headlining welterweight, Ceferino Garcia, defeated Phil Furr and George Salvatore. Furr whipped Tiger Al Lewis. Fritzie Zivic scored over Tony Petrowski. Gustave Eder disposed of Al Baker in eleven rounds. Cocoa Kid scored over Holman Williams but was trimmed by Johnny Lucas. Andre Jessurun defeated Frankie Blair. Jack Portney scored over Sid Silas. Milt Aron kayoed Frank Sagilio in the eighth round. Kid Azteca won over Kenny La Salle.

Teddy Loder triumphed over Saverio Turiello. Sammy Fuller defeated Andy Callahan in their perennial feud. Bobby Pacho disposed of Joey Greb in six rounds. Young Peter Jackson kayoed Remo Fernandez in the eighth. Perfecto Lopez finished Gege Gravante in seven but was stopped by Abie Miller in five. Baby Salvy Saban disposed of Joe Pennino in six and Ray Napolitano in eight.

Nat Bor stopped Joe Gelinas in three rounds. Jack Burke won from Tracey Cox, Sammy Chivas and kayoed Jess McCarthy in four rounds. Frankie Cinque bested Mickey Makar but lost to Wildcat O'Connor. Baby Miller whipped Tommy Speigal and kayoed Charley Baxter in four. Frankie Genovese scored over Gordon Wallace. Vittorio Venturi finished Eddie Ran in five rounds. Harold Brown won over Chester Rudy while Tommy Bland bested Sammy Luftspring.

Pedro Montanez showed his supremacy in the lightweight class by scoring a two-round knockout over Phil Baker. Enrico Venturi won over Jimmy McLeod and Irving Eldridge. Eldridge bested Red Cochrane. Wesley Ramey defeated Hubert Kid Dennis and Charley Gomer. Davey Day stopped Jimmy Garrison in the eighth period. Lew Feldman triumphed over Pete Mascia. Eddie Cool drew with Al Casimini. Norment Quarles defeated Howard Scott. Billy Beauhold won from Mickey Duca. Chino Alvarez kayoed Sammy Cappello in two rounds.

Al Roth whipped Eddie Brink. Frankie Wallace scored over Maxie Berger. Jimmy Vaughn drew with Joey Alcanter. George Odwell whipped Jimmy Walsh in England. Paul Junior won from Dave Castilloux and kayoed Mickey Page in the second. Tiger Humery captured the European lightweight title in knocking out Maurice Arnoult in three rounds. Harry Mizler whipped Davey Fine.

Lou Lombardi defeated Mickey Duca and Jimmy McLeod. Larry Greb kayoed Al Nettlow in seven rounds. Lew Massey drew with Johnny Stevens. George Zengaras scored over Al Casimini. Leo Rodak won over Johnny Collura. Dominic Mancini kayoed Joe Zodda in three rounds. Carlos Miranda whipped Charley Bedami. Tommy Cross won over Midget Wolgast. Wishy Jones scored over Cecil Payne. Lew Kersch kayoed Tony Massa in two rounds.

Henry Armstrong, the featherweight demon, disposed of Wally Hally in four. Freddy Miller scored over Red Cochrane and Maxie Fisher. Mike Belloise won over Jimmy McLeod and Charley Gomer. Ginger Foran kayoed Jimmy Lester in five rounds. Johnny Cusick, out of the bantamweight class, whipped Johnny Edwards and Alex Alston. Young Rightmire drew with Jimmy Christie.

Kid Chocolate scored over Al Reid and Henry Hook. Hook was also beaten by Nickey Jerome. Dick Corbett whipped Robert Disch but was beaten by Billy Charlton. Johnny Hutchison defeated Tony Fernandez. Frankie Covelli bested Danny London. Joey Archibald kayoed Lawrence Gunn in six and Ray Ingram in seven. Lou Gevinson stopped Johnny Pena in the seventh.

Lloyd Pine whipped Nick Camarata but lost to Jimmy Perrin and to Toby Vigil on a foul in seven rounds. Maurice Holtzer defeated Phil Dolhem. Joe Mendiola drew with Tom Boy Romero and stopped Pancho Leyvas in the seventh. Bernie Friedkin whipped Paris Apice. Fillo Echeverria drew with Jimmy Lancaster. Jose Fogonero scored over Cyril Josephs and Johnny Compo. Pete Scalzo defeated Johnny Compo and Willie Felice. Felice lost to Victor Vallee but whipped Joey Wach, who was also beaten by Joey Fontana. Jimmy English scored over Yambo Andrades.

Sixto Escobar, bantamweight leader, kayoed Nickey Jerome in the second round. Harry Jeffra disposed of Georgie Holmes in two. Frankie Martin defeated Young Lebrun. Johnny King kayoed Jackie Brown in the thirteenth and beat Alex Alston on a foul in three. Horace Mann drew and whipped Pablo Dano. Dano kayoed Frankie Castillo in seven rounds. Speedy Dado whipped Tony Souza and Barney Duran.

In the flyweight class, Peter Kane heads the list with a win over Ernst Weiss. Tiny Bostock scored over Valentin Anglemann and Mickey O'Neil.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Hugh Neil, Scotland.
Bantamweight—Joey Fontana, New York City.
Featherweight—Harold Valan, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lightweight—Dick Humphries, England.
Welterweight—George Ackerman, New York City.
Middleweight—Wendall Bubp, Hagerstown, Ind.
Light-heavyweight—Frank Donofrino, Philadelphia, Pa.
Heavyweight—Bob Alberts, Los Angeles, Calif.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending June 12:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Teddy Yarosz	Jack Carroll
2—Joe Louis	Jock McAvoy	Ken Overlin	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Bob Pastor	Leo Kelly	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
4—Alberto Lovell	Fred Lenhart	Billy Conn	Fritzie Zivic
5—Tommy Farr	Jack Gibbons	Lou Brouillard	Gustave Eder
6—Al Ettore	Swede Berglund	Young Corbett	Izzy Jannazzo
7—Maxey Rosenbloom	Allen Matthews	Erich Seelig	Johnny Lucas
8—Nathan Mann	Gus Lesnevich	Solly Krieger	Cocoa Kid
9—Tiger Jack Fox	Carmen Barth	Harry Balsamo	Andrea Jessurun
10—Roscoe Toles	Tiger Warrington	Walter Woods	Holman Williams

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Henry Armstrong	K. O. Morgan	Peter Kane
2—Enrico Venturi	Jackie Wilson	Harry Jeffra	Tiny Bostock
3—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Lou Salica	Small Montana
4—Wesley Ramey	Mike Belloise	Indian Quintana	Jim Warnock
5—Davey Day	Tony Chavez	Frankie Martin	Pat Palmer
6—Lew Feldman	Joe Conde	Aurel Toma	Valentin Anglemann
7—Red Guggino	Pete De Grasse	Baltasar Sangchili	Pierre Louis
8—Eddie Cool	Ginger Foran	Johnny King	Ernst Weiss
9—Norment Quarles	Spider Kelly	Horace Mann	Tut Whalley
10—Billy Beauhold	Johnny Cusick	Jackie Brown	Johnny Jurich

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

YOUR reporter hoped to be able to close the much discussed and widely publicized natural match between Babe Risko and Ralph De John, Syracuse's middleweight rivals, in time to make this column with an important announcement. But as we punch this pillar out, we are sorry to say Joe Netro, manager of De John, has demanded such extraordinary terms, it looks as if the proposed match, which would pull $10,000 to the Municipal Stadium here, is off for good.

De John turned in another victory over Jimmy Clark at Buffalo before a crowd of 6,600. It was their second eight-round brawl, and the fourth meeting of the traditional rivals. Had the bout been a ten-rounder, it would have drawn a sell-out gate, according to Charlie Murray, the hustling Bison City promoter. De John's age has thus far prevented Ralph from engaging in a ten-round scrap. He will not reach his majority until next January. Special permission was given by the State Athletic Commission to allow the local wizard to engage in the two eight-rounders.

Paddy Clary, Syracuse police signal operator for thirty years, who was retired last year on pension, has passed to the great beyond. Clary, an ardent fight follower, was connected with Charlie Huck in staging pro fights here twenty years ago, and also ably assisted in managing Mixer Mitchell, Nick Michaels, Battling Johnson and other prominent fighters of that era. Paddy was a great old character, and will be missed by those in the fistic fraternity as well as friends among the bluecoats, who were proud of his friendship.

Joey Brown, crack Syracuse featherweight, was forced to turn down two lucrative out-of-town offers because of a bad hand received in his losing battle with Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh phenom, at Lancaster, Pa.

LEFT HOOKS—Al Weill tenders a Sphinx-like attitude to a proposed Lou Ambers-Bushy Graham fight here . . . . Ambers was in town last month with several members of the D'Ambrosio clan on a shopping tour . . . . The lightweight champ purchased an entire new ensemble for sister Anna in celebration of his victory over Tony Canzoneri four days previously . . . . Seattle wants an Al Hostak-Babe Risko outdoor fight this summer, and Promoter Nate Druxman has made Gabe Genovese an attractive offer for Risko's services . . . . Risko is back from his honeymoon and looks great . . . . Bob Kenefick, sports editor of the Syracuse *Journal-American*, is a dyed-in-the-wool fight enthusiast and gives ring battles plenty of attractive layouts in his sheet . . . . Jake Patterson, local grappling promoter, has pulled up stakes for the summer, and is back on the mat again himself . . . . Jake may promote one big all-star wrestling show at the Municipal Stadium this fall . . . . Billy Coyne, former fight judge, boxing publicity man and police reporter, informs us Mixer Mitchell, when in his prime, was his idea of the greatest action fighter ever developed in this section . . . . Young Fisher's pals, and they are legion here, still insist the Caveman was Syracuse's greatest purveyor of leather thunderbolts . . . . Johnny Mosca of Rome, former state amateur light-heavyweight champ, is grooming a splendid prospect in Tommy Harris, a hard-hitting young welterweight, who has won all of his amateur bouts by knockouts . . . . Bert Courage, kingpin of the Simon-pures here, is laid up with a fractured left hand . . . . He graduated from Hobart in June with high honors . . . . Irving Robbins has a natural amateur match in Courage and Tiny Jim Brown, the 240-pound Syracuse University heavyweight . . . . Tommy Roche, Niagara University light-heavy, who defeated the capable Sad Sam Leta of Rochester three times, is hot after both Courage and Brown . . . . Jimmy Jackson, Tony Kelly, Marc Buckland, Sam Birney, Charlie the Shoeshine Man and Bill Schwartz like Risko to take De John, while just as many other well-known downtown money guys think the same of Ralph's chances against Babe.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

DON KOONS, twenty-two year old, six feet one inch, one hundred and eighty-six pounds of fighting Irish-German Hamilton, Ohio, flesh, tripped the light reality through twenty amateur battles around here, dropped out to California, appraised by Gene Vinassa of THE RING as one of the best heavyweight finds, went on to win the Los Angeles *Examiner* Golden Glove title, returned to Cincinnati to cop the same diadem and then made his professional debut in his home town before one of the largest fight crowds since the halcyon days of Rattlesnake Williams and Happy Heib.

Koons dropped Bob Hill, big Lebanon, O., steelmaker, in the second session. Big Don, who quit Ohio University, football starring and all, to invade the money ranks of the fight business, is facing a busy campaign.

Emilio Mangana, Jerry Pelton's Mexican lightweight flash, stepped into the elite on the opening card of Herman and Maxwell Katz's outdoor Parkway Arena. Mangana dropped Tiger Rosey Grier, Massillion Negro, in his tracks in the third session. Lloyd Pine, Akron, working a body fight, was given a setback when Toby Vigil, Mexican feather, claimed foul in the sixth round of their ten-round bout. Maxie Vigil, another Pelton star, handed Georgie Stone a shellacking in the opening six-bell battle.

A good crowd was on hand for the opening card, and the Katzes planned a following show which should stir up more interest hereabouts than in some time in bringing together Joe Mueller and Nate Bartell back into the ring to settle the local heavyweight situation.

Jerry Pelton has a neat trio of fist denters in the Vigil brothers and Emilio Magana, all Mexicans. Jerry's Vigil brothers broke even on the Dempsey card at Music Hall, which incidentally was the last indoor show hereabouts. Toby won on a technical knockout over Armando Sicilia of Springfield, Ill., while Maxie, edging in to score the most points, shared surprise with fans in seeing the judges sign up for his foe, Georgie Stone. In the lower bracket of prelims, Tommy Brown kayoed Art Shipley, Don King whipped Joe Mueller, Herbie Gilmore copped over Pete Huber, Herschel Joiner outwalloped Larry Gwynn, and Charlie Bell tapped in for a real upset in slapping Do Do Woods out of the picture in one heat.

Joey Wolfe, well-known Chicago trainer and manager, is now making Cincinnati his mid-western headquarters and is in quest of all material from flyweights to heavyweights, especially the latter. Good fighters without strings attached should contact Joey at once at the James Hotel, Sixth and Walnut Streets, Cincinnati, O., or through the writer at 2257 Rice Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Don Koons' pounding while in training brought on havoc for local spar mates with the result his handlers plan to send out an S.O.S. for heavyweights to work out with the big blond thunderbolt from Hamilton . . . . Jerry Pelton greatly resembles Young Griffo . . . . we're glad to announce in this column that Heman Katz, dean of Ohio fist promoters, is fast recuperating from a recent illness, which came near downing the veteran Cincinnati impresario . . . . Wendall Bubp, Indiana's middleweight champion, after getting a draw with Simon Nebloski, the clouting Jewish star from Cincinnati, at Michigan City, took on the Ohio belter once again, this time at Richmond, with Bubp receiving the nod over the ten-round route.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

JORGE BRESCIA of Argentina scored over Marty Gallagher in a ten-rounder at Washington. The South American was too strong for the Washington boxer, who made the mistake of standing toe to toe and slugging it out with him. Murray Kanner, Washington heavyweight, beat Joe Lipps of Charlotte, N. C., in the six-round semi-final. Tiger Red Louis knocked out Larry Marino in thirty seconds, and Mike Caroselli of Italy won over Hunter Crostic in six heats.

Baby Miller of Richmond, Va., belted out Charley Burns of Johnston, Pa., in four rounds at Richmond. The boys were meeting for the third time, their two previous bouts being torrid affairs. Earl Frederick of Lancaster won over Bobby Dechter of Washington in an eight-round semi-final.

Harry Jeffra had an easy time with Jimmy Martin of New York when he flattened the New Yorker in seven rounds at Baltimore. Jeffra is just too good for ordinary competition and the Monumental City fans would pay plenty to see Harry pitted against a topnotch bantam, if one could be induced to come to Baltimore to meet him. Johnny Bellus of New Haven beat Clarence Sloat of Baltimore in an eight-round feature prelim.

Buddy Scott of Texas and Hobo Williams of Alexandria, Va., fought a slow ten-round draw at Washington. The boys had fought two terrific battles heretofore, but there was no occasion for pitting them together again. Scott, who had won on the previous battles, was very listless and the little actual fighting that was done was on the part of the Hobo. Both judges and the referee had different ideas as to the winner, hence the draw decision. Joey Archibald of Providence took the show by belting out the veteran Lawrence Gunn of Baltimore in six rounds of the scheduled eight-round semi-final. Archibald made a real job of it against a boy who has given Harry Jeffra a couple of tough battles within the past year. Frankie Saia and Joe Spangler fought a hot six-rounder with Saia the winner.

Jackie Portney returned to the ring after a two months' lay-off and easily outpointed Sid Silas of Washington in ten rounds. Freddie Foran of Hartford impressed by winning over Jimmy Tramberia of Baltimore in the semi-final.

Washington's annual police benefit show was staged at the Griff Stadium, falling far short of attendance of previous years. For some unknown reason the promotion of the show was taken out of the hands of the Boxing Commission's secretary, Heinie Miller, and was promoted by the firm of Joe Turner and Goldie Ahearn, the local promoters. While the show was up to the standard as far as action was concerned, it did lack nationally known boxers. The total gate was in the neighborhood of $17,000, against $30,000 in previous years. The show itself was just about the best seen in Washington in some time, with Norment Quarles and Cowboy Scott taking the honors for the best bout. Quarles was making his third attempt to score over Scott and was successful, although the verdict was somewhat disputed by the fans. Both boys gave everything they had and the fans showed their appreciation by giving the boys a big hand when the struggle was over. Bob Tow belted out Sandy McDonald in three rounds; Lou Gevinson flattened Johnny Pena in seven rounds after taking a pasting up until the final blow.

Joey Archibald technically knocked out the high ranking Ray Ingram when the bout was stopped in round seven with Ray in a helpless condition. Osie Stewart, Pittsburgh colored middleweight, flattened Tom Chester of New York in less than three rounds, and George Abrams of Washington cooled the veteran Sam Bracala of Baltimore in the opening round to open the show.

PICK-UPS—With boxing on the down grade in Washington as far as gate receipts are concerned during the past year, as shown by the official records of the Boxing Commission, new blood is about to be installed, at least for the summer season, with a new promoter in the field . . . . Thus far, two title-holders will show under the new promotion this summer in the persons of Freddie Steele and John Henry Lewis . . . . Not to be outdone, the present boxing firm of Turner and Ahearn have signed the lightweight title-holder, Lew Ambers, for a showing in the Griff Stadium with Norment Quarles . . . . Possibly a new promoter in the field may give Washington the spark that is necessary . . . . Prior to the legalization of boxing in Washington, at a time when conditions in general were at their lowest ebb, the weekly boxing shows staged some ten miles out of town under unfavorable conditions drew larger gates than the nation's capital shows draw today, even with an additional 100,000 population to draw from.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

THE most-talked-of fighter on the West Coast today is Henry Armstrong, rated featherweight king in the eyes of the California Boxing Commission. The little sepia assassin of the Eddie Mead stable was the hit of the all-star card at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles. Armstrong knocked out game Wally Hally in four rounds.

If Armstrong ever faces Lou Ambers, my dough would ride on the colored phenom to knock out the Italian star. Here's a thumbnail sketch of Armstrong:

Born in St. Louis, Mo., twenty-four years ago . . . . he is the thirteenth child in a family of fifteen children . . . . eight boys, six girls, besides Hustling Henry . . . . has been boxing seven years . . . . has yet to reach his peak . . . . came to Los Angeles from St. Louis six years ago . . . . is happily married and the father of a two-year-old baby girl, Lanetta . . . . supports his father . . . . but his brothers and sisters, who live in St. Louis, are working and independent . . . . one brother, Harry, acts as his trainer . . . . Eddie Mead at one time had a stable of fighters in New York known as the "Million-Dollar Stable" . . . . his star was Joe Lynch, two-time bantamweight ruler . . . . Armstrong wants to become definitely and undisputedly a champion . . . . other than that, greatly wishes to follow a musical career . . . . will do so after he quits boxing . . . . is a fair singer—has a baritone voice . . . . wants to sing with and lead his own orchestra . . . . when out of training, goes for lamb chops, chicken and barbecued spareribs . . . . sticks to steaks, spinach and vegetables when preparing for a fight . . . . possesses great endurance . . . . got it, he says, from having worked in a railroad section gang . . . . as a pin "setter-up" in a bowling alley . . . . is a graduate of high school . . . . loves the family life . . . . occasionally sings in the church choir . . . . is saving his money and buying annuities . . . . doesn't read much . . . . but when he does, prefers stories that are true to life . . . . with plenty of action . . . . Al Jolson, of course, is his favorite actor . . . . Kay Francis his favorite actress . . . . is a clean-cut, well-built Negro boy . . . . with no bad habits . . . . and just loves to fight . . . . and about stamina, he says "it's a natural gift" . . . . give Mr. Mead due credit for the fine handling of Armstrong.

Chris Dundee, likeable boxing manager, originally out of Philadelphia (he was raised in the same neighborhood as Eddie Borden), is in Los Angeles with his crack stable of scrappers.

Dundee looks more like a college professor than a fight manager, and all of the fight crowd who know him swear by the curly-haired Italian. Chris started the elusive Midget Wolgast in the fight game in Philly. He is bringing his New Orleans 130-pounder, Nick Camaratta, to California next month. He held Petey Sarron to a draw when he was only nineteen. That was at Richmond, Va., last September.

Phil Furr, Dundee's able welterweight, is a graduate of army rings. He is of English, German and Indian descent. In thirty-nine bouts he has scored twelve knockouts. He started at Panama City as a soldier in 1932.

Other interesting items I gathered after a chat with Furr were that he is an expert rifle shot, won the Third Army Corps title three years straight, and in 1933 was the South Atlantic welterweight champion.

Dundee tells me that if and when Ken Overlin ever meets Freddie Steele, he is certain to win the middleweight crown.

"Ken is just the type who can beat Steele," the black haired pilot says. "He keeps crowding a foe from bell to bell." Overlin was slated to box Steele in Seattle, but the fight was called off when Overlin was laid low with a case of yellow jaundice.

Norment Quarles, lightweight ruler of the South, may box Jimmy Vaughn in August at Hollywood Legion Stadium. Vaughn, who flies the colors of Eddie Mead, has made slashing fights against Baby Arizmendi, Wally Hally and Joey Alcanter. Dundee states Quarles' style will make a hit with movie city fans.

Henry Armstrong, busy featherweight king, has agreed to box Benny Bass this summer in Philly. Bass is managed by Lew Tendler, and Eddie Mead, manager of the sepia assassin, is one of the "old-time boys" who believes in remembering past friends and their needs.

The ten-round battle at Hollywood between Jimmy Vaughn and Joey Alcanter was a WOW. Read what Bill Potts of the Los Angeles *Examiner* said, in part, the next day:

"Joey Alcanter, almond-eyed terrorist from the Kansas City 'Sockyards,' survived two sixth-round knockdowns to stage a brilliant comeback and scrap his way into a draw with Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland's baby-faced Slav, last night at Hollywood.

"Alcanter, who fought a complete round against Henry Armstrong recently with a broken jaw, and then begged them not to stop the fight, to no avail, was unable to gain the satisfaction of putting Vaughn on the floor. But he did just about everything else in the last three rounds, all of which he won by good sized margins.

"Referee Abe Roth's decision was met by a smattering of protests from the near-capacity crowd, but it was just about correct. We thought that Vaughn, in view of his sensational sixth-round onslaught, was entitled to a shade, but it was hardly enough over which to become greatly excited.

"Vaughn made the Kansas City boy feel right at home in the sixth. He literally slaughtered him. Twice Joey hit the deck, for no-count, and once for three, under the savage lefts and rights that the Clevelander slammed home.

"The round score was six for Alcanter and four for Vaughn."

Fistic comment from Harry B. Smith's column in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, following a brief sojourn in Los Angeles:

"Every time I go to a fight show for the specific reason of watching some lad, things go haywire. They'd been telling me around southern California about Johnny Brown, the Italian boy from the Chicago C. Y. O.; how great he looked. So I went out to Hollywood to watch for myself. Young Brown picked a tougher customer than he realized in Peewee La Salle. In fact, while Brown won quite handily, he had to pick himself off the floor once after a La Salle right-hander. Also his nose was bloodied and there were times when Brown looked quite perturbed. Even so, you have to admit he looks like a good prospect and ought to come along nicely.

"Hollywood fights are always colorful affairs, even though the fights themselves are not just what San Francisco fans would label as the best in the world. There are always movie stars and you can get an eyeful. Right in front of me was Joe E. Brown and his son, Don, who is a Trojan student and a potential football star. In the same row, Willie and Eugene Howard, one-time Orpheum favorites, if you can remember that far back. Across the ring Al Jolson, and not far away Lupe Velez and Pat O'Brien—I don't mean side by each, but inside the arena and in front row seats. Charlie Eyton, old-time referee, is always a spectator.

"So there's something to be seen in addition to the fights, don't forget that."

The ten-round bout between Glen Lee of Nebraska and Izzy Jannazzo of New York was a rough go, with Lee winning the decision. I don't know of a welterweight who can lick Lee. The kid's growing and may soon be boxing Freddie Steele, middleweight king, and Freddie Apostoli.

SHORT LINES—Joe Levy is the new matchmaker for the American A. C. Club in San Francisco and also holds the matchmaker's job to show at Gilmore Stadium in Los Angeles . . . . Henry Armstrong was recently honored with a life membership in the Golden West Lodge of Elks, No. 86, at Elks Temple, in Los Angeles . . . . the colored star received a gold medal from the members . . . . Three thousand persons attended a big ball in his honor, including Al Jolson, Eddie Mead, Al Lang, Chris Dundee, Joey Greenberg, Bill Potts of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, Jack Singer of the Los Angeles *Times*, Willie Orner, Bob Cowan and other well-known southern California sportsmen . . . . Suey Welch attracted a $4,800 gate to the Olympic when Abie Miller, state welterweight ruler, knocked out Perfecto Lopez in six rounds . . . . The Jewish idol handed the Mexican a terrific licking before putting him away . . . . Gus Lesnevich, the Jersey Russian, would like a return meeting with Steele.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY, IA.—The outdoor boxing season is in full sway here. A large crowd turned out for the opening card of the season staged at the Uptown Arena. In the six-round main event, Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, scored over Mike Klomp of Lime Springs, Ia. In the other bouts, all sixers, Jack Harding, Sioux City welterweight, edged out a close decision over Jackie Meyers of Osage; Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, punched out a win over Jess Ackerman of Des Moines; Bud Lymer, Sioux City welter, had his comeback hopes shattered when he was belted out in three rounds by Henry Schaff of Minneapolis; Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, after a long layoff, returned to the ring and gained the nod over Dixie Taylor, Waterloo Negro.

Waterloo, Ia.—Henry Schaff, Minneapolis welter, won a ten-round decision over Dixie Taylor. In a fast six-rounder, Don Espenson of Minneapolis defeated Carl Brady, Muscatine welter.

Spencer, Ia.—Andy Miller, Sioux City, won easily from Henry Jones, rugged Fort Dodge, Ia., Negro, in eight rounds. The Sioux Cityan took seven of the eight rounds by a wide margin.

Washington, Ia.—Oscar Williard, Moline, Ill., welterweight, knocked out Tommy Correy of East Moline in three rounds; Bert Cappas, Burlington welter, and Johnny Peal of Galesburg, Ill., boxed a four-round draw; Everette Holliday, Muscatine bantam, lost by a T.K.O. to Johnny Nelson. Holliday was forced out with a broken rib.

Sioux City, Ia.—Bud Lymer, Sioux City, won a hairline decision over Al Pahl, also of Sioux City, in a fast sixer; Ray Mann knocked out Jackie Meyers in four rounds; Jack Harding won by a T.K.O. over George Katz of Waterloo in three rounds; Elmer Fritz, Mason City heavyweight, lost to Peter Doss, Sioux City Negro heavy, by a T.K.O. in two rounds; Mike Martin, Mason City lightweight won over Jimmy Gaughan of Omaha in four rounds.

Omaha, Nebr.—Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, knocked out Al Fisher of Louisville, Ky., in two rounds; Charles Dawson, St. Louis middleweight, won over Prett Ferrar of Des Moines; Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, scored a T.K.O. over George Trupp of Grand Island, Nebr., in two rounds; Al Whetsone, Omaha, Nebr., welter, won over Sam Smith of Hastings, Nebr., in four heats.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Phil White is promoting at Omaha, Nebr. . . . . The Riverview Park Arena in Sioux City is making plans to run weekly cards . . . . At this writing no matchmaker has been named . . . . Boxing cards are also being held at Knoxville, Ia. . . . Johnny Neumann, Knoxville heavyweight, is their attraction. . . . . Young Mickey Walker, Sioux City featherweight, was knocked out by Edwin Waling of Detroit in two rounds at Chicago . . . . Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, who is fighting on the Coast, fought a vicious ten-round draw with Jimmy Christy of Chicago . . . . Pee Wee La Salle of Des Moines, who fought on the Rightmire-Christy card, lost to Johnny Brown, Chicago bantamweight . . . . Please mail your news to the writer, c/o Sports Department, Sioux City *Tribune*, or our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia. . . . . Readers wishing information concerning the fistic sport in this section may have same, if you enclose stamp for reply . . . . At Bemidji, Minn., Len Pitney, Bemidji welterweight, stopped Ad Fontaine of Winnipeg in three rounds . . . . Buddy Paul of St. Paul, Minn., knocked out Bill Richards, Winnipeg heavyweight, in two rounds . . . . Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, has returned from the Coast and is training for several prospective bouts.

Milt Aron, speedy Dubuque, Ia., welter, scored an eight-round kayo over Frankie Sagilio in Chicago . . . . Jack Gibbons, St. Paul light-heavyweight, has scored twenty-eight straight wins, according to publicity coming out of Milwaukee, Wis., where Gibbons won an easy ten-round decision over Max Chowaniec . . . . John Elaides, popular Sioux City wrestling promoter, is on the sidelines for the present . . . . Tony Stecher, Minneapolis mat promoter, and his wife were injured in an automobile accident near Mason City, Ia. . . . . A free gymnasium is in operation in Sioux City . . . . Ken Ferguson of Hollywood, Fla., is making plans for a trip to Iowa with several fighters . . . . Included in his list of battlers is Cecilio Romeero, who claims the lightweight title of Cuba . . . . Mel Rice, Sioux City welterweight, has returned to the ring . . . . Rice is regarded as one of the hardest punching welters in this section . . . . Rice was forced out with bum hands . . . . A much needed rest has put the Sioux Cityan in first rate condition . . . . Gene Cutler, who fought under the name of "Kid" Cutler for several years around the Middle West, is now an officer for the Iowa State Conservation . . . . An increase in wages for boxers is the offering made by one Sioux City promoter—Ty Dillon.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

LOUIE NOVA of Richmond, Calif., one-time international amateur heavyweight champion, continued his winning ways by pounding out a technical knockout over George Theodoratos, giant ex-football star at Washington State College, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-round bout at the Oakland Municipal Auditorium. The fight was the feature of Johnny Sylvester's charity program, the beneficiary being the crippled kiddies of Alameda County. A crowd that hit the eight thousand mark watched Nova, a fine boxer, pummel the big Greek with snappy left hooks and jabs for eight rounds, flooring him twice, before Referee Billie Burke intervened.

Hampered by an injured nose received in training, Theodoratos seemed unable to untrack himself, to uncork one of his murderous punches which might have turned the tide. Nova held the upper hand from the initial gong, and by his victory put himself in line for some lucrative matches, with Andre Lenglet and Sonnyboy Walker as prospective opponents.

However, he came out of the Theodoratos go with an eye injury that caused a two weeks' confinement in the hospital. Upon his release, Tony Palazolo matched him with Walker, only to have illness put Louie on the shelf once more. As this is written, Nova is regaining his strength in the country and will soon be back in action.

Two other ten-rounders on the charity program were terminated by knockouts. Domingo Valin, Hayward's light-heavyweight, who is staging a successful comeback, knocked out Lee Savoldi of St. Paul, Minn., in the sixth round, a crushing right to the jaw stretching the curly-headed Midwesterner out cold. Savoldi, weighing two hundred pounds, was woefully out of shape, displaying none of the speed and punch which he showed to such advantage in his two thrilling battles with Sonnyboy Walker.

Pietro Georgi, veteran San Francisco Italian light-heavy, and Jerome Lewis, wild-eyed colored boy handled by Harold Broom, put on a Donnybrook that saw nine knockdowns before Georgi put Lewis away in the fifth round. It was a wild and wooly Pier 40 brawl that had the fans in hysterics as first one and then the other bounced into the resin.

Eddie Booker, undefeated San Jose Negro welterweight, whipped Johnny Foster of Berkeley in a special six-rounder.

Frankie Klick of San Francisco's Portero district, claimant to the mythical junior-lightweight championship, failed to go the route for the third time in his long career when he was stopped in four rounds by Henry Armstrong, sensational Los Angeles colored boy. The bout was held in the Olympic Auditorium at Los Angeles and drew some eight thousand fans through the turnstiles. Incidentally, it looks as though it will take a first rate heavyweight to halt the ravages of "Homicide Henry," who followed his knockout of Klick with another over Wally Hally on the Nestell-Pastor card.

Joe Bernal, San Francisco middleweight, pulled a "run-out" on his fight with Tommy Jones, causing his manager, Gig Rooney, to refuse to have anything more to do with him. Bernal might have been a topnotch scrapper—but that's the way it goes. We'll never forget the night that Joe Bernal kayoed Frank Goosby in a thriller of thrillers—and everybody was wondering whether or not he'd show up. He did, and provided a packed house with a fight that left spines tingling and hair vertical. He twice whipped Al Manfredo, gave Young Corbett III a jolting battle.

Arizona's "Battling Buckaroo," namely, "Sonnyboy" Walker, came back into San Francisco's fistic picture after a goodly absence and won himself a second decision over Andre Lenglet, French giant, in ten rounds at the Dreamland Auditorium.

The black-thatched ex-cowpuncher piled up sufficient points with a concentrated body attack to gain Referee Joe Gorman's verdict after an interesting, if not thrilling contest. The fight was devoid of knockdowns, though Andre came close to upsetting Frank Schuler's protege in the fourth frame with a left hook, followed by a right cross to the jaw. The bell extricated Walker from an embarrassing situation.

Vic Nardoni, former California State Diamond Belt and Golden Gloves champion, made his initial pro start in northern California and copped a decision over Nelson Lang, San Diego colored boy, in the six-round semi-final. Gig Rooney is handling Nardoni and is enthusiastic over the boy's chances.

Preliminaries: Trent Fair and Ted Johnson, heavyweights, drew (4); Norbert Meehan stopped "Kid" Natcho (2), lightweights; Johnny Fasano trimmed Charley Hendricks (4), junior-welterweights, and Tony Souza outpointed Jimmy Boulard (4), featherweights.

Milford "Swede" Berglund, battle-scarred San Diego blond, hung up his second straight victory in the Oakland battle-pit when he punched Frank Goosby, Bakersfield colored middleweight, into submission after four rounds of a main go slated for ten. Berglund floored Goosby twice in the first and again in the third before winding up the meeting with a left hook to the jaw early in the fourth. Despite the Swede's definite superiority, it was a lively affair while it lasted, the Negro fighting back all the way.

Danny McKalib, Oakland junior-welterweight, whipped a fellow townsman, Frankie Cuenca, in the six-round semi-windup.

Hans Birkie, Germany's Number Two heavyweight, won a close ten-round decision over Abe Feldman of New York in a drab affair at the Oakland Auditorium. Birkie's incessant, if colorless, body punching earned him the edge, although what fans WERE there disagreed heartily with the verdict, in view of the fact that Feldman was the aggressor throughout.

The scheduled ten-round rematch between Pietro Georgi and Jerome Lewis was cancelled due to Georgi's illness, and in a substitute bout, Frankie Cuenca and Frank Nocella fought a savage six-round draw.

Frank Connelly, the giant heavyweight, who was developed in the local amateurs and later made good back East, is back on the Coast looking for work.

"Chief" Paris, Indian welterweight, and Tommy Jones, Hoboken Negro, fought eight rounds to a draw at the Civic Auditorium. The card was advertised as being part of the Golden Gate Bridge Fiesta program, but the fans stayed away in large numbers.

Newsboy Joe Gavras, Norman Smiley's lightweight, fought to a six-round draw with hard-hitting Kid Ray of Stockton, and Dick Foster of Berkeley dished out a terrific lacing to Cowboy Jack Potter in a match that shouldn't have been made.

DURING THE MONTH AT:

San Jose—Horace Mann, San Francisco up-and-comer, and Pablo Dano, veteran Filipino bantamweight, met twice, the first being a draw and Mann copping the rematch.

Nash Garrison, San Jose's Mexican heavyweight, whipped Pio Pico, Los Angeles, in ten rounds.

Stockton—Speedy Dado, Filipino, knocked out Peppy Sanchez of Los Angeles in one round (bantamweights).

Joe Mendiola, Filipino, knocked out Danny LaVerne of San Francisco in the second round (bantamweights).

Joe Mendiola stopped Pancho Leyvas of Mexico in seven rounds.

Modesto—Manuel DeVilla, Los Angeles middleweight, outpointed Frank Goosby, Bakersfield Negro, in ten rounds.

Watsonville—Ceferino Garcia, hard-hitting Filipino, chilled Phil McQuillan, Denver Negro, in two rounds (welterweights).

Sacramento—Al Citrino, San Francisco's Italian featherweight, and Frankie Kid Covelli of New York fought ten slashing rounds to a draw.

To the Johannesburg inquiree: Nothing definite yet. I'll keep on trying and hope to have some information for you soon. Please excuse the delay.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

FREDDIE STEELE, the reigning king of the middleweight division, returned to his old battling grounds, the Pacific Northwest. Steele was originally billed to fight Ken Overlin, but when Overlin arrived in Seattle, he was taken ill with an attack of jaundice. Promoter Nate Druxman, in search of a substitute, selected the rugged Frank Battaglia, Canadian-Italian middleweight.

Although Steele stopped Battaglia in the third round, credit must be given to the challenger for the game attempt he made to lift the champion's crown. The Canadian, known for his hard punching power, made a gallant bid in the second round to fight it out with the Tacoma boy. He had the champion on the verge of a knockout in the second round, only to find himself on the canvas with the bell ringing at the count of eight.

This resulted because Steele is champion in action as well as in the ring. Weathering Battaglia's attack in the early part of the second round, the middleweight king took advantage of his first opportunity, connecting with a vicious left hook, followed by a quick right hand. Battaglia, coming out for the third round, was fighting madly, desperately. He waded into Steele and it was only seconds before Frankie was on his face, staring at the canvas.

The result left Steele a stronger champion than ever, but Battaglia proved that he still is dangerous to the leading middleweights of the world, despite his defeat. The gate, reported at about $20,000, fell far below expectations, due to the unfortunate illness of Ken Overlin and the necessity of replacing him with another middleweight.

Phil Furr, the Washington, D. C., welterweight, who accompanied Ken Overlin and Manager Chris Dundee to the Coast, won an eight-round decision from Tiger Al Lewis, Seattle Negro, in the special event on the title card.

Increase the Strength of Your Hands and the Power of Your Arm Muscles

The power of a prize-fighter's blow depends on the strength of the metacarpal bones (from the knuckles to the wrist) and the power, speed and timing of the muscle action of the arms. Both can be greatly increased on simple scientific principles, as proved and vouched for by a nationally known orthopedic surgeon (bone specialist) and an athletic trainer who has made a mathematical study of muscle power and speed.

Together these two have devised a simple method of training which is certain to accomplish just these two objectives—(1) *An increase of 50 to 100 per cent the strength of the knuckle bones of the hands* and (2) *Develop speed and timing of muscle action plus power.*

Doctors know that the metacarpal bones of the hand are naturally weak. Most great prize-fighters have broken these bones at one time or another. *The surgeon who vouches for this training has had the experience of treating Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Terry McGovern, Stanley Ketchell, Lou Bogash, Jack Delaney and other fighters for broken bones of the hand.*

This athletic trainer has had long experience in studying speed and timing of muscle action and power.

Together they know that this simple and easy system will prove its value by results.

The system will be fully outlined for a fee of $5.00.

ORAN CO.

BOX 106 FAIRFIELD, CONN.

PRELIMINARY RAMBLINGS—Wes Hayes and Al Wilson battled to a draw . . . . Morrie Schonlik won a decision from Bobby Carrington . . . . Danny Murray beat Ed Jones in six rounds of furious milling . . . . Eddie Wise decisioned Bob Keist . . . . Ernie Williams drew with Lawrence Ferguson . . . . Jimmy Wilson won from Art Lynn.

The W. C. B. F. crowned its first champion since the appearance of this body a few months ago. Eddie MacSporran won the title of western Canada middleweight champion when he stopped Norman Humphreville on a technical knockout. There is a young middleweight in Vancouver who, with a few more fights under his belt, will give MacSporran all the competition he wants. The young fellow is Danny Murray.

Chuck Nickason, Vancouver's sensational light-heavyweight, has come along so fast in the last six months that he has run out of opponents in the Northwest. Promoters are planning to start importing 175-pounders from California before long. He has everything necessary to make a great fighter and he is bound to pack the crowds in and having them hanging on the rafters.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Eddie Ryan is laying claim to the Canadian featherweight championship . . . . Ryan is good enough to fight anyone at his weight in the Dominion . . . . and that goes for Billy Buxton as well . . . . Frank Smithers and Al Morse are running an amateur club in Spokane . . . . they plan to promote pro shows there, starting in July . . . . Freddie Steele will fight Ken Overlin around the early part of July . . . . this writer can be reached at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

WANTED

Am missing for my files, the following numbers of The Ring: September, 1924; April, June, July and August, 1925. Will offer one Dempsey or a Tunney or Griffo book for each copy.

Nat Fleischer, THE RING,
Madison Square Garden
825 Eighth Ave., New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.

The Schmeling-Braddock Aftermath

(Continued from page 3)

Madison Square Garden didn't want that fight. They did their level best to take it out of the United States and INTO GERMANY. The Garden heads tried to make the deal. Schmeling admits that Joe Gould blocked it when they refused to raise the ante. The German Government was deeply entrenched behind the idea that their greatest propaganda asset would be to have Schmeling REGAIN the heavyweight championship, never done in modern times. Tom Allen in the old beef-brine and bare-knuckle days did it. Perhaps the musty pages of ring lore will reveal another but it has bounced off my noggin if it came to pass.

You don't suppose that Schmeling would have come back here to defend his title if he became the only man since John L. Sullivan's day to walk in under the golden crown a second time, do you? My notion of it is, even if he put up the $25,000 he promised to deposit with the New York commission as a guarantee that he would come back to defend, the trip wouldn't have been made.

Just drink this in. Schmeling didn't say that he'd bring $25,000 out of Germany to post on that promise. He agreed, with the commission, under pressure and it seemed so silly to exact the promise under such circumstances, that he would permit them to skim off the first $25,000 which accrued to his end of the purse as his forfeit. This arrangement was made when Schmeling frankly admitted that even he, under such extraordinary circumstances, would not be permitted to take $25,000 out of Germany. Hitler's orders and the Anti-Nazi League made much of this item in itself. They pointed out, that with the honor of the nation at stake, Germany wasn't willing to place a dime on the line in its defense.

* * *

Hitler's idea, and I hope he doesn't make me split my sides laughing with a denial, is to have Max Schmeling return to Germany a national hero. They would, Hitler I mean, slap him into a prominent government berth and old Max would bask in the golden light of importance. The fact that they wanted to undertake the bout themselves with the promised $350,000 for Braddock, TAX OFF and $50,000 for Madison Square Garden, makes it quite evident that they wanted to pin a golden rose on their Max.

It would have gone over had Germany met Gould's demand for an extra $50,000.

As a matter of cold-money figures and these are the ones which seem to lure Schmeling far afield, not to mention a few acres of unsympathetic Atlantic ocean, Max is in a far more advantageous position now than he was before. He went back to Germany assured of a September fight with Louis providing Joe beat Braddock! When that offer came from Louis it was just so certain that one would eventually come from Braddock. Probably after the Chicago fight, Schmeling, therefore, no matter which way the milk spilled, should not bust out sobbing about it. I think he's been pretty lucky. He was loafing around Madame Bey's training camp for nine months, bemoaning the fate of a great unknown. Out of a clear sky dropped Joe Jacobs, the little man directly responsible for his having won the heavyweight championship of the world.

* * *

Jacobs had a little French fighter training down at that camp named Andre Routis. Joe went down to watch him work and stumbled over the blue-and-broke Max Schmeling. Joe took one look at him and nearly swooned. He was practically knocked over by the resemblance between Schmeling and Jack Dempsey. Joe came running back from Summit, N. J., and sold this resemblance between the German and Dempsey to the New York writers, none of whom ever had seen Schmeling, or, if they had, didn't believe that he could fight a lick simply because he said he could.

Then came the fight with Joe Monte, engineered by Joe Jacobs! A knockout and a sensation! The fight with Risko! A knockout and a second sensation! On and on until Schmeling and Jack Sharkey met for the title, Sharkey having been designated by the commission as the one to whip for the title.

* * *

What happened? Sharkey was winning hands down, ripping and smashing his way to the title before a $750,000 gate! The poor and lowly Max Schmeling had been cometed into "the chips." Win, lose or draw, it didn't seem possible that he'd ever again have to worry about possible poverty.

Then came that punch which sat Schmeling on the floor. Sharkey said it was a punch in the belly! So did others. SCHMELING HELD HIS BELLY at first! Jim Crowley the referee was running around in circles questioning first Charley Mathewson, judge, and Harold Barnes, the other. All three of them said that they hadn't seen a foul! Joe Jacobs was on the job. No matter what kind of a punch it was it WAS A FOUL IN JOE'S BOOK. Smart guy! Darned smart guy. Knows his way around. Looks in shop windows and everything. Foxy. Hair-trigger brain! Herr Max Schmeling wasn't thinking much of anything as he squatted on the floor, looking foolish. Jacobs was bellowing "FOUL."

He signaled to Schmeling and Max suddenly found a new location for his hurts and then came a strange decision!

The late Arthur Brisbane decided that fight! Brisbane made Max Schmeling the champion of the world! He stood up in his seat behind Barnes and roared that he would wipe boxing off New York's slate if Schmeling wasn't awarded the victory on a foul!

I'm quite sure that Mr. Brisbane thought that he saw a foul. I'm quite certain that my eye sight was as keen as his. I didn't. There isn't any question that Barnes was influenced by Brisbane's verbal onslaught. Barnes didn't hesitate further. By this time Joe Jacobs was in the ring and buzzing around like a humming top. He was the first one to yelp "foul" and the last. The idea caught on, especially with Schmeling. He was given the decision by a one-man vote though Crowley and Mathewson still claimed they didn't see the foul.

Five minutes later Schmeling was in the showers, laughing and dancing like a school boy. Men who are hit below the belt don't do any dancing for some time to come.

The commission backed up Barnes. It was official, Schmeling won the heavyweight championship of the world—sitting down!

Then he repaid Jacobs by running out on him! Joe now isn't the manager. He never will be. He doesn't get a manager's share of Schmeling's earnings.

He is "manager" in this country only when Schmeling needs him. Joe didn't get a thin dime out of Schmeling's subsequent bouts in Europe.

Winning the title on the floor by a foul ended all such claims in the State of New York. The New York boxing commission passed the "no-foul" rule. Titles never will be won or lost in New York again on that score. Schmeling did us a great favor. He has no cause for weeps. I think way down in his heart he knows that. I think he is a lucky guy!

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

HUGH BENBOW, Houston promoter, and Fred Lutz, Corpus Christi impresario, seem to be the only ones in the Lone Star State who are making a go of the fight game. All the others have either folded, or are drawing practically nothing. Benbow continues to average about the $1500 a week mark, with an occasional card topping two grand. Lutz hits about half that, which is good for a small club. Jimmie Guest has been running shows intermittently in Houston, but to date none of his shows has hit $200 except the Louis exhibition. Dick Griffin at Dallas and Dick Dixson at Ft. Worth are drawing about on a par with Guest, and at the present writing it looks like both places will go dark ere the summer ends.

The writer has just returned from a most enjoyable vacation on the West Coast. The boxing game is in a very healthy condition there and future prospects are very bright for a big season this summer. Your correspondent was very highly impressed with the efficiency with which the California Commission operates and is of the opinion that some of the other state bosses would do well to study their policies.

George Salvadore, Texas' leading candidate for fistic honors, is doing well in the Golden State. He defeated Young Peter Jackson at the Olympic and lost a close decision to Ceferine Garcia at Hollywood. Incidentally, the writer is here and now going out on that well known limb and predicting that Garcia will be the next welterweight champion of the world. He has the ability as well as the color. Houston fans would like to see a return engagement between he and Salvadore here, and there is a possibility of the match being made this summer.

Three boxers stood out prominently in Texas the past month. They were Pat McDuff, terrific punching heavyweight; Kid Azteca, classy Mexican welter, and Tony Bruno, Milwaukee middleweight. McDuff slaughtered Pete Malone and Cy Vester. Bruno did likewise to Cowboy Owens and Roy Bailey. Azteca won a close but great fight from Kenny LaSalle.

Tom Beaupre, highly rated Dallas heavyweight, gave Houston fans further evidence that he was vastly over-ballyhooed when he was held to a draw by Tommy Blanton, an ordinary heavy, who appears to be on the downgrade. At that, Beaupre got a break, as Blanton appeared to have had a clear edge in the first seven rounds, but tired badly in the last three heats, mostly from his own efforts rather than the result of any punches.

OTHER RESULTS—Mike Pereira beat Johnny Lindsey; Tiger Pelon stopped Jimmy Martin, Jimmy Hearne and Buddy Etheridge, but dropped decisions to Billy Deeg and Jimmy Elder; Elder drew and lost to Johnny Dean; Billy Pereira flattened Bryan Roberts; Dutch Ullmer beat Tarzan Smith and Johnny Miles; Bob LaMonte defeated Billy Deeg and Gene Clark; Deeg K.O.'ed Clark; Pete Girolamo knocked out Jimmy Martin, Red Harwood and beat Jimmy McLaughlin; Eddie Downs defeated Marshall Blackstock but was flattened by Jimmy Martin; Al Globe drew with Max Elling; Elling defeated Joe Dundee; Tom Beaupre stopped Norman Nelson.

The writer's address—Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

Gang Wars

(Continued from page 35)

was left without cover and compelled to wage war in the open.

This proved the turning point of the engagement. For the Guards promptly charged home with fixed bayonets and the mob, unable to face the cold steel, broke and fled. As the victors reformed ranks and counted their casualties, the Seventh Regiment debouched in full kit from the armory in National Hall, above the railroad depot, having been summoned to suppress the riot.

But there was nothing left for the valiant members of the Seventh to do save congratulate the victors. It is to be presumed they did so in rather half-hearted fashion, as at least fifty per cent of their number was not in sympathy with the Native Americans. Due doubtless to their disciplined tactics and superior arms, the Guards suffered less than their assailants. They had no deaths to lament, whereas four of the "Hounds," Gray, Gallagher, Moran and Lannigan, were slain by the bayonet, and three died later in the hospital.

* * *

THE Poole Guards marched to Greenwich Village in good order, bearing their wounded with them, and much elated over the triumph they had scored. Nevertheless, they still thirsted for revenge and proceeded to lay plans for the still further discomfiture of their foes, which bore fruit before many hours passed.

That night the "Hounds" were gathered around a stove in their engine house, discussing the events of the day. Suddenly a menacing murmur outside and the tramp of marching feet fell upon their startled ears. One of the great doors split with a crash and toppled inward. Then, dropping the huge beam with which they had demolished the bar to their entrance, a body of the Poole Guards rushed upon their panic-stricken enemies.

There was small chance for the assailed to put up any effective resistance. Taken utterly by surprise, it was a case of every man for himself as they sought to escape from the remorseless fury of the volunteers. Hardly ten minutes elapsed before the engine house interior was a bloody shambles, with disabled "Hounds" lying around in every conceivable posture of crippled helplessness.

The Guards, glutted with vengeance, began a homeward march. But they had not quite reckoned on the fact that the neighborhood was ruled not only by the discomfited "Hounds," but also by the latter's allies, the "Shortboys," some of whom had participated in the earlier Canal Street engagement. And a battered "Hound," escaping from the engine house, had already fled to implore aid from Larry Aiken's formidable gang.

The Guards were scarcely three blocks away from the scene of their triumph when the night silence was blasted by a chorus of ferocious yells, and a headlong charge from out the surrounding shadows broke their ranks. It was a flank attack by Aiken's "Shortboys" and another terrific street battle commenced.

At first, the numbers of the forces engaged were fairly even. But more and more "Shortboys" arrived in response to the rallying cry of their clan. The "Hounds" mustered again and matters looked blue for the Guards, who were short of ammunition and compelled to rely upon clubbed muskets as weapons in the vicious hand-to-hand mêlée. Several Poole volunteers lay stunned and one was killed outright by a bullet.

* * *

AT this juncture, the long-suffering Seventh was again turned out and reached the scene of hostilities as the Guards were beginning to break and flee before superior numbers. The gallant commander of the Seventh was pretty sick of the whole affair by this time. Without wasting time in asking questions, he ordered his men to charge and clear the streets with the bayonet.

Neither Guards nor gangsters awaited the onset of the long lines of gleaming steel, but scattered unanimously and ran for safety. Within half an hour, gentle peace reigned. The last riot consequent upon the conveyance of Bill Poole to his final resting place was duly registered in the history of New York's bloody street battles for political control!

It is worthy of notice that John Morrissey, whose combat with Poole on the Amos Dock was responsible for the trail of events that led up to the murder of big Bill, kept altogether clear of the savage warfare which followed the burial of his former opponent.

This was an extremely discreet move on Morrissey's part. Several of Poole's most devoted adherents had openly threatened that they would send John to where Bill had crossed ahead of him, on the first convenient opportunity. An excellent chance to make good on this boast must assuredly have presented itself had Morrissey mixed in any of the street disturbances.

For several months afterwards Morrissey never ventured out at night unless accompanied by two or three trusty friends armed to the teeth, a precaution to which he probably owed his life. Threats to kill were no idle menace in those full-blooded, roaring times.

No gamer battler than the man who later became heavyweight champion of America ever lived. But John Morrissey was not inclined to indulge in the pastime of flirting with certain death, even had he anticipated being followed to his grave by as splendidly alluring a cortege as graced the passing of big Bill Poole over the river Styx.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

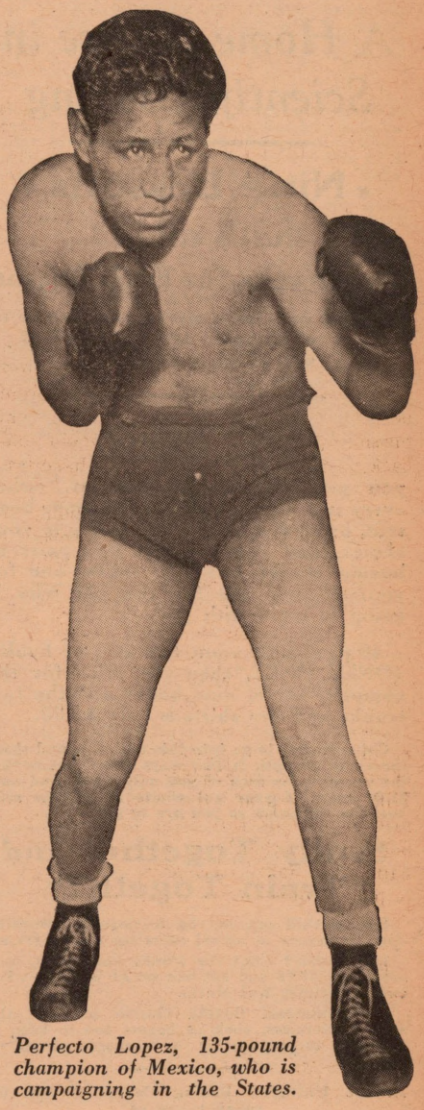
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Denver, Colo.—Eddie Pierce, South African middleweight, scored an easy ten-round decision over Al Diamond, veteran New Jersey mauler. Diamond at no stage of the fight was willing to open up and take a chance, therefore the bout was a rather drab affair. It again demonstrated that a fighter, no matter how willing he might be, can't make any kind of a showing against a fellow whose only intent is to go the route.

At Santa Fe, N. M.—Tiny Garcia pounded out a four-round technical kayo over Young Mike Baca in a one-sided melee. At no time was Baca any match for the durable "Matador," and found himself on the floor five times during the scrap. The Garcias enjoyed quite an agreeable evening, since Joe, a brother of Tiny's, batted out a decision over Billy Firpo in the eight-round semi-windup. Joe had the edge in six of the eight stanzas.

Another of the "beeg strong fellers" has come up out of the college ranks to take a whirl at the grappling game. This time it is burly Joe Fena, a Denver University football star. Joe ought to be a star among the big grunters, since he knows how to toss a fair forward pass, and can punt after a fashion. Knowledge of wrestling is of no importance if you've got the proper campus background.

The Messrs. Wycoff, Osburn, Babe Zaharias and Joe Corbett, a quartet of alleged wrestlers, are doing a land-office business here and there over Colorado. I'd say the four between them couldn't muster up one iota of actual wrestling knowledge, but what with their "grandstand" rough stuff, they're packing them in. So if the guys that pay the freight can stand it, why should I worry?



Perfecto Lopez, 135-pound champion of Mexico, who is campaigning in the States.

Colorado is still dickering with the idea of a "big time" boxing contest this summer. The plan has been hanging fire for quite a while, but nothing definite has been decided. Too bad we couldn't land something like Charlie White-Freddy Welsh and Mike Gibbons-Battling Ortega brawls of other years.

At Sterling, Colo.—Joe Jaramillo, Colorado middleweight king, scored a three-round technical kayo over Vernon (Battling) Nelson, Omaha warrior, in the main event of a Decoration Day fistic festival. The fight was Jaramillo's all the way.

Remember, the writer has a list of promoters out in this neck of the woods that you can have for a ten cent piece. Will also answer any questions relative to the mitt game out this way. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

NEODESHA, KANS.—Ira Krueger, local boxing promoter, will stage his initial bi-monthly amateur fight show at Camp Bogue. Some of the best fight talent in this section will appear on the program.

The month of May was a very dull one for boxing in this state, and very few fight cards were held. Probably it will pick up from now until fall when the indoor fistic season is ushered in.

Ferman Burton, the colored welterweight who won the title in Kansas City in the tournament of champions and went to Chicago, is now quartered at Chanute and will be here for several weeks. He is anxious to get a few bouts in this section. Any promoters holding one-night boxing

Jimmy Jones, sturdy Baltimore welterweight.

shows and wanting to use this colored lad, get in touch with the writer of this column.

Les Showers, the ace of amateur boxing directors, is staging a big tournament at McCook, Nebr. Showers is assisted by the capable Dick Russell, noted trainer of fighters. The combination really gets the job done, and as yet has no equal west of the Mississippi. South Dakota will be their next stop for a gigantic Northwest tournament. Showers is one promoter that is always in big demand as he is a money-maker for the club sponsoring his tournaments.

Kansas City, Mo.—Light-heavyweight Champion John Henry Lewis let the fans get a peek at his prowess for about three rounds when he slapped Jack Kranz silly in three stanzas. Junior Munsell knocked out Harold (Kayo) Thomas in one. Young Simington beat Roger Bernard in eight. Babe Breese knocked out Sonny Johns in four. John Gordon beat Roy Eldridge in six rounds.

Oklahoma has had an exceptionally quiet month in the fistic game. Wrestling has held its own in a few spots.

Kansas City, Mo.—The European amateur boxing team scored one hundred per cent over the Kansas City team. This is the first defeat of its kind ever handed the heart of American fighters. Chicago broke even and the K. C. boys considered they had an equal chance but the invaders had the edge all the way. Many think Neaves, the colored heavy, beat Runge, the German boy. About 7,000 fans witnessed the bouts and were well pleased.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Garrison defeated Roger Bernard in ten; Babe Breese outpointed Harold Sine in eight; John Gordon knocked out Wildcat Leaper in one; Bud Sasnak beat Frankie Lee in four; Louis Rikes won on a foul in the first round from Sonny Boy Akers.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

JACK BURKE, Ogden, Utah, welterweight, can change his address to New Orleans, La., anytime now for he has become the pet of local fans. Two sterling victories during the month enhanced his drawing power no end, but the wins were not everything. Action throughout, the fans' prerogative, is the factor behind Burke's Crescent City success.

Jimmy Perrin, local featherweight, goes on beating good fighters, but fails to gain recognition in the eyes of Eastern critics. Two victories over Lloyd Pine, Akron, Ohio, one of them in a decisive manner, was his contribution to boxing during the month.

Although he lost twice to Perrin, Pine was so well liked that he was pitted against Nick Camarata, New Orleans featherweight, who was recently rated in the elite ten in that division. Pine gave the ambitious Italian a beating in a ten-rounder.

Biting, wrestling, kicking, eye gouging and all the other fouls known and still to be learned, performed under the winking eye of the boxing commission, gave the Coliseum patrons some screaming delight in the two affairs between Roy Calamari and Jumbo Rovira, local welterweights. The first was called a draw, but Rovira gained the edge in the encore. Yes, a few legitimate punches were thrown in, too.

Other bouts during the month ended in the following fashion: Billy Hood stopped George Thomas; Bill Raggio decisioned Elmer Freas; Wildman McNeil outscored Vincent Coli, all middleweights. Jumbo Rovira stopped Boomer Booker; Al Kearney outpointed Henry Deubler, all welterweights. Jerome Comforte, former S. A. A. U. amateur champion, stopped Buck Sinsebe and Joe O'Neil; Billy Pierera drew with Bobby Reed; Mike Cusimano beat Joe Muscarello; Dallas Goodwin drew with Santo Delgado, all lightweights. Tommy Pauley chilled Joe Novellino, featherweights.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

JACK KEARNS drew a real house in his last promotional venture, a card featuring three ten-round bouts, and fans are still talking about the results. Chief cause for comment was the decision in the Arturo Godoy-Roscoe Toles bout, in which Referee "Slim" McClelland awarded the bout to Toles. The decision was roundly booed, the majority of the fans thinking Godoy had won the bout.

In another feature, Jimmy Adamick's punches finally finished Johnny Erjavec in the ninth round of a torrid battle. Adamick had Erjavec down on numerous occasions but the Duluth boy always arose, until the bout was finally stopped by Referee Jack Dempsey.

In the other ten-rounder, Red Burman, Baltimore heavy, finished Jerry Johnson in jig time.

Domenic Ceccarelli, Italian light-heavyweight, whipped Stan Evans on Nick Londes' latest show at Naval Armory. Three nights later, Ceccarelli stopped Bill Bommer in a Toledo ring.

Milton Shivers has been going great guns since turning pro, his most recent conquest being a ten-round decision over Caspar LaRosa, Eastern middleweight.

Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh welter, turned in a nice performance in outboxing Tony Petrowski in Muskegon's outstanding bout of the month. Jimmy Buckler, topnotch lightie from Louisville, Ky., was forced to turn on full steam to win the decision over Billy Bengal, rising Detroiter. Bobby McIntire outboxed and outpunched Jimmy Mason, a tough southpaw, on the same bill.

Vic Zywicki, Detroit Polish welterweight ace, has been laid up after having turned in three straight knockouts in bouts at the smaller clubs.

Speedy Johnson, Pontiac's star colored lightweight, has been turning in some neat performances of late, winning from Joe Doty his last time out.

Wesley Davis stopped Tiger LaSalle on the latest Hazel Park card. In the final bout, Billy Bengal defeated Billy Webster, Chicago Indian, and in another of the feature bouts a pair of former amateurs, Pat Thomas and Bobby McIntire hooked up, McIntire winning the six-round decision.

K. O. Morgan, Detroit's bantamweight, who rates as the leading contender for the bantamweight crown, has been idle since his convincing kayo of Frankie Martin, Canadian champion. It seems that none of the good boys want to get in there with Morgan.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

ARTHUR ELVIN, the genial promoter of the Empire Pool, Wembley, was well pleased with the result of the big show at the Pool, which drew a crowd of 11,400, who paid £15,200 ($76,000). Jack Doyle and Kingfish Levinsky put up a rough and tumble that was far from a "boxing contest."

The fans enjoyed every one of the rounds, if only because of the hard blows that Levinsky took from Doyle. The Irish lad dealt out heavy punishment and won every round, and well deserved Referee C. B. Thomas' decision amid loud cheers.

Jock McAvoy, middleweight champion of Great Britain, added another crown to his record by winning the cruiserweight title, scoring a K.O. over the holder, Eddie Phillips, in the fourteenth round after a gruelling contest. Phillips weighed in at 173¾ pounds and McAvoy, 169½ pounds.

Small Montana again showed good form in outpointing Pat Palmer in a return contest of ten rounds. In an eight-round bout, Jimmy Walsh, champion lightweight of Great Britain, substituted for Dave Crowley and boxed George Odwell in a fast and hard-hitting bout. Odwell won the decision.

Snowey Edwards was given the decision over Bushman Dempster at the end of their twelve-rounder at Norwich.

Boy Boon and Bob Barlow engaged in a furious ten-rounder, which Boon won.

Johnny Ryan, a useful featherweight from Kilburn, met a clever boxer in Jim Palmer and was beaten on points at the end of ten rounds at Cricklewood Rink.

The Mile End Arena started its open-air boxing with a splendid show, and a capacity house attended. Jack Gubbins outpointed Young Chocolate in a ten-round contest; Dodo Williams of Jamaica was outpointed by Phil Bevan over ten rounds, and Joe Brahams stopped Tommy Burns in three rounds.

The chief contests at the Devonshire Club both ended in the first round. Alby Day K.O.'ed Tiger Bert Ennis, and Charlie Wise, deputizing for Boy Boon, stopped Battling Charlie Brown in the same manner.

Tiny Bostock had an easy time outpointing Mickey O'Niel over ten rounds at the Ring, Blackfriars. Jack Powell was ruled out in the second round against Johnny Mack for throwing his opponent, and Teddy Hayes stopped Dave James in the fifth round.

Johnny King won his return match with Alex Alston, but it was only on the referee's ruling. Alston had hit low in the third, and the big crowd at Blackpool Circus did not take kindly to the referee's decision. John Cusick defeated Harry Edwards in the fifth of a twelve-rounder on the same card.

Billy Charlton won his ten-rounder against Dick Corbett because he kept working with two hands. Corbett was content with using his left only. The contest took place at Cricklewood Skating Rink and in the other star bout, the young colored cruiserweight, Tommy Martin, outpointed Billy Hardy after a hard-hitting ten-rounder.

Peter Kane, the young Golbourne flyweight, won his eliminator against Phil Milligan of Manchester in the eleventh of a fifteen-rounder when the referee, Jack Smith, stopped the contest after the towel had been thrown in from Milligan's corner. The bout took place at Liverpool Football Ground, and eighteen thousand saw the one-sided fray.

On the same card, Tut Whalley outpointed Herbie Clarke of Liverpool over eight rounds.

Bob Firmin of Lowestoft and Harry Rowles of Battersea fought a hard bout over twelve rounds before a good crowd at Lowestoft. Firmin won because of a late rally in the last two rounds.

It is with sincere regret that I have to report that after a doctor's examination, George "Panther" Purchase, aggressive South African lightweight, has been forbidden to take part in actual contests in the ring.

He is to undergo an operation in the Cardiff Royal Infirmary and then hopes to return home to South Africa with his wife, who has been a real pal to him, and take up a position as an instructor in the Cape schools.

Norman Laski took the chair at his house for the meeting of the J. N. F. Sportsman's Committee. A final balance sheet was drawn up for the boxing show at the Royal Albert Hall. This turned out a huge success and profits amounted to $22,600.

A movement is afoot to run a similar show in New York each year by the J. N. F. American branch, whom I have every confidence would make their show as big a success as do their British cousins.

Len Beynon successfully defended his bantam and featherweight championships of Wales when he outpointed George Williams over fifteen rounds at Swansea.

Jock McAvoy, middle and cruiserweight champion of Great Britain, was in top form for his contest with Dai Jones, middles champion of Wales, who was on the receiving end all through the ten rounds at the Colston Hall, Bristol, but gamely lasted the distance.

Jimmy Vaughan, Becontree, defeated Tommy Hyams for the third time at the Mile End Arena after a hard-hitting twelve-rounder.

Frank Hough gained a victory over Charlie Bundy at the end of the fourth of a ten-rounder when Bundy received a very badly cut eye at the Ring, London.

Jack Hyams and Bob Simpkins met over ten rounds before the former received the decision at Cricklewood Skating Rink.

Abe Tweedee, the Glasgow flyweight, keeps on winning, despite his years in the game. His victory over Hugh Hendrie at Glasgow was a revelation.

Tommy John won on points against Chris Benson over twelve rounds at the Devonshire Club, London, the latter taking several counts before the final gong.

There was plenty of excitement at Harringay Arena when Syd Hulls staged the Buddy Baer-Jim Wilde and Petey Sarron-Dave Crowley contests. The crowd resented the attitude of Moss Deyong, the referee, for stopping the one-sided contest between Baer and Wilde in the fifth after Wilde had been down for seven counts.

If the ones who disagreed with the decision had taken a look at Wilde's face soon after the contest they would have changed their minds. Every time Baer hit Wilde with the right hand, he went down for a count. The referee was quite in order stopping that bout.

The contest between Sarron and Dave Crowley ended in the ninth, with one round to go. The referee, C. H. Douglas, disqualified Sarron for hitting with the inside of the glove.

I want to make it clear that although Sarron shapes up with his gloves open, he closes them before he connects, but his deliveries at times are not with the knuckle part of the gloves. There are plenty of offenders in this country who have gotten by without such disqualifications.

Have you ever seen two bearcats fighting? When I saw Jack Kid Berg and Alby Day go through their eight-round bout at the Harringay show, it can only be described as a non-stop fight. Berg finished the better, to be declared the winner on points.

Harry Mizler and Dave Finn, who was known in U. S. A. as Davey Fine, fought over eight rounds, which was won by Mizler by a narrow margin.

Ken Robinson of Canada defeated Jim Mount of Scotland on points over eight rounds. One of the best prospects (a flyweight) of the East Side of London, Harry Silver, outpointed Jimmy Kelly after a great contest of four rounds.

Another non-stop contest was between Les Haycox and Charlie Wise, which Wise won on points over four rounds.

Jack Solomon's Devonshire Club, Hackney, was packed to the doors when Frankie Hill stopped Phil Bevan in the eighth of a ten-rounder.

Mickey O'Niel of Sunderland and Frank Kid Bonsor of Notts fought a splendid contest over ten rounds when O'Niel received a narrow points decision.

A scrap worth going miles to see was Billy "Boy" Watson of Stepney, who was conceding ten pounds in weight to Jud Hill of Barrow over ten rounds. At the end, Hill deserved the decision he received, followed by a shower of coins, the two lads put up such a good contest.

Ernie Roderick, contender for the British welterweight title, was given a hard bout by the Belgian, Neston Charlier, over twelve rounds, which ended in a narrow verdict for Roderick at Liverpool Stadium.

Tiny Bostock, the Hanley flyweight, who recently defeated Small Montana and Ernst Weiss, caused a mild sensation at the Palais Des Sports, Paris, when he battered and outpointed Valentin Anglemann, the I. B. U. flyweight champion, over ten rounds in an overweight match. Bill Hardy outpointed Angel Cliville, the American Negro, in another ten-round hard-hitting contest.

Jack Lewis outpointed Pat Haley over twelve rounds at the final show of the season at the Western Ice Rink, Bournemouth.

A packed house of the Deutschland Halle, Berlin, saw Arno Kolblin of Berlin, heavyweight champion of Europe, retain his title when he K.O.'ed Vincenz Hower in the eighth round. Harry Staal, heavyweight champion of Holland, was outpointed by Kurt Haymann of Berlin in an eight-rounder.

Boy Boon of Chatteris scored a good points victory over George Kelly in a twelve-rounder at the Devonshire Club.

Len Beynon of Wales defeated Len Hampston in the eighth round when Hampston was disqualified for an alleged low blow at Swansea.

The Army heavyweight champion, George Markwick, made his first professional appearance at the Stadium Club, Holborn, when he gave away thirty pounds in weight and a bad beating to Gunner Reid of Durham to score a K.O. in the fourth round. More will be heard of this boy Markwick, who is twenty-one years of age and scales 190 pounds.

Other heavyweight contests resulted as follows:

Len Chinnery, the Leytonstone Butcher, K.O.'ed Gunner Ainsley in the fourth of an eight-rounder.

Dick Allen defeated Jack Fox in the fifth of a ten-round bout when Fox retired with a badly cut eye.

Bob Scully defeated Tommy Allen in the tenth of a twelve-rounder when the referee intervened because Allen's eyes were badly cut.

Ginger Sadd outpointed the Welshman, Tom Smith, in a spirited ten-round contest at Bury St. Edmund.

Tommy Hyams of King's Cross scored a smart victory at the Palais des Sports, Paris, Jeff Dickson's show, when he forced the referee to stop the bout in the third of a ten-rounder against Maurice Arnholt, European lightweight champion, after the latter had taken three counts.

A large crowd witnessed the program promoted by the Carmarthen Sports Association in the Market Place, Carmarthen.

The principal contest, between Jimmy Vaughan and George Francombe, went only three of the twelve scheduled rounds. The Welshman took several counts before Vaughan wrote finis to the bout in the third round with a right to the jaw.

Les Greenaway outpointed Matt Powell over ten rounds.

Jack Lewis won the welterweight championship of the west of England when he K.O.'ed Jack Davies in the eighth of a fifteen-rounder at Paignton.

I wish to thank the many RING readers who sent letters of condolence to the Sharpe family in their irreparable loss of their dear mother, who joined her beloved husband after four years. "May their dear souls rest in peace."

Ginger Foran of Liverpool fought well in his bout with the young Dagenham featherweight, Jimmy Lester. He proved too strong for the latter, who succumbed to a right on the jaw in the fifth which put him down for the full count.

Dick Corbett gave weight away to Robert Disch, lightweight champion of Holland, in a ten-round contest at the Stadium Club, Holborn, but won handily. Con Flynn outpointed George Kelly in a ten-rounder, and Paddy Roche, the fighting Irishman, defeated Len Croxon on points over twelve rounds.

Johnny Finnerty of Glasgow reversed the honors when he met Jackie Flynn of Belfast in a return contest at the Parkhead Arena, Glasgow, winning on points after ten good rounds.

A clever win was the result of the local contest between George Bunter and Harry Craster, who battled ten rounds before Bunter was declared the winner on points at West Hartlepool.

Frank Hough forced Ernie Simmons to retire at the end of the seventh round of their twelve-round bout at Mile End Arena.

Freddie Morris and Jackie Hurst fought their much delayed local contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, over ten rounds, before a good crowd, and the former gained a clever victory on points.

Buddy Baer failed to knock out Jack London of West Hartlepool, but he did the next best thing, by winning easily over the ten-round route, before a crowd of twelve thousand at Veitch Field, Swansea.

On the same card, Harry Lister, the southpaw heavyweight from Tynemouth, outpointed Charlie Bundy of Wales in a ten-round contest. Joe Foord (Ben's younger brother) was stopped by Pinkie Jenkins of Wales in the seventh round.

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Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 23)

said. But following Baer's defeat of Foord, things took a sudden change. The realization had come to those who were using the most superlatives that perhaps America, after all, did have some good talent and that Baer was not an example of our best. Wait until we bring over Joe Louis. The British may then get a real eye-opener.

* * *

THE boxing world lost a picturesque character a few weeks ago when Jimmy Shortell, deputy sheriff, died after a short illness. Jimmy, following his retirement as manager and promoter in Brooklyn, served the state for twenty-two years just as efficiently as he did the fight game, in which he was brought up. He was the promoter at the Military Hall and also acted as official referee at the Saxon Athletic Club before taking up the post of transporting hundreds of convicts to Sing Sing.

* * *

WHILE Joe Louis continues in the sportlight, another Negro, John Henry Lewis, world light-heavyweight king, continues to roll up victory after victory. If his performances since winning the crown are a criterion, John Henry will be right at the heels of the Brown Bomber for recognition as the best colored fighter in the world. He is cleverer than Joe, and is developing his socking powers to the extent that most of his recent triumphs have been by the kayo route. His feat of knocking out Bob Olin in St. Louis was a worthy one.

For that victory, THE RING Editor awarded Lewis with a championship belt. The trophy, a beautiful large one-panel belt, was sent to St. Louis with instructions to have the chairman of the boxing commission award it on behalf of THE RING. Thus THE RING, with two special awards during the month, one to Schmeling and one to John Henry Lewis, continues to give the boys an incentive to rise to the top.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JOE GELINAS, pride of Athol, Mass., after losing two decisions to Bobby Allen of Nova Scotia, came back to win the third bout at the Valley Arena, Holyoke.

Wildcat O'Connor of Carbondale, Pa., making his debut in the Arena, made a hit with the fans with his willing fighting against Frankie Cinque, whom he defeated in the main bout of ten rounds.

Frankie Paul of Worcester won a decision over Frankie Campbell of Boston in the semi-final of six rounds. This was a bitter fight, with heavy punching on both sides. Pinky Morris of New Haven and Alex DeAngelo of Worcester put on another lively bout of six rounds. The decision for DeAngelo was unpopular with the crowd.

Charlie Gordon of Newport, N. H., won a six-round bout from Frankie Smith of Norwalk. Lou Blondi of Thompsonville, Conn., won his first start as a professional by trouncing Jackie Callahan of Boston in four rounds.

The Springfield Boys' Club furnished a card of amateurs at the Coliseum in West Springfield for the benefit of the Springfield Boys' Club camp fund. The attendance ran over the three thousand mark.

Teddy Loder of New York won a decision over Saverio Turiello of Italy in ten rounds at the Valley Arena. Frankie Carlton of New Jersey started a comeback by defeating Lou Lima of New Bedford in the semi of six rounds.

Doug Murchie of North Adams won a six-round decision over Red Dupre of New Bedford. Jimmy Mendes of New Bedford won a decision over Gene Lasinski of New Haven in a hard-fought fight. These boys were light-heavies. Johnny Baranowski, now fighting as Johnny Barry, won on a technical K.O. over Jackie Wolgast of New Bedford in the fourth round.

Open-air shows are now popping up all over the country. North Adams has started, and Norwalk, Conn., and others will follow.

Ruby Bradley, after seventeen years of fighting, is still winning regularly in Holyoke.

Joe Gelinas of Athol lost by a technical K.O. to Nat Bor of Fall River in the third round.

Sonny Jones, Vancouver welterweight, who recently returned from a successful European invasion and intends cleaning up the welterweight class in the East.

Gelinas was outclassed by the rugged Bor and after three knockdowns the towel came from Gelinas' corner.

Art Coll of Athol was knocked out by Pat Foley of Worcester in the fourth round. Joe Coll, Art's brother, also lost on a technical K.O. when he tried to battle Georgie Martin of Boston. This battle lasted two rounds, as Martin's punching power was too much for the little Coll boy.

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AUSTRALIAN NEWS
By STANLEY R. PRING

JIMMY LETO, American welterweight, and Jack Carroll, Australian champion, fought at Sydney Sports Ground under the direction of Charles Lucas. Carroll outpointed Leto in a crowd pleasing fifteen-round contest. For the first seven rounds Carroll gained a substantial points lead but Leto fought better after that and by the end of the eleventh round had proved himself a highly efficient boxer of world class. Carroll's long absence from the ring was beginning to prove a handicap.

From the twelfth round, Leto fought in brilliant fashion. In the fourteenth, one of Carroll's vicious left hooks passed over Leto's head. Jimmy dodged the blow and shot home a quick right jolt, and Carroll was knocked to the floor. Carroll was off his balance somewhat when the blow landed, but it carried some weight and the count was on. Carroll was up after "three" and a little later on slipped and fell, but was up in a second. It was a great ending. Carroll was declared by Harold Baker, the winner on points.

Jim Donald, in *The Referee*, said: "Ringcraft, rather than actual fistic superiority, decided the issue." Official figures gave the attendance as 18,000, and the takings £3,700.

Charlie Lucas said he is leaving Australia with the Australian champion, Alf Blatch, by the *Niagara* on May 13. Blatch will engage in contests in the States, and should do exceptionally well, considering his ability and that he drew with Saverio Turiello and afterwards twice defeated him. Blatch is likely to press for a world title match—and Australians hope he gets it.

Jimmy Purcell, the next best welterweight to Carroll in Australia, and George Simpson, American light-heavyweight, have signed agreements to fight in London and will probably leave Australia at the end of April or early in May. Return transportation for the fighters has been cabled from London to Norman Hurst's representative in Sydney. Both are capable and attractive fighters with exceptionally good records. Australian fans wish them both good luck.

Ambrose Palmer, after defeating Roy de Gans in New Zealand, returned to Sydney, announced a fresh retirement, and took his wife and family back to the Dominion.

"Deacon" Leo Kelly surprised the boxing world this week with the announcement, through his manager, Bill Newman, that he is off to France and England. Kelly had fights booked in Melbourne but they are now off. Kelly has been a sensational boxer and a good draw in Australia. Kelly's opponents in England will probably be Eddie Phillips and Jock McAvoy; and in France he may meet Marcel Thil. Kelly should be very welcome in France and England. Kelly and his manager expressed the wish to return to Australia if there were any opponents for him here.

Sydney Stadium has at last been taken over—by Stadiums, Ltd., of Melbourne. What a disappointment it was for boxing fans when the stadium, after months of inactivity, was opened on April 12 with wrestlers heading the bill. Rusty Wescoatt, in his Australian debut that night, defeated Danny Dusek by one fall to nil in eight rounds. The attendance was not encouraging for the promoters.

Harry Miller, a popular young man, has been appointed chief of staff at Sydney Stadium. He was an office assistant under the regime of the Sports Club and deserves the promotion. Mr. W. Donohoe, secretary of Victoria Park (Sydney) Racing Club, is the company manager in Sydney and Dick Lean of Melbourne is the general manager. Artie Powell is boxing matchmaker and Joe Wallis, referee. Dr. Ken Smith has been appointed medical officer.

Stadiums, Limited, plan to send a representative (probably Dick Lean) to America in the near future to sign up boxers for Australia. In the meantime, wrestling will top the bill at Sydney Stadium on Monday nights. An eight-round boxing contest, one six-, and one four-rounder, will complete the programs.

Newcastle Stadium, since Hughie Dwyer opened it up, has made more progress than any other stadium in Australia during recent years. Dwyer has plans in hand to enlarge the coal city stadium to accommodate over four thousand people. Late arrivals on Saturday nights always find it hard to gain admittance, and often cannot be accommodated in the audience.

Newcastle Stadium claims to be employing more boxers each week than any other stadium in Australia and perhaps the Southern Hemisphere—fourteen on Saturday nights (forty-round boxing program) and six on Tuesday nights to support the wrestling contest.

Ron Richards, Australian middleweight champion, met Leo Kelly for the fourth time, at Brisbane Stadium. After fifteen rounds of exciting boxing, the contest was declared a draw by Referee Joe Wallis. It was a great fight and held the six thousand fans excited from gong to gong. In their first two meetings Richards outpointed Kelly. In the third meeting Kelly outpointed Richards, but over three-minute rounds.

Jimmy Sharman, Australia's travelling showman, was recently in Sydney for the Royal Show. He, with his boxing, wrestling and athletic troupe, is known all over Australia, for he visits almost every show held in the numerous country towns of Australia. His troupe in Sydney included: Tommy Uren, ex-triple champion of Australia; Joe Brooklyn, ball-puncher; Ivan Wolheim (Germany), Laranoff (Russia), bearded wrestler, Alex Lundyn, Finland; Ryder Garner, New Zealand; George Simpson, U. S. A., boxer; Billy Riley, W. Australia; Sam Casey, Sth. Australia; Tony Villa, Philippines; Bob Suite, N. S. W.; Young Jerry Gerome, Queensland; "Tiger" Parkes, American Negro; Son Tealey, N. S. W., heavyweight; Len Milburn; Snowy Bennell, Paddy Pigott and many others, including Rud-Kee, Chinese boxer.

Two days before Jack Carroll was to have fought Jimmy Leto in a return contest it was announced he was unfit to carry on. His preparation for the first match had been too hurried. He overworked and took off too much weight—nearly two stone. Alf Blatch, Australian lightweight champion, took his place and at Sydney Stadium, under the direction of Charles Lucas, they fought. Harold Baker disqualified Leto for illegal kidney punches. And Blatch won in the fifth round.

There was an excellent crowd at the Stadium when Blatch (9.11) faced Leto (10.3¼). It was apparent early that Leto was too strong for Blatch. Blatch fought on gamely. Early in the fifth round, Leto jerked Blatch sideways and placed his right punch in the region of Blatch's kidneys. Leto was warned by the referee. Again Leto landed the illegal punch and again he was warned. Soon after, Leto floored Blatch for eight with a powerful left to the stomach. Upon rising, Blatch was faced by Leto, anxious to end the contest. Leto in his crazy eagerness, used a terrific punch which curled around Blatch's kidneys and floored him. The referee immediately gave Blatch the decision. Afterwards, Referee Baker said: "Summed up, my action was this: Blatch was totally disabled by a foul blow delivered by Leto. I immediately disqualified the offender." Leto and his manager have returned to America.

Fitzroy Stadium (Victoria) was packed to the roof when Mickey Miller defended his Australian featherweight title against "Snowy" Clarke. Miller won on a T.K.O. in the eleventh round. Clarke was carried to his corner, nineteen seconds after the eleventh round commenced. The contest was the first Australian featherweight battle witnessed in Melbourne in eight years.

That an all-Australian boxing tournament will be promoted at Sydney Stadium is the latest announcement by the directors of Stadiums, Ltd. A start will be made with the welterweight and featherweight tournaments. Each division will be worth £250. Married men and boxers who have engaged in more than six six-round contests will be barred.

The Referee, Australia, says: "The promoters have apparently overlooked the fact that such stars of former years as Vince Blackburn, Sid Godfrey, Fred Kaye and Tommy Uren, to mention a few, were married before going into 'big time' fighting. Ambrose Palmer, who took the middleweight crown from Jack Haines when nineteen years of age, married before he left his teens behind. Mickey Miller, bantam and featherweight champion of Australia, married at the age of sixteen. Other Australian champions—Jack Carroll and Jimmy Kelso—were married early in their fighting careers."

Ron Richards, Australian middleweight champion, was again implicated in a most unsatisfactory affair at Brisbane Stadium recently. George Simpson faced Richards in the Brisbane Stadium arena. In the fourth round, Richards ducked a blow. Simpson's right touched Richards' kidney regions and he slipped to the floor, claiming a foul. The referee warned Simpson, who smacked him in the face. Simpson gained more falls—one writer saying "Richards was up and down like a city lift." Simpson was rebuked eleven times. Towards the end of the fifth round, Fennell, Richards' manager, entered the ring and punched Simpson in the face. The bell ended the round. In the eighth round the three were mixed up on the floor and the referee crowned Richards on a foul. Simpson and the referee then engaged in combat. It was a disgraceful affair, boxing fans resisting attempts to re-match Simpson and Richards.

Jack Wilson (11.9), young Victorian middleweight, made his Sydney debut at the Stadium against Max Raynor (11.5). Raynor's previous victory was over Jim Penman of Newcastle. Wilson had a string of K.O. victories to his credit. Wilson outpointed Raynor in twelve rounds, but the contest was not up to expectations. Each had a reputation for solid punching but the pep was missing on this occasion.

Wrestling at Sydney Stadium is still drawing the crowds on Monday nights. A ten or twelve-round boxing contest is usually the principal support. Tom Lurich has returned to Leichhardt Stadium and is drawing well. Every now and again he travels to Melbourne for matches there.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

FRANKIE GENOVESE, colorful young Toronto Italian, is the new Canadian welter king. Julius Goldberg's popular protege lifted the crown off Gordon Wallace's brow by whipping the veteran Vancouver ringster by a comfortable, though not wide, margin in a twelve-round title bout at Toronto. All three ballots called for Genovese. An unerring left hand stabbing incessantly into Wallace's features, and a driving, whiplash right held in timely reserve for the proper openings, got the new champ off to an early lead, which Wallace's desperate rally cut down somewhat in the later rounds, only to have the fiery Italian come surging back for a strong finish to clinch the nod.

The semi-final saw Ray Cook, former Canadian featherweight king, come out of a two-year idleness to score over Spider Armstrong in an eight-rounder. Cook, though below form due to rustiness, held a decided edge over Armstrong, whose showing was surprisingly unimpressive. The following show featured a ten-rounder between Tommy Bland and Sammy Luftspring for the right to meet Genovese in a title bout, with Bland winning a clean-cut verdict.

Harold "Babe" McLeod, winner of many amateur ring titles, starts his pro career as a main eventer. The larruping lightweight was scheduled for main bout appearances in Chicoutimi and Kenogami in eight and ten-rounders against the ace performers in the northern Quebec mining and papermill district. They draw good crowds up that way, so the "Babe" is doing better financially there than he would as a preliminary performer in cities like Montreal or Toronto. Billy Fitzgerald is the leading promoter thereabouts and among his most popular drawing cards are Ferris, classy northern Quebec lightweight champ, and Thomas, a rugged and promising middleweight. A "natural" between Ferris and McLeod is a likely development that will probably attract one of the biggest "gates" of the season in this thriving mining sector.

Promotional rivalry promises to feature Montreal's ring season and may make up for the late start. Sylvio Mireault and George Chabot, former lightweight favorites, who figured in some pretty good gates, are back in the field as matchmakers. Both are aiming for the choice matches and at this date no one seems to have the inside track as yet. By the time this comes off the press, there should be at least one show staged, perhaps two, although other circumstances are hampering both matchmakers. Al McCoy is sought, but previous engagements have to be disposed of. A Maxie Berger-Dave Castilloux match for the vacant Canadian lightweight title would be a good starter and both are bidding for it. The match was slightly dulled with Berger dropping a close verdict to Frankie Wallace, clever Cleveland lightie, and Castilloux being held to a ten-round draw by Paul Junior.

Frankie Martin apparently didn't let the Kayo Morgan kayo drive all the ambition out of him. Sammy Gibbs took him to Sherbrooke, where he whipped "Young" Lebrun for the vacant Canadian featherweight title in easy fashion in a ten-rounder, and now Frankie totes two Canuck titles around. It is a strange coincidence that the man whose title was vacated by the commission due to idleness and won by Martin, was also managed once by Sam Gibbs, namely, Ray Cook, who got into managerial difficulties by signing too many contracts. Gibbs thus has the distinction of having managed two wearers of the bantam and feather titles, Bobby Leitham being his previous protege to wear the bantam crown.

The fight game in Edmonton has died down for a while, with the farmers putting all their time and capital into the crop-growing period, and Fred Osborne's meritorious promotorial build-up of the game is temporarily a frozen asset. Osborne may take some of his proteges for campaigns in other centers for the time being. His middleweight prospect, Mickey McGuire, is ready for action with his injured hand now fully healed.

Five Montreal boys captured titles in the Dominion Amateur Boxing Championships, held in a two-night tourney at the Forum before excellent turnouts. Joe Gagnon won the flyweight laurels, Joe Debrofsky the bantam title, Jean Paul Lachappelle the lightweight crown, Eli Brown took the light-heavy diadem, and Tommy Osborne crowned his spectacular though erratic career by blasting his way to the heavyweight throne. Not a defending champ was entered in the tourney, which proved a great financial success for the sponsors.

STRAY SHOTS—Mickey McGowan, popular referee and former featherweight star, is doing all right . . . . happily married and foreman of the checkers at the famous Black Horse brewery . . . . Joe Gollob, flashy local lightweight, is heading for some lengthy travelling . . . . first it was reported that he was going to the West Coast to campaign under Dave Cavadas and Ted Moore, but the most recent report is that he is sailing for a tour of English rings . . . . bon voyage, Joe, your speedy style should be more effective over there . . . . Oliver Shank, after a much needed rest, got back to his K.O. form when he smacked Jackie Thomas for the count in the first round at New York . . . . it is rumored that Armand Vincent may be back in the game as a matchmaker . . . . he is doing very well as manager of a smart beach resort just outside of Montreal.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

FRANKIE GENOVESE took the Canadian welter crown from Gordon Wallace, Vancouver star, in a hard fought bout in Toronto. He won clearly.

Tommy Bland is still one of the best welters in the Dominion, as he trounced Genovese last time out.

Ted Keating again won his battle by K.O.'ing Joe Doctor, Detroit, on the same card. Ted is still winning.

Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg's middleweight star, lost his fight against Freddie Steele. He was kayoed in the fourth round. This will end Frankie's challenges for the world's title.

Canadian Ken Robinson beat George Kendricks in Manchester, England, recently.

The only Canadian boys now campaigning out of New York are: Frankie Kameckie, Winnipeg, Man., lightweight, fighting under "Mac" MacDonald; Oliver Shanks, Edmonton, Alta., heavyweight, under Bill McCormick and Bill Hamilton, and Maxie Berger, Montreal lightweight, under Henry Andrews.

Canadian boxing followers of Larry Gains, the colored Toronto heavyweight, who is now making his home in Leicester, England, are sorry to hear that he was admitted to the North Middlesex Hospital in London with septic wound in the head, caused by a broken bottle, although his wife said the bottle fell from a shelf of its own accord.

Tommy Burns, the only Canadian to hold the heavyweight championship, is now managing fighters in Vancouver, British Columbia.

George Fifield, the veteran fighter, who works in a hotel in Toronto, said that he could not recall the toughest fight that he ever had while boxing, for most of them were tough, but his queerest fight was in an old Toronto theatre years ago when he was pitted against Al Walthour of Cleveland, Ohio, who outweighed him by thirteen pounds. "In the first round," he says, "he slugged me down three times and that was the last I knew until three o'clock the next afternoon, when I came to."

Toronto promoters want to stage an attractive semi-final to the Gordon Wallace-Sammy Luftspring bout. Tommy Bland will meet anyone his own weight. So will Frankie Genovese and Luftspring, but their managers have other ideas. Also Joe Marsh of Montreal is willing to get action, and his manager wants the mint. While these boys are willing to meet men of their own class, their managers try to pick their spots and generally make it hard for promoters to stage good cards.

Paddy Wood staged his last card of the season at Powell River, B. C., between Billy Townsend and Bobby Wood. Wood took the decision from Townsend in ten rounds.

Ted Moore, former middleweight star, staged a number of attractive cards during the last month in Vancouver. Here are the results: Chuck Nickason kayoed Bob Frazier, three rounds; Al Ford drew with Winnie Mails, eight rounds; Bobby Carrington drew with Jimmy Best, six rounds. Chuck Nickason has the earmarks of becoming a great fighter, and we expect, by the press comments, to see him become an outstanding performer in the next two years.

In the semi-final to the Kid Chocolate-Joey Woods show at the Star Casino, New York, Frankie Kamecki, Winnipeg, Man., 135½, met Mike Gamiere of Cleveland, Ohio, and former Golden Glover. The referee stopped the fight in the fifth round due to a busted blood vessel in Kamecki's nose. Kamecki was ahead when this happened and it seemed tough to have it stopped. But nowadays in New York they stop a fight at the least sign of injury.

There are numerous combinations fighters and managers, but the pair that stands out most is the grizzly old Pop Foster and Jimmy McLarnin. Pop is old enough to be Jimmy's father, and he couldn't think more of him if he were. The two of them came out of nowhere together and in or out of the ring Pop has always looked out for Jimmy. Today he can boast that he brought out a great fighter who is clean and decent and honorable, and who never got mixed up in a shady fight. His only concern is that his fighter shall get the best as he goes swinging down the years.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE Ralph De John-Jimmy Clark ring feud is over—for the present at least. De John completely outboxed Clark in their joust before the Queensberry Club at Broadway Auditorium. Clark was the winner of only one round and at all times was taking many punches from the Salt City sharpshooter.

Strangely enough, Clark had beaten De John in a previous encounter, although in most of the bouts the Syracuse man was the winner. Clark has to give away almost ten pounds in weight, which is far too much when one takes into consideration the clever fighting ability of Joe Netro's fighter.

The complete card of bouts with results on the De John-Clark program was as follows:

Ralph De John, 162½, defeated Jimmy Clark, 154½; eight rounds, official decision.

Tommy Tedesco, 140, knocked out Mickey Devine, 132; two minutes 38 seconds of third round.

Eddie Saxon, 165, defeated Earl (Red) Conway, 175; six rounds, official decision.

Lou Presto, 172, knocked out Tiger Jack Conway, 179; two minutes, 17 seconds of fifth round.

Eddie Dolan, 142, knocked out Paul Cortlyn, 148; one minute, 39 seconds of third round.

Art Fletcher, 134, defeated Jimmy Gilligan, 129; four rounds, official decision.

Referee, Luke Carr; judges, George Needham and Harry McCoy; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

There is talk of Freddie Steele, world's middleweight champion, coming to Buffalo to fight De John. It's my guess that Syracuse would be a better spot for the match. True enough, Clark and De John have drawn some splendid houses, but in the new Syracuse Stadium, Steele and De John would draw $10,000.

Good boxers of all weights who are young and can fight will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from managerial contracts and alliances. A wonderful opportunity awaits boys who can deliver the goods, especially welterweights, middleweights and heavyweights.

Knockout Brennan, star middleweight of twenty years ago, has been appointed referee here and in his initial showing made a big hit. Old Kayo won the plaudits of the crowd as he stepped into the ring for the first time in fifteen years. Brennan has plenty of "guts," shows keen judgment and will make a dandy official. Good luck, Kayo!

George Bird, young St. Catherines heavyweight, who did some good fighting in the amateurs, is about to turn professional. If Bird is handled right, he'll make some real money and avoid a stormy path, but if he places himself under the management of some of the "wolves" who are hot on his trail he may run into trouble.

However, Harry Bird, father of the young man, is a former promoter at St. Catherines and knows boxing pretty well himself.

Art Johnson, happy-go-lucky promoter of the Orioles' boxing shows, is planning a great season for the amateurs in 1937-38. Art wouldn't mind staging the National tournament in Buffalo and this may come about one of these days. Johnson has developed Jimmy Clark, Big Boy Brackey, Lou Presto and practically every professional now appearing on local cards.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—George Nichols, the old southpaw, is fighting in fine form on the Pacific Coast . . . . George pasted Charlie (Killer) Coates for keeps in their bout at Los Angeles . . . . The last set-to between De John-Clark drew the poorest crowd of their series . . . . The fans got too much of them this season . . . . They fought about seven times in all . . . . Playfair Brown is jamming them in at Toronto . . . . Brown is a fine type of promoter, a gentleman whose word is his bond . . . . Julius Cohen has turned over the Buffalo Sporting Club license to Jack Herman for wrestling shows . . . . Now and then Mr. Cohen expresses a desire to promote fights again but the club has had little action in the glove game of late . . . . Vince Plunkett, ex-matchmaker for boxing, is taking things easy. The 1937-38 boxing season promises to be a pippin for action in this neck of the woods . . . . Many new faces are being developed, two gyms are in operation and a new club here is a certainty . . . . Pete Suskey's "act" with Paulie Mahoney was terrible . . . . Tommy Moore has revived pro boxing in Jamestown . . . . Tommy is a hustler and will have the fans coming again in the near future . . . . Jack Herman expects to have forty good wrestlers camping around Buffalo and working out of a headquarters here . . . . Herman knows wrestling like a book . . . . The cagy gentleman handled such mat notables as Frank Gotch and Stanislaus Zbyszko and made a fortune for each . . . . Other towns where Herman is operating are Erie and Elmira . . . . Lou Presto is showing plenty of ability for a newcomer . . . . His knockout of Jack Conway and his stirring encounter with big Charlie Douglas stamp him as a youngster with a ring future.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
With SPARKY RUDOLPH

HENRY PALMERI, Cleveland's slugging southpaw, added another kayo to his string by flattening Jim Desola, the Spanish titleholder, in five heats to send the enthusiastic fight fans home talking about another great Barney Kofran show.

The show had plenty of action from start to finish. Palmeri and Desola stood toe to toe from the opening gong. It was a vicious fight until the fifth round, when Palmeri crashed a right hand to the short ribs, folding the game Spaniard up for the count.

George Baratko stopped Pete Suskey of Scranton in the second round of their scheduled tenrounder with a driving left to the solar plexus. It was also a good fight while it lasted.

Ray Sharkey of Cleveland had a tough break in his bout with Johnny Stevens, losing the bout on a T.K.O. in the tenth round with but a minute to go. The referee stopped it when Sharkey's eye opened. There were no knockdowns, but Sharkey gave Stevens a good fight.

Lou Laurie, classy Olympic boxing team member, evened his score with Joey Wells by pounding out a clean-cut decision in six rounds to prove he is the better of the two.

Harold Dettman defeated Sam Grippe of Ashtabula in six fast rounds.

Frankie Wallace, a great little fighter who is well liked around New York, defeated Maxie Berger in ten rounds at the Queensboro Stadium's first show of the outdoor season. If the Cleveland promoters would get one of the country's leading lightweights for Wallace here this summer, they can draw some real money. You can bet your Sunday hat that when Frankie steps into that ring the paid customers will get more than their money's worth.

Mike Gamiere, promising youngster, lost a very close decision to Dominic Mancini at Chicago. Gamiere is a fine looking prospect.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Jimmy Berger, former wrestling referee, who was very popular with the fans for his roughness with the burpers, is the chief deputy at the City Correction Farm out at Warrensville, O., where he is well liked by the inmates . . . . Jimmy La Marr, former Cleveland amateur, who has been campaigning on the Coast, dropped into Bryan Downey's gym and tells us he is using his right name, Danny Kaufman . . . . Jackie Davis is driving a beer truck and doing well . . . . Walter Taylor is still doing well promoting wrestling . . . . Jimmy Katz is planning a show in Euclid village.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph before the end of the month at 3913 Denison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

WITH the Elks Club closing its doors for the summer months, Rochester is now without a boxing club—pro or amateur. The writer is certain that a good enterprising promoter can do well to run some outdoor shows, provided good bouts are lined up. At this writing, an amateur card is scheduled to be run off by the Kodak people. The "amachoors" are still a big attraction, but this town is ripe for pros.

FISTIC MORSELS—Tiger Smith is fighting regularly in New York these days . . . . The Tiger always gives a good account of himself . . . . Al Traino is back in harness after a brief lay-off and is ready for the best . . . . Jack Savage, local heavyweight, just back from the Coast, is looking better every time out and always makes a second appearance wherever he boxes . . . . Elliott Cushing, local sports writer, who attended the DeJohn-Clark brawl in Buffalo, tells us DeJohn has the makings of a champ . . . . Johnny Aicher, one-time local amateur heavyweight, is winning consistently in Pittsburgh, where he now lives . . . . His brother, Chris, one-time crack welterweight, doing the piloting, Johnny can be assured of being brought along the proper way . . . . Too bad the same cannot be said of local amateurs turning pro, as are many of the Simon-pures in other cities . . . . Mickey Cardarelli, one-time flashy flyweight, is a successful sign painter and looking well . . . . Mike Dempsey has a new job . . . . Edmund J. R.: Yes, Eddie Thomas is married but is no relation to Lefty Thomas, the old pro . . . . Joe Barbarito: Jackie Polvino is now working in a tailor shop and was a good prospect. Jackie was a lightweight and was in poor condition at the time he boxed Sprague.

Anyone wishing information about local fighters, or promoters wishing to use them, may write to the writer at 136 Ontario Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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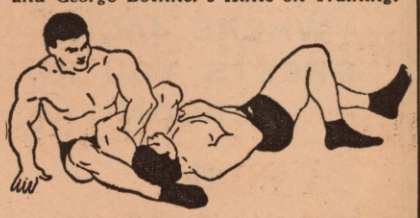

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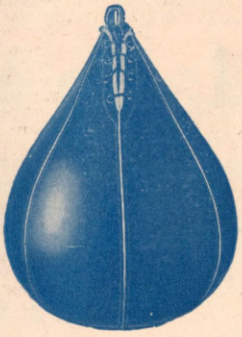

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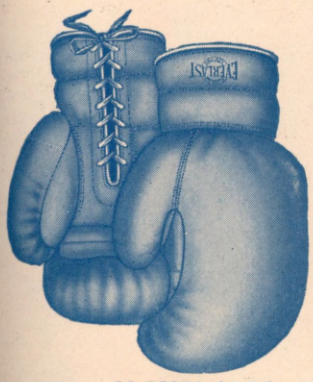

14-oz. GLOVES $9.95

BOXING SHOES $3.25

JSR	Skipping Rope	Regularly $	.75	SPECIAL PRICE $	.39
SR	Skipping Rope	"	2.00	" "	1.39
R20	Boxing Shoes	"	7.00	" "	4.25
R160	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	" "	3.25
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	" "	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	" "	.59
R4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	" "	1.25
R3	Striking Bag Gloves	"	3.00	" "	1.95
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	6.00	" "	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	8.00	" "	4.95
5710	Speed Bag	"	11.00	" "	6.95
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	" "	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	" "	1.95
RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	" "	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	" "	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	" "	.79
E 39-	14 oz. training gloves	"	16.00	" "	9.95
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	" "	7.95
JD2	10 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	10.00	" "	5.95
RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	" "	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum cup supporter	"	3.00	" "	1.45
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	" "	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	" "	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	" "	.59
	Official Boxing Trunks—Blk & Red—Purple & Blue	"	2.50	" "	.95
	Special colors to order	"		" "	1.25

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED FROM THESE SPECIAL PRICES

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Add 10% to cash orders for postage.
On Foreign orders send full amount by postal or express money order.

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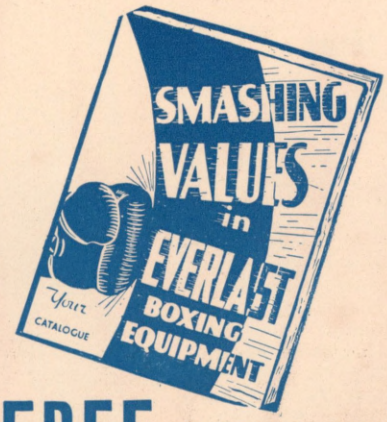
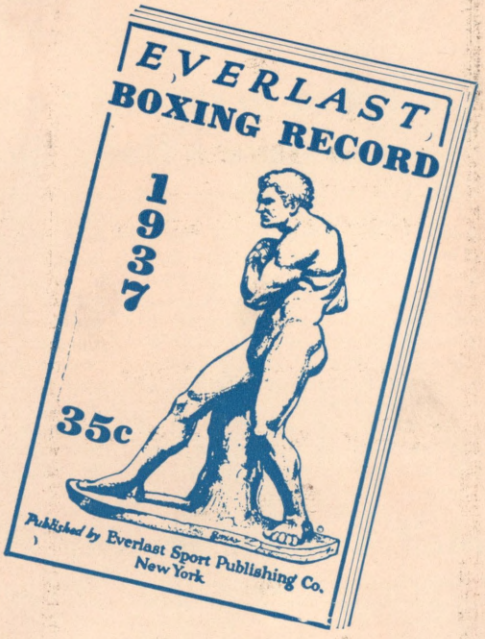


FREE CATALOG!

Send your name and address for a copy of this free list of bargains in boxing equipment. Or ask us to include one with your order.



29 W 14th Street **EVERLAST** New York City

How This CHALLENGE Made Me "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

I WAS then a 97 pound weakling. He was heavier, stronger, plenty tough. But I just couldn't pass up his direct challenge. A crowd gathered around to watch the slaughter. *And what a trimming I got!* He put more smashing power behind that one hand of his than I had in my whole body. It was the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me!

But, as it turned out, that beating changed my entire life. For I made up my mind then and there to DO SOMETHING about myself—to learn something about my body and find a way to build it up—to become a HE-MAN instead of a HALF-MAN. And here's what happened:—

CHARLES ATLAS

Twice winner and present holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" won in open competition in the only national and international contest held in past 15 years. No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED to make the offer he makes in this announcement.

And Then I Made a Discovery

I began to study the structure and play of all the muscles. Then I tested out ideas I had for building muscle power and endurance—through outside road work and also through indoor exercises. Then I compared my measurements, before and after. Checked the results carefully. Made other tests. Checked again. Time after time, for months, I did this.

And finally came the great day when I felt at last I had discovered the *natural* way to build powerful, rippling muscles—*without any contraptions that may strain the heart or other vital organs!* I at once put this system to work I call Dynamic Tension!

Well, the whole world knows what happened—and how "Dynamic Tension" changed *me* from a 97-pound weakling to the man who is now holder of the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man!" This amazing method built me up—gave me the evenly-developed body, the big muscles, and wonderful chest, that you see here.

Today I am devoting all of my time to passing the secret of *"Dynamic Tension"* along to others like yourself. And what "Dynamic Tension" has done for me—and for 52,000 other fellows—I am ready to prove it can do for YOU.

I'll Prove *in the first 7 days* that YOU can have a Body like Mine!

Just give me your measure—and I'll give you proof in just 7 days that I can make you a NEW MAN! Then I'll start new inches of massive power pushing out your chest—build up your shoulders to champion huskiness—put regular mountains of useful muscle on your biceps—give you a strong back—make those stomach muscles of yours hard ridges!

I'll whittle off waistline fat if you want me to. Slim down your hips and make your shoulders look a mile wide. Put new pep into your thighs, get the calves of your legs bulging big, add weight if you need it. With a body like that you'll be so brimming-over with health *inside* that you'll feel on top of the world—free from constipation, poor digestion, bad breath, pimples, and similar weaknesses that are robbing you of the good things in life that can be yours. The ruddy glow of health will show on your face—you will be the outstanding fellow in your crowd.

This Sterling Silver Cup Being Given Away

This valuable cup, made of solid sterling silver, stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base.

I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements may be now, you have an equal chance to win this cup for permanent possession — and with YOUR name engraved on it!

Mail Coupon for My FREE BOOK!

Now make me PROVE I can do it. Let me send you the FREE BOOK that opens the door to he-man living.

This big book, *"Everlasting Health and Strength"*—packed with actual photographs and vital facts every fellow must know to face life—tells the whole remarkable story of *Dynamic Tension*. Privately printed for me, it's FREE if you act AT ONCE.

Are you ready to learn my secrets—ready to learn how I can give YOU the kind of body you've always *longed* to have? Then tell me where to send your copy of my book. Fill in the coupon below, and mail TODAY to me personally. Address: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80X, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.**

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I want the proof that your system of Dynamic Tension will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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